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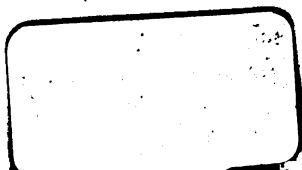
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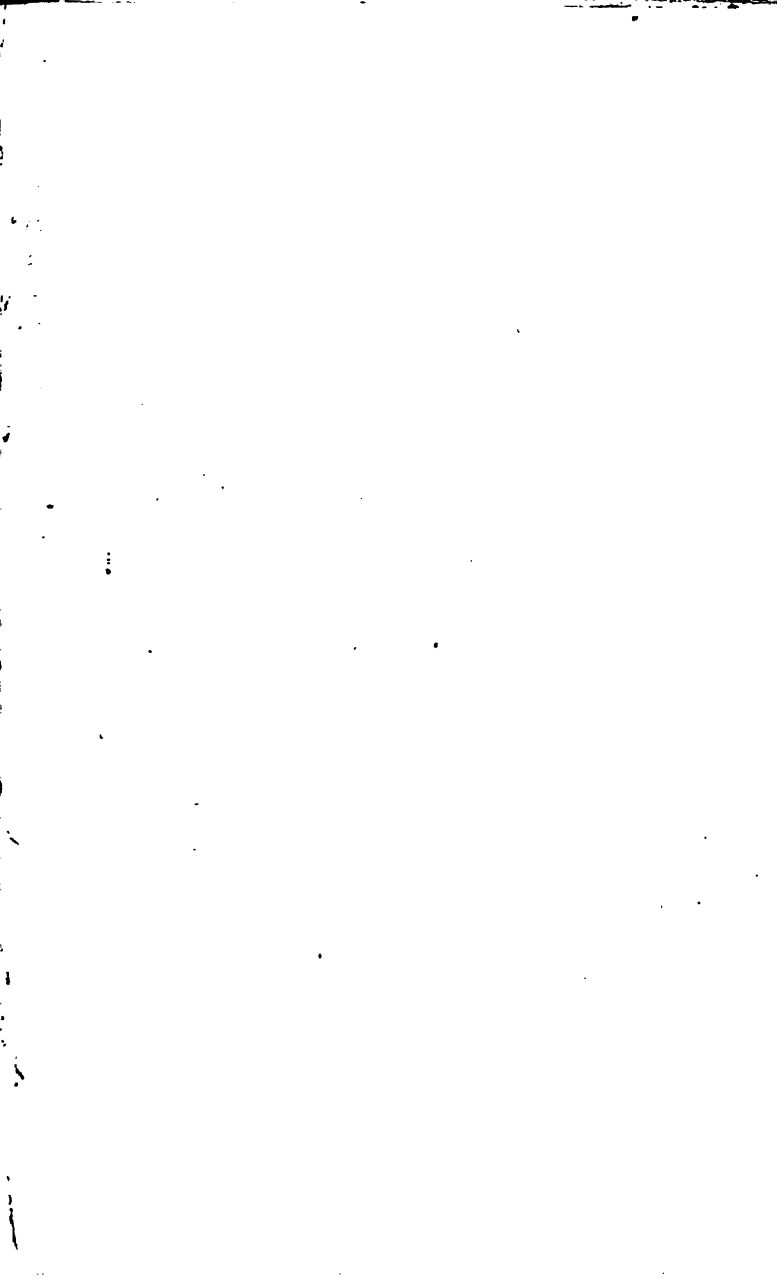


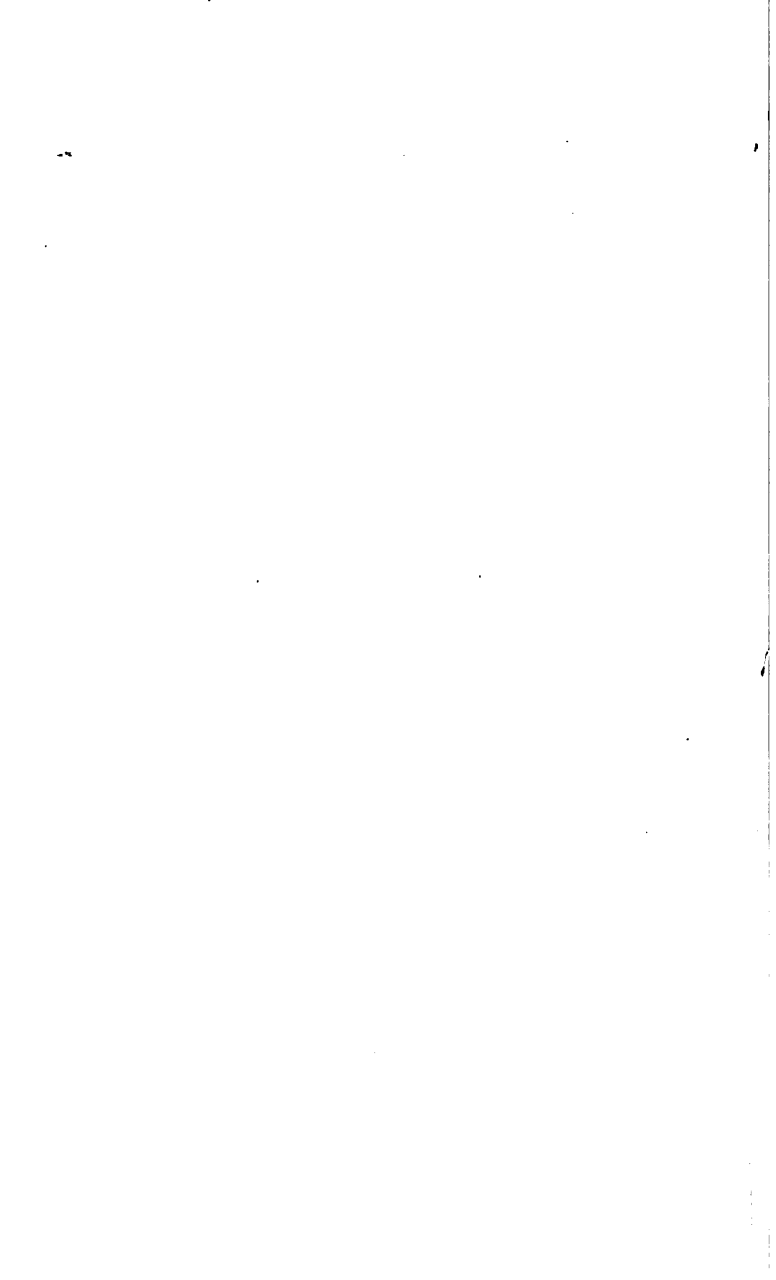
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1. 179-2

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FRENEAU'S POEMS.



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1. 173

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BUT CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
EVENTS AND ACTORS IN THE AMERICAN
WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.



BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

REPRINTED FROM THE RARE EDITION PRINTED AT
PHILADELPHIA IN 1786.

WITH A PREFACE.



LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
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INTRODUCTION.

IT has been remarked with justice that, in the states which have arisen out of the British settlements in America, literature as a profession is a thing of recent growth. Till within the present century, it was only taken up as a matter of taste, and at leisure, from time to time, by those whose lives were absorbed in other duties and other pursuits, and most frequently took its character from temporary feelings and impulses. It hence happens that a good proportion of the best of the older American literature was temporary in its character, and has become more or less obsolete even in America, and it is only very considerable excellence that has preserved some of it from comparative oblivion. To this latter class belongs the poet whose works are given in the present volume, and who arrived at fame amidst the turbulence of the revolutionary period.

Philip Freneau, descended, as his name would lead us to conjecture, from a French protestant family which sought refuge in America from the persecutions of Louis XIV, and had settled in New Jersey, was born in New York on the 2nd of January, 1752. He entered the college of Princeton, New Jersey, in 1767, where he received a good classical education, and graduated in

1771. At an early age he displayed a taste for poetical composition ; for the first poem in the present volume, " The History of the Prophet Jonah," which is distinguished both by the vigour and by the correctness of its versification, was composed, as he informs us himself, in 1768, and therefore when the author was in his seventeenth year. At least one other composition, equally remarkable, belongs to the same date. A number of his smaller miscellaneous pieces were produced during the year 1770, and he was then associated with Hugh Henry Brackenridge, afterwards judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, in a commencement poem entitled, " The Rising Glory of America." As much of this poem as we owe to Freneau's pen is printed in the present volume.

We are not informed for what profession Philip Freneau was originally designed, nor do we know anything of the incidents of his earlier life ; but at the time when he was leaving college the great struggle of the Revolution had already proclaimed a new field for the zeal and ambition of American patriots, and during the eventful years of 1774 and 1775, we find him residing at New York, and distinguishing himself in the ranks of the republicans by the songs and poetic satires against the royalists which established his reputation in America. All these show great talent, and some of his severer satires, such as that on his literary opponent whom he addresses under the name of Mac Swiggen, are characterized by great power. In this poem, written in 1775, he seems to intimate that he had contemplated a voyage to Europe, and he appears to have imbibed a taste for a seafaring life. In 1776, he paid a visit to the Danish West Indies, and he appears to have spent some time in Jamaica and Santa Cruz. It was here that he composed some of his longest and most carefully-written poems,—“ The House of Night,”

"The Jamaica Funeral," and "The Beauties of Santa Cruz."

By this time Freneau had become well known as a poet and as a bitter political writer, and he was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the revolutionary party. He produced a few political pieces while in the West Indies, marked by the same feeling of hostility against Great Britain and King George which distinguished his writings when subsequently he became a journalist by profession. We have no account of Freneau's occupations during the year 1777, but in 1778 he was at Bermuda. In the year following, he was at Philadelphia, and edited the "*United States' Magazine*," which was published by Francis Bailey, an energetic printer of that city. During this period he produced several short political poems, which will be found in the present volume. In 1780, Freneau went to sea again, in a ship bound for St. Eustatia; but the ship was taken by a British frigate before it had left the coast of Delaware, and the poet, with all those on board, were carried prisoners to New York. He was confined in the *Scorpion*, moored in the Hudson as a prison-ship, from whence, attacked by fever, he was transferred to the hospital ship, *The Hunter*. To these circumstances we owe a much-admired poem, "*The British Prison Ship*," in three cantos. In the first he describes the departure from Philadelphia, the capture of the ship, and his unwilling voyage to New York; in the second, he tells, it is to be hoped in somewhat exaggerated language, the sufferings of the prisoners; and the third is devoted to the still greater horrors of the hospital ship. It is not known when or how Philip Freneau escaped from his imprisonment, but it appears to have taken place in the summer of the following year, when he returned to Philadelphia, and became again active in his literary

labours. In the August of 1781, he wrote a ballad on a victory gained by the celebrated Paul Jones, and in the latter half of the year he commemorated, in his usual vigorous verse, the success of Washington, and the misfortunes of Lord Cornwallis.

He now became closely connected with the republican organ, "*The Freeman's Journal*," of Philadelphia, and, during two or three following years, a number of his effusions in prose and verse appeared in that periodical. Some of these poems are marked by the personal feelings generated by intense political hostility, and among the objects of this feeling were the editors of the royalist papers, and especially Rivington and Gaine. James Rivington was a London bookseller, who had established himself in New York, and commenced in 1773 the publication of "*The New York Gazetteer*," a newspaper which, from the principles it advocated, received the direct patronage of the government, and in return advocated the British interests. In the course of the revolutionary war, in the year 1775, Rivington's office was attacked by the republicans, his press destroyed, and his type carried away and melted into bullets. He repaired to England, purchased a new press and types, and obtained the appointment of king's printer in New York. Two years after the stoppage of his newspaper by the destruction of his materials, he recommenced it, under its own title, which was soon changed for, first, that of "*Rivington's New York Royal Gazette*," and finally for that of "*The Royal Gazette*." It continued to enjoy an extensive celebrity under this title until the withdrawal of the British from New York, when Rivington adopted American principles, and continued it under the title of "*Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*." He was evidently a man of no steady principles, for it was known, after this last-mentioned change had

taken place, that Rivington had secure impunity under the ascendancy of the republicans, by having acted as a secret spy for Washington, and his newspaper, under its altered character, met with no encouragement, and was soon discontinued. Rivington and his Gazette are commemorated in several pieces in the present volume, as well as Freneau's other literary opponent, Hugh Gainé, a native of Ireland, who had settled in New York as a printer in 1750, and had two years afterwards established a newspaper under the title of "The New York Mercury." Gainé was also a royalist, and he had a book-store in New York with the sign of the Bible and Crown. After the departure of the British from New York, Hugh Gainé was allowed to remain there and continue his book-store, omitting the crown from his sign, but the newspaper was discontinued.

After the final triumph of American Independence, Philip Freneau took to the sea again, and had the command of a ship which traded with several of the southern ports, and from this time he was commonly spoken of as Captain Freneau. His life, indeed, during the period from 1784 to 1789, was rather erratic, and some of his movements may be traced by the places from which he dates his poetical effusions, for he still continued his relations with the American newspaper press. Thus, some lines, composed in 1784, are stated to have been "written at Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica;" and Freneau composed a short piece in the following year on his departure from the Hudson on a sea voyage. Another short piece is dated from Charleston in the January of 1786. About the year 1790, he seems again to have settled down to literary employment, and became the editor of the "Daily Advertiser," published in New York. He was probably at this time not in very flourishing circumstances, for an appeal was privately made to Jefferson, then secretary of state,

to find Freneau a place in his department of the government, and soon afterwards, on the removal of the seat of government from New York to Philadelphia, the poet was appointed to the office of translating clerk. This appointment is announced in the "New York Daily Advertiser" of the 26th of October, 1791, which paper Freneau now quitted to become editor of a journal established at Philadelphia under the title of the "National Gazette," which was intended to be the organ of the political party represented by Jefferson. The first number of this "National Gazette," under the direction of Freneau, was published on the 31st of October, 1791, and there appeared in it a series of attacks upon Washington's administration, written by Freneau, and understood to have been at least inspired by his patron, which are said to have caused considerable annoyance to the great founder of the American union. The "National Gazette" was discontinued at the end of October, 1793, and in the period immediately following we have little information relating to the occupations of its editor.

We soon, however, find him residing at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, where he had a printing-press of his own. He there, on the 2nd of May, 1795, commenced the publication of a paper entitled "The Jersey Chronicle;" but it met with so little encouragement, that he was obliged to discontinue it at the end of its first year. In March, 1797, Freneau commenced a new paper, of a mixed literary and political character, entitled "The Time-piece and Literary Companion." To publish this, he had entered into partnership as printers with a man named Menut; but before the year was ended, he had got rid of Menut, and joined in partnership with a Mr. Davis; and in the March of 1798, Freneau's own name disappears, and he had evidently ceased to edit this paper, which was discontinued in the following August. It appears to have been at that

time in America inseparable from the notion of a newspaper to have an opponent, and Freneau's great opponent in "The Time-piece" was William Cobbett, who was then living in Philadelphia, and who had begun there in March, 1797, only a few days before the appearance of Freneau's "Time-piece," the journal called "Porcupine's Gazette."

On leaving the "Time-piece," Captain Freneau resumed his old sea-faring life, which he continued for some years; but he finally withdrew from active life after the breaking out of the war of 1812. He now fixed his permanent residence in New Jersey, making occasional and not unfrequent visits to New York, to which, as his birthplace, he was much attached. In 1832, Freneau was still alive, a hale old man, for he had reached his eightieth year; but on the 18th of December of that year, having been part of the day in Monmouth, New Jersey, and setting off on foot towards evening to return to his own residence, a distance of about two miles, he was caught in a violent snow-storm, and lost his way, and next morning his lifeless corpse was found in a field a little distance from the road. His house at Mount Pleasant had been burnt by accident some time after the conclusion of the war of 1812, and it is understood that many of his unpublished poetical manuscripts perished in the fire.

The influence of Freneau's wandering and unsettled life is visible in his literary labours, a large portion of which were inspired by the stirring events that were passing around him. For this reason perhaps he is not so well known as many other writers to the general reader, even in his own country; while the fierce hostility to England and King George which the great revolutionary struggle had raised in his mind, and which he expresses in very unmeasured language, prevented his being popular among Englishmen, who, indeed, have

been generally neglectful of the literature of America. Yet Freneau, as the "patriot poet," long enjoyed a very extensive popularity among his own countrymen, and no doubt he deserves to stand among their best poets. There is an ease in his verse, combined with a great command of language, and, at the same time, a simplicity of expression and delicacy of handling, which makes us regret that it was so often employed on subjects, the interest of which was of a temporary character. Many of his poems of a more miscellaneous character present beauties of no ordinary kind, while the playful or satirical humour of others is perfect.

It cannot but be a matter of surprise that no edition of Freneau's poems has appeared in America since those which were printed in his lifetime, and all these have now become extremely rare. The poet himself first collected them into a volume under the title of "The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the late War," which was printed at Philadelphia in 1786. This volume appears to have been so well received by the public, that another was issued in 1788, containing, besides the poems which had not been included in the former, Freneau's prose essays, which have never enjoyed the same degree of popularity as his poetical compositions. This volume was entitled, "The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems," and was, like the former, published at Philadelphia by Francis Bailey. In 1795, Freneau printed a new edition of his poetical works alone, at his own press at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, under the title, "Poems written between the years 1768 and 1794, by Philip Freneau, of New Jersey." Another edition was published in two volumes, in 1809, at Philadelphia, "from the press of Lydia R. Bailey," no doubt the widow of Freneau's former publisher. Lastly, and still during the life of the author, a new

edition of the poems appeared in two volumes, published in New York in 1815, and entitled, "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs, and a variety of other subjects, chiefly Moral and Political; written between the year 1797 and the present time." It appears from this new publication, that Freneau still loved to celebrate passing events; but many of those on which he wrote during this later period of his life have much less interest in themselves than those of the revolutionary war.

The volume now given to the public is a reprint of the first collection of Freneau's poems, which he gave to the press in 1786. The additional poems which he published afterwards may form a second volume, to follow and complete it.



THE
P O E M S
OF

PHILIP FRENEAU.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY DURING THE LATE WAR.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY FRANCIS BAILEY, AT
YORICK'S HEAD, IN MARKET STREET.

M DCC LXXXVI.

THE
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Edited by
J. H. REES

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London, 1970

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE pieces now collected and printed in the following sheets, were left in my hands, by the author, above a year ago, with permission to publish them whenever I thought proper. A considerable number of the performances contained in this volume, as many will recollect, have appeared at different times in Newspapers, (particularly the Freeman's Journal) and other periodical publications in the different States of America, during the late war, and since; and from the avidity and pleasure with which they generally appear to have been read by persons of the best taste, the Printer now the more readily gives them to the world in their present form, (without troubling the reader with any affected apologies for their supposed or real imperfections) in hopes they will afford a high degree of satisfaction to the lovers of poetical wit, and elegance of expression.

FRANCIS BAILEY.

PHILADELPHIA,
June 1, 1786.





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THE POETICAL HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JONAH.

[THIS is rather to be considered as a paraphrase upon, than a mere versification of, the story as related in the Bible. Done in the year 1768.]

CANTO I.

IN ages past, when smit with warmth sublime,
Their bards foretold the dark events of
time,
And, piercing forward through the mystic
shade,

Kings yet to come, and chiefs unborn, survey'd,
Amittai's son perceiv'd, among the rest,
The mighty flame usurp his labouring breast:—
For thus, in dreams, the voice unerring came
Of HIM, who lives through every age the same:

“ Arise! and o'er the intervening waste,
“ To Nineveh's imperial turrets haste;
“ That mighty town to ruin I decree,
“ Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me:
“ Too long it stands, to GOD and man a foe,
“ Without one virtue left to shield the blow;
“ Guilt, black as night, their speedy ruin brings,
“ And hottest vengeance from the KING of KINGS.”
The prophet heard—but dar'd to disobey,
(Weak as he was) and fled a different way;

In Joppa's port a trading ship he found
Far o'er the main to distant Tarshish bound ;
The price of passage to her chief he paid,
And, there conceal'd, with ruffian sailors stay'd,
His purpose fixt, at once perverse and blind,
To leave his country, and his God behind.

But HE who spread the ocean's vast expanse,
And views all nature with a single glance,
Forth from their prisons bade the tempests fly—
The tempests swell'd the ocean to the sky ;
The trembling barque, as the fierce billow knocks,
Scarce bears the fury of repeated shocks ;
Her crew distrest, astonish'd and afraid,
Each to his various god in anguish pray'd,
Nor trust alone to penitence and prayer,
They clear the decks, and for the worst prepare,
The costly lading to the deep they throw,
That lighter o'er the billows she may go,
Nor with regret the wealthy cargo spar'd,
For wealth is nothing, when with life compar'd.

But to the ship's remotest chambers fled
There pensive Jonah droop'd his languid head,
And, new to all the dangers of the deep,
Had sunk, dejected, in the arms of sleep—
'Twas then the master broke the prophet's rest,
And as he cry'd, he smote his frantic breast—
“ O sleeper, from thy stupid slumbers rise,
“ At such an hour can sleep invade thine eyes ?—
“ If ever thou to heaven didst send a prayer,
“ Now send thy warmest supplications there,
“ Perhaps thy God may pity our distress,
“ And save us, foundering in this dark abyss.”

Thus warn'd, the seer his vows repentant pray'd—
Meantime, the seamen to their fellows said ;
“ No common waves our shatter'd vessel rent,
“ There must be *one* for whom this storm is sent,

“ Some wretch we bear, for whom these billows rise,
“ Foe to the gods, and hated by the skies ;
“ Come, since the billows all our arts defy,
“ Come, let the lot decide for whom we die.”

Instant the lots amid the vase they threw,
And the markt lot dejected Jonah drew !

Then thus their chief the guilty man address,
“ Say, for what crimes of thine are we distrest ?
“ What is thy country, what thy calling, say,
“ Whence dost thou come, what potentate obey ?
“ Unfold it all, nor be the truth deny’d.”—

The master spoke—and Jonah thus reply’d :

“ A Hebrew I, from neighbouring regions came,
“ A Jewish prophet, not unknown to fame ;
“ That God I fear who spread this raging ‘ sea,
“ Who fixt the shores by his supreme decree,
“ And reigns throughout immeasurable space,
“ His footstool earth, the heaven his dwelling place.
“ But I, regardless of his high command,
“ His mandate slighting, fled my native land,
“ Fool that I was, from Joppa’s port to fly,
“ Who thought to shun his all pervading eye !—
“ For this the tempest rends each tatter’d sail,
“ For this, your vessel scarce supports the gale !”

The seamen heard, distracted and dismay’d ;
When thus again their trembling captain said ;
“ How couldst thou thus, ungenerous as thou art,
“ Affront thy patron, and with us depart ;—
“ Lo ! for thy crimes, and not our own, we die ;
“ Mark, how the wild waves threaten from on high,
“ Our sails in fragments flit before the blast,
“ Scarce to its station we confine the mast ;
“ What shall we do, unhappy man declare,
“ How shall we act, or how direct our prayer,
“ That angry Neptune may his rage restrain,
“ And hush once more these tumults of the main ?”

The seer reply'd, "The means are in your power
"To still the tempest in this dreadful hour:—
"High on the sea-beat prow will I ascend,
"And let the boldest of your crew attend
"To plunge me headlong from that giddy steep
"Down to the bosom of the unfathom'd deep;
"So shall the ocean from its raging cease,
"And the fierce tempest soon be hush'd in peace:—
"Tis for my crime this angry ocean raves,
"Tis for my sin we plough these fearful waves;
"Dislodge me soon—the storm shall then decay,
"Which still grows louder while on board I stay."
- Thus he—but they, to save their vagrant guest,
Refus'd as yet to grant his strange request,
And though aloft on mountain waves they ride,
And the tost galley reels from side to side,
Yet to their breasts they drew the sweepy oar,
And vainly strove to gain the distant shore;
The ruffian winds refuse that wish'd retreat,
And fiercer o'er the decks the billows beat.

Then to the skies the chief his prayer address'd,
"Thou Jove supreme, the greatest and the best!
"Because thy sovereign pleasure doth require
"That death alone must satisfy thine ire,
"O spare us for thy dying prophet's sake,
"Nor let us perish for the life we take;
"If we are wrong, his lot was thy decree,
"And thou hast done as it seem'd best to thee."

Then from the summit of the washy prow,
They plung'd the prophet to the depths below,
And straight the winds and straight the billows cease,
And every threat'ning surge lay hush'd in peace;
The trembling crew adore the Power Supreme
Who kindly thus from ruin rescued them,
Their vows they send to his imperial throne,
And victims offer to this God unknown.

CANTO II.

WHEN from the prow's intimidating height
They plung'd the prophet to the realms of night,
Not long he languish'd in the briny deep,
In death's cold arms not yet decreed to sleep.—
JERHOVAH saw him, from the abodes of bliss,
Sunk to the bottom of the vast abyss,
And bade a whale, the mightiest of the kind,
His prophet in these dismal mansions find—
The hostile form, approaching through the wave,
Receiv'd him, living, to a living grave,
Where three long days in dark distress he lay,
And oft repenting, to his God did pray—
The pow'r benign, propitious to his prayer,
'Bade the huge fish to neighbouring shores repair—
Instant the whale obey'd the high command,
And cast him safe on Palestina's strand.

The prophet then his past transgressions mourn'd,
And grateful thus to heaven his thanks return'd :
“ Afflicted from the depths of hell I pray'd,
“ The dark abyss of everlasting shade ;
“ My God in mercy heard the earnest prayer,
“ And dying Jonah felt thy presence there.
“ Because I dar'd thy mandate disobey,
“ Far didst thou plunge me from the face of day :
“ In the vast ocean, where no land is found,
“ The mighty waters clos'd thy prophet round ;
“ On me the waves their utmost fury spent,
“ And all thy billows o'er my body went,
“ Yet then, surrounded by the dismal shade,
“ Thus to my MAKER from the depths I said :
“ Though hid beneath the caverns of the main,
“ To thy blest temple will I look again,
“ Though from thy sight to deepest darkness thrown,

" Still will I trust, and trust on thee alone ;—
 " With anguish deep I felt the billows roll,
 " Scarce in her mansion stay'd my frightened soul ;
 " About my head were wrapt the weeds of night,
 " And darkness, mingled with no ray of light ;
 " I saw the caves the briny ocean fills,
 " I saw the bases of the infernal hills,
 " Earth, with her bars, encompass'd me around,
 " Yet, from the bottom of that dark profound
 " Where life no more the swelling vein supplies,
 " And Death reposes, didst thou bid me rise ;
 " When fainting nature bow'd to thy decree,
 " And the lone spirit had prepar'd to flee,
 " Then from my prison I remember'd thee,
 " My prayer towards the heavenly temple came,
 " The temple sacred to JEHOVAH's name.—
 " Unhappy they, who vanities pursue,
 " And lies believing, their own souls undo—
 " But to thine ear my grateful song shall rise,
 " For thee shall smoke the joyous sacrifice,
 " My vows I'll pay at thy imperial throne,
 " Since my salvation was from thee alone."

CANTO III.

ONCE more the voice to humbled Jonah came
 Of HIM, who lives through every age the same :
 " Arise ! and o'er the intervening waste
 " To Nineveh's exalted turrets haste,
 " And what to thee my SPIRIT shall reveal
 " That preach—nor dare the sacred truth conceal—
 " To desolation I that town decree ;
 " Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me."
 Obedient to JEHOVAH's high command,
 The Prophet rose, and left Judea's land,

And now he near the spiry city drew,
(Euphrates pass'd, and rapid Tigris too,)
So vast the bulk of this prodigious place
Three days were scant its lengthy streets to trace ;
But as he enter'd, on the first sad day,
Thus he began his tidings of dismay :

“ O Nineveh ! to Heaven's decree attend !
“ Yet forty days, and all thy glories end !
“ Yet forty days, the skies protract thy fall,
“ And desolation then shall bury all,
“ Thy proudest towers their utter ruin mourn,
“ And domes and temples unextinguish'd burn !
“ O Nineveh ! the God of armies dooms,
“ Thy thousand streets to never ending glooms :
“ Thro' mouldering fanes the hollow winds shall roar,
“ And vultures scream where monarchs lodg'd before !
“ Thy guilty sons shall bow beneath the sword,
“ Thy captive matrons own a foreign lord.—
“ Such is the vengeance that the heavens decree,
“ Such is the ruin that must bury thee !”

The people heard, and smit with instant fear,
Believ'd the fatal warnings of the seer :
This sudden ruin so their souls distrest,
That each with sackcloth did his limbs invest,
From him that glitter'd on the regal throne,
To him that did beneath the burden groan—
Soon to their monarch came this voice of fate,
Who left his throne and costly robes of state,
And o'er his limbs a vest of sackcloth drew,
And sate in ashes, sorrowful to view—
His lords and nobles, now repentant grown,
With equal grief their various sins bemoan,
And through the city sent this loud decree,
With threatening back'd, and dreadful penalty :

“ Ye Ninevites, your wonted food refrain,
“ Nor touch, ye beasts, the herbage of the plain,

" Let all that live be humbled to the dust,
 " Nor taste the waters, though ye die of thirst :
 " Let men and beasts the garb of sorrow wear,
 " And beg yon' skies these guilty walls to spare,
 " Let all repent the evil they pursue,
 " And curse the mischief that their hands would do—
 " Perhaps that God who leans to mercy still,
 " And sent a prophet to declare his will,
 " May yet the vengeance he designs, adjourn,
 " And, ere we perish, from his anger turn."

JEHOVAH heard, and pleas'd beheld at last
 Their deep repentance for transgressions past,
 With pity mov'd he heard the earnest prayer
 Of this vast city, humbled in despair ;
 Though justly due, his anger dies away,
 He bids the angel of destruction stay—

The obedient angel hears the high command,
 And sheathes the sword he drew to smite the land.

CANTO IV.

BUT anger swell'd the haughty prophet's breast,
 Rage burn'd within, and robb'd his soul of rest ;
 Such was *his* pride *he* wish'd they all in flame
 Might rather perish than belie *his* fame,
 And God's own bolts the tottering towers assail,
 And millions perish, than *his* word should fail.
 Then to the heavens he sent this peevish prayer—
 (Vain, impious man, to send such pinings there) :

" While yet within my native land I stay'd,
 " This would at last reward my toil, I said,
 " Destruction through the Assyrian streets to cry,
 " And then the event my mission falsify ;
 " For this I strove to shun thy sight before,
 " And sought repose upon a foreign shore ;

“ I knew thou wert so gracious and so kind,
“ Such mercy sways thy vast creating mind,
“ Averse thy bolts of vengeance to employ,
“ And still relenting when thou shouldst destroy,
“ That when I had declar’d thy sacred will,
“ Thou wouldst not what I prophesy’d fulfil,
“ But leave me thus to scorn, contempt, and shame,
“ A lying prophet, blasted in my fame ;—
“ And now, I pray thee, grant my last request,
“ Or take my life, so wretched and unblest !
“ If here I stay, ’tis but to grieve and sigh,
“ Then take my life—’tis better far to die ?”

“ Is it thy place to swell with rage and pride,”
(Thus to his pining prophet, God reply’d)

“ Say, is it just thy heart should burn with ire
“ Because *the city* is not wrapt in fire ?
“ What if I choose its ruin to delay,
“ And send destruction on some future day,
“ Must thou, for that, with wasting anguish sigh,
“ And, hostile to my pleasure, wish to die ?”

Then Jonah parted from the mourning town,
And near its eastern limits sate him down,
A booth he builded with assiduous care,
(Form’d of the cypress boughs that flourish’d there)

And anxious now beneath their shadow lay,

Waiting the issue of the fortieth day—

As yet uncertain if the Power Divine

Or would to mercy or to wrath incline——

Meantime, the leaves, that roof’d his harbour o’er,

Shrunk up and faded, shelter’d him no more ;

But God ordain’d a thrifty gourd to rise,

To screen his prophet from the scorching skies ;

High o’er his head aspir’d the spreading leaf,

Too fondly meant to mitigate his grief,

So close a foliage o’er his head was made,

That not a beam could pierce the happy shade :

The wondering seer perceiv'd the branches grow
And bless'd the shadow that reliev'd his woe ;
But when the next bright morn began to shine
(So GOD ordain'd) a worm attack'd the vine,
Beneath his bite its goodly leaves decay,
And wasting, withering, die before the day !
But as the lamp of heaven still higher rose
From eastern skies a sultry tempest blows,
The vertic sun as fiercely pour'd his ray,
And beam'd around insufferable day,
How beat those beams on Jonah's fainting head !
How oft he wish'd a place among the dead !
All he could do, was now to grieve and sigh,
His life detest, and beg of GOD to die.

Again, JEHOVAH to his prophet said,
" Art thou so angry for thy vanish'd shade—
" For a mere shadow dost thou well to grieve,
" For this poor loss wouldst thou thy being leave ?"
" My rage is just, (the frantic prophet cry'd),
" My last, my only comfort is deny'd—
" The spreading vine that form'd my leafy bower,
" Behold it vanish'd in the needful hour !
" To beating winds and sultry suns a prey
" My fainting spirit droops and dies away—
" Give me a mansion in my native dust,
" For though I die with rage, my rage is just."

Once more the ALMIGHTY deign'd to make reply—
" Does this lost *gourd* thy sorrow swell so high,
" *Whose* friendly shade not to thy toil was due,
" Alone it sprouted, and alone it grew ;
" A night beheld its branches waving high,
" And the next sun beheld those branches die ;
" And should not pity move the LORD of all
" To spare this vast Assyrian capital,
" Within whose walls uncounted myriads stray,
" Their Father I, my sinful offspring they ?—

“ Should they not move the great creating mind
“ With six score thousand of the infant kind,
“ And herds untold that graze the spacious field,
“ For whom yon’ meads their stores of fragrance yield ;
“ Should I this royal city wrap in flame,
“ And slaughter millions to support thy fame,
“ When now repentant to their God they turn,
“ And their past follies, low in ashes, mourn ?—
“ Vain thoughtless wretch, recall thy weak request,
“ Death never came to man a welcome guest ;—
“ Why wish to die—what madness prompts thy mind,
“ Too long the days of darkness thou shalt find ;
“ Life was a blessing by thy Maker meant,
“ Dost thou despise the blessings he has lent—
“ Enjoy my gifts while yet the seasons run
“ True to their months, and social with the sun ;
“ When to the dust my mandate bids thee fall,
“ All these are lost—for death conceals them all—
“ No more the sun illumines the sprightly day,
“ The seasons vanish, and the stars decay :
“ The trees, the flowers, no more thy sense delight,
“ Death shades them all in ever during night.
“ Then think not long the little space I lent—
“ Of thy own sins, like Nineveh, repent ;
“ Rejoice at last the mighty change to see,
“ And bear with them as I have borne with thee.”

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

A DIALOGUE.

Scene. EGYPT. *Persons.* TRAVELLER, GENIUS, TIME.

[WRITTEN IN 1770.]

Traveller.

WHERE are those famed piles of human grandeur,
Those sphinxes, pyramids, and Pompey's pillar,
That bid defiance to the arm of TIME—
Tell me, dear GENIUS: for I long to see them.

Genius.

At Alexandria rises Pompey's pillar,
Whose birth is but of yesterday, compar'd
With those prodigious fabricks that you see
O'er yonder distant plain—upon whose breast
Old Nile hath never roll'd his swelling streams,
The only plain so privileg'd in Egypt.
These pyramids may well excite your wonder,
They are of most remote antiquity,
Almost co-eval with those cloud-crown'd hills
That westward from them rise—'twas the same age
That saw old Babel's tower aspiring high,
When first the sage Egyptian architects
These ancient turrets to the heaven rais'd;—
But Babel's tower is gone, and these remain!

Traveller.

Old Rome I thought unrivall'd in her years,
At least the remnants that we find of Rome,
But these, you tell me, are of older date.

Genius.

Talk not of Rome!—before they lopt a bush
From the seven hills where Rome, earth's empress, stood,
These pyramids were old—their birth day is
Beyond tradition's reach, or history.

Traveller.

Then let us haste toward those piles of wonder
That scorn to bend beneath this weight of years—
Lo! to my view, the awful mansions rise
The pride of art, the sleeping place of death!
Are these the four prodigious monuments
That so astonish every generation—
Let us examine this, the first and greatest—
A secret horror chills my breast, dear Genius,
To touch those monuments that are so ancient,
The fearful property of ghosts and death!—
Yet of such mighty bulk, that I presume
A race of giants were the architects.—
Since these proud fabricks to the heavens were rais'd
How many generations have decay'd,
How many monarchies to ruin pass'd!
How many empires had their rise and fall!
While these remain—and promise to remain
As long as yonder sun shall gild their summits,
Or moon or stars their wonted circles run.

Genius.

The time shall come
When these stupendous piles you deem immortal,
Worn out with age, shall moulder on their bases,
And down, down, low to endless ruin verging,
O'erwhelm'd by dust, be seen and known no more!—
Ages ago, in dark oblivion's lap
Had they been shrouded, but the atmosphere
In these parch'd climates, hostile to decay,

Is pregnant with no rain, that by its moisture
Might waste their bulk in such excess of time,
And prove them merely mortal.
'Twas on this plain the ancient Memphis stood,
Her walls encircled these tall pyramids—
But where is Pharaoh's palace, where the domes
Of Egypt's haughty lords?—all, all are gone,
And like the phantom snows of a May morning
Left not a vestige to discover them !

Traveller.

How shall I reach the vortex of this pile—
How shall I clamber up its shelving sides ?
I scarce endure to glance toward the summit,
It seems among the clouds—When was't thou rais'd
O work of more than mortal majesty—
Was this produc'd by persevering man,
Or did the gods erect this pyramid ?

Genius.

Nor gods, nor giants rais'd this pyramid—
It was the toil of mortals like yourself
That swell'd it to the skies—
See'st thou yon little door ? Through that they pass'd,
Who rais'd so high this aggregate of wonders !
What cannot tyrants do,
When they have subject nations at their will,
And the world's wealth to gratify ambition !
Millions of slaves beneath their labours fainted
Who here were doom'd to toil incessantly,
And years elaps'd while groaning myriads strove
To raise this mighty tomb—and but to hide
The worthless bones of an Egyptian king.—
O wretch, could not a humbler tomb have done,
Could nothing but a pyramid inter thee !

Traveller.

Perhaps old Jacob's race, when here oppress'd,
Rais'd in their years of bondage this dread pile.

Genius.

Before the Jewish patriarchs saw the light,
While yet the globe was in its infancy
These were erected to the pride of man—
Four thousand years have run their tedious round
Since these smooth stones were on each other laid,
Four thousand more may run as dull a round
Ere Egypt sees her pyramids decay'd.

Traveller.

But suffer me to enter, and behold
The interior wonders of this edifice.

Genius.

'Tis darkness all, with hateful silence join'd—
Here drowsy bats enjoy a dull repose,
And marble coffins, vacant of their bones,
Show where the royal dead in ruin lay !
By every pyramid a temple rose
Where oft in concert those of ancient time
Sung to their goddess Isis hymns of praise ;
But these are fallen !—their columns too superb
Are levell'd with the dust—nor these alone—
Where is thy vocal statue, *Memnon*, now,
That once, responsive to the morning beams,
Harmoniously to father Phœbus sung ?
Where is the image that in past time stood
High on the summit of yon pyramid ?—
Still may you see its polish'd pedestal—
Where art thou, ancient Thebes ?—all bury'd low,
All vanished ! crumbled into mother dust,
And nothing of antiquity remains
But these huge pyramids, and yonder hills.

Time.

Old Babel's tower hath felt my potent arm,
I ruin'd Ecbatan and Babylon,
Thy huge Colossus, Rhôdes, I tumbled down,
And on these pyramids I smote my scythe ;
But they resist its edge—then let them stand.
But I can boast a greater feat than this,
I long ago have shrouded those in death
Who made those structures rebels to my power—
But, O return !—These piles are not immortal !
This earth, with all its balls of hills and mountains,
Shall perish by my hand—then how can these,
These hoary headed pyramids of Egypt,
That are but dwindled warts upon her body,
That on a little, little spot of ground
Extinguish the dull radiance of the sun,
Be proof to Death and me ?—Traveller, return—
There's nought but God immortal—HE alone
Exists secure, when Man, and Death, and *Time*,
(*Time* not immortal, but a fancied point
In the vast circle of eternity)
Are swallow'd up, and, like the pyramids,
Leave not an atom for their monument !

THE MONUMENT OF PHAON.

[WRITTEN 1770.]

[PHAON, the admirer of Sappho, both of the isle of Lesbos, privately forsook this first object of his affections, and sat out to visit foreign countries. Sappho, after having long mourned his absence (which is the subject of one of Ovid's finest epistles) is here supposed to fall into the company of Ismenius a traveller, who informs her that he saw the tomb of a certain Phaon in Sicily, erected to his memory by a lady of the island, and gives her the inscriptions, hinting to her that, in all probability, it belonged to the same person she bemoans. She thereupon, in a fit of rage and despair, throws herself from the famous Leucadian rock, and perishes in the gulph below.]

Sappho.

NO more I sing by yonder shaded stream,
Where once intranc'd I fondly pass'd the day,
Supremely blest, when Phaon was my theme,
But wretched now, when Phaon is away !

Of all the youths that grac'd our Lesbian isle
He, only he, my heart propitious found,
So soft his language, and so sweet his smile,
Heaven was my own when Phaon clasp'd me round !

But soon, too soon, the faithless lover fled
To wander on some distant barbarous shore—
Who knows if Phaon is alive or dead,
Or wretched Sappho shall behold him more.

Ismenius.

As late in fair Sicilia's groves I stray'd,
Charm'd with the beauties of the vernal scene
I sate me down amid the yew tree's shade,
Flowers blooming round, with herbage fresh and green.

Not distant far a monument arose
Among the trees and form'd of Parian stone,
And, as if there some stranger did repose,
It stood neglected, and it stood alone.

Along its sides dependent ivy crept,
The cypress bough, Plutonian green, was near,
A sculptur'd Venus on the summit wept,
A pensive Cupid dropt the parting tear :

Strains deep engrav'd on every side I read,
How Phaon died upon that foreign shore—
Sappho, I think your Phaon must be dead,
Then hear the strains that do his fate deplore :

Thou swain that lov'st the morning air,
To those embowering trees repair,
Forsake thy sleep at early dawn,
And of this landscape to grow fonder,
Still, O still persist to wander
Up and down the flowery lawn ;
And as you there enraptur'd rove
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Pensive now and quite alone,
Cast thine eye upon this stone,
Read its melancholy moan ;
And if you can refuse a tear
To the youth that slumbers here,
Whom the Lesbians held so dear,
Nature calls thee not her own.

ECHO, hasten to my aid !
Tell the woods and tell the waves,
Tell the far off mountain caves
(Wrapt in solitary shade) ;
Tell them in high tragic numbers,
That beneath this marble tomb,

Shrouded in unceasing gloom,
Phaon, youthful Phaon, slumbers.
By Sicilian swains deplor'd—
That a narrow urn restrains
Him who charm'd our pleasing plains,
Him, whom every nymph ador'd.

Tell the woods and tell the waves,
Tell the mossy mountain caves,
Tell them, if none will hear beside,
How our lovely Phaon died.

In that season when the sun
Bids his glowing charioteer
Phœbus, native of the sphere,
High the burning zenith run ;
Then our much lamented swain,
O'er the sunny, scorched plain,
Hunting with a chosen train,
Slew the monsters of the waste
From those gloomy caverns chac'd
Round stupendous *Etna* plac'd.—
Conquer'd by the solar beam
At last he came to yonder stream ;
Panting, thirsting there he lay
On this fatal summer's day,
While his locks of raven jett
Were on his temples dripping wet ;
The gentle stream ran purling by
O'er the pebbles, pleasantly,
Tempting him to drink and die—
He drank indeed—but never thought
Death was in the gelid draught !—
Soon it chill'd his boiling veins,
Soon this glory of the plains
Left the nymphs and left the swains,
And has fled with all his charms
Where the Stygian monarch reigns,

Where no sun the climate warms !—
Dread Pluto then, as once before,
Pass'd *Avernus*' waters o'er ;
Left the dark and dismal shore,
And strait enamour'd, as he gloomy stood,
Seiz'd Phaon by the waters of the wood.

Now o'er the silent plain
We for our much lov'd Phaon call again,
And Phaon ! Phaon ! ring the woods amain—
From beneath this myrtle tree,
MUSIDORA, wretched maid,
How shall Phaon answer thee,
Deep in vaulted caverns laid !—
Thrice the myrtle tree hath bloom'd
Since our Phaon was intomb'd,
I, who had his heart, below,
I have rais'd this turret high,
A monument of love and woe
That Phaon's name may never die—
With deepest grief, O muse divine,
Around his tomb thy laurels twine
And shed thy sorrow, for to morrow
Thou, perhaps, shalt cease to glow—
My hopes are crost, my lover lost,
And I must weeping o'er the mountains go !

Sappho.

Ah faithless Phaon, thus from me to rove,
And bless my rival in a foreign grove !
Could Sicily more charming forests show
Than those that in thy native Lesbos grow—
Did fairer fruits adorn the bending tree
Than those that Lesbos did present to thee !
Or didst thou find through all the changing fair
One beauty that with Sappho could compare !
So soft, so sweet, so charming and so kind,

A face so fair, such beauties of the mind—
 Not Musidora can be rank'd with me
 Who sings so well thy funeral song for thee!—
 I'll go!—and from the high Leucadian steep
 Take my last farewell in the lover's leap,
 I charge thee, Phaon, by this deed of woe
 To meet me in the Elysian shades below,
 No rival beauty shall pretend a share,
 Sappho alone shall walk with Phaon there.

She spoke, and downward from the mountain's height
 Plung'd in the plashy wave to everlasting night.

THE POWER OF FANCY.

[WRITTEN 1770.]

WAKEFUL, vagrant, restless thing,
 Ever wandering on the wing,
 Who thy wondrous source can find,
FANCY, regent of the mind;
 A spark from Jove's resplendent throne,
 But thy nature all unknown.

This spark of bright, celestial flame,
 From Jove's seraphic altar came,
 And hence alone in man we trace,
 Resemblance to the immortal race.

Ah! what is all this mighty **WHOLE**,
 These suns and stars that round us roll!
 What are they all, where'er they shine,
 But Fancies of the Power Divine!

What is this *globe*, these *lands*, and *seas*,
 And *heat*, and *cold*, and *flowers*, and *trees*,

And *life*, and *death*, and *beast*, and *man*,
And *time*—that with the *sun* began—
But thoughts on reason's scale combin'd,
Ideas of the Almighty mind?

On the surface of the brain
Night after night she walks unseen,
Noble fabrics doth she raise
In the woods or on the seas,
On some high, steep, pointed rock,
Where the billows loudly knock
And the dreary tempests sweep
Clouds along the uncivil deep.

Lo ! she walks upon the moon,
Listens to the chimy tune
Of the bright, harmonious spheres,
And the song of angels hears ;
Sees this earth a distant star,*
Pendant, floating in the air ;
Leads me to some lonely dome,
Where Religion loves to come,
Where the bride of Jesus dwells,
And the deep ton'd organ swells
In notes with lofty anthems join'd,
Notes that half distract the mind.

Now like lightning she descends
To the prison of the fiends,
Hears the rattling of their chains,
Feels their never ceasing pains—
But, O never may she tell
Half the frightfulness of hell.

Now she views Arcadian rocks,
Where the shepherds guard their flocks,
And, while yet her wings she spreads,
Sees chrystal streams and coral beds,
Wanders to some desert deep,

* Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. II. v. 1052.

Or some dark, enchanted steep,
By the full moon light doth shew
Forests of a dusky blue,
Where, upon some mossy bed,
Innocence reclines her head.

Swift, she stretches o'er the seas
To the far off Hebrides,
Canvas on the lofty mast
Could not travel half so fast—
Swifter than the eagle's flight
Or instantaneous rays of light !
Lo ! contemplative she stands
On Norwegia's rocky lands—
Fickle Goddess, set me down
Where the rugged winters frown
Upon Orca's howling steep,
Nodding o'er the northern deep,
Where the winds tumultuous roar,
Vex'd that *Ossian* sings no more.
Fancy, to that land repair,
Sweetest *Ossian* slumbers there ;
Waft me far to southern isles
Where the soften'd winter smiles,
To Bermuda's orange shades,
Or Demerara's lovely glades ;
Bear me o'er the sounding cape,
Painting death in every shape,
Where daring *Anson* spread the sail
Shatter'd by the stormy gale—
Lo ! she leads me wide and far,
Sense can never follow her—
Shape thy course o'er land and sea,
Help me to keep pace with thee,
Lead me to yon chalky cliff,
Over rock and over reef,
Into Britain's fertile land,

•

Stretching far her proud command.
Look back and view, thro' many a year,
Cæsar, Julius Cæsar, there.

Now to Tempe's verdant wood,
Over the mid ocean flood
Lo! the islands of the sea
—Sappho, Lesbos mourns for thee:
Greece, arouse thy humbled head,
Where are all thy mighty dead,
Who states to endless ruin hurl'd
And carried vengeance through the world?—
Troy, thy vanish'd pomp resume,
Or, weeping at thy Hector's tomb,
Yet those faded scenes renew,
Whose memory is to *Homer* due.
Fancy, lead me wandering still
Up to Ida's cloud-topt hill;
Not a laurel there doth grow
But in vision thou shalt show,—
Every sprig on Virgil's tomb
Shall in livelier colours bloom,
And every triumph Rome has seen
Flourish on the years between.


Now she bears me far away
In the east to meet the day,
Leads me over Ganges' streams,
Mother of the morning beams—
O'er the ocean hath she ran,
Places me on *Tinian*;
Farther, farther in the east,
Till it almost meets the west,
Let us wandering both be lost
On *Taitis'* sea-beat coast,
Bear me from that distant strand,
Over ocean, over land,
To California's golden shore—

Fancy, stop, and rove no more.

Now, tho' late, returning home,
Lead me to *Belinda's* tomb;
Let me glide as well as you
Through the shroud and coffin too,
And behold, a moment, there,
All that once was good and fair—
Who doth here so soundly sleep?
Shall we break this prison deep?—
Thunders cannot wake the maid,
Lightnings cannot pierce the shade,
And tho' wintry tempests roar,
Tempests shall disturb no more.

Yet must those eyes in darkness stay,
That once were rivals to the day?—
Like heaven's bright lamp beneath the main,
They are but set to rise again.

FANCY, thou the muses' pride,
In thy painted realms reside
Endless images of things,
Fluttering each on golden wings,
Ideal objects, such a store,
The universe could hold no more:
Fancy, to thy power I owe
Half my happiness below;
By thee Elysian groves were made,
Thine were the notes that Orpheus play'd;
By thee was Pluto charm'd so well
While rapture seiz'd the sons of hell—
Come, O come—perceiv'd by none,
You and I will walk alone.



THE PRAYER OF ORPHEUS.

SAD monarch of the world below,
Stern guardian of this drowsy shade,
Through thy unlovely realms I go
To seek a captive thou hast made.
O'er Stygian waters have I pass'd,
→ Contemning Jove's unjust decree,
And reach'd thy sable court at last
To find my lost Eurydicè.

Of all the nymphs so deckt and drest
Like Venus of the starry train,
She was the loveliest and the best,
The pride and glory of the plain.
O free from thy despotic sway
This nymph of heaven-descended charms,
Too soon she came this dusky way—
Restore thy captive to my arms.

As by a stream's fair, verdant side,
In myrtle shades she rov'd along,
A serpent stung my blooming bride,
This brightest of the female throng—
The venom hast'ning thro' her veins
Forbid the freezing blood to flow.
And thus she left the Thracian plains
For these dejected groves below.

Even thou may'st pity my sad pain,
Since love, as ancient stories say,
Forc'd thee to leave thy native reign,
And in Sicilian meadows stray :
Bright Proserpine thy bosom fir'd,

For her you sought th' unwelcome light,
Madness and love in you conspir'd
To seize her to the shades of night.

But if, averse to my request,
The vanish'd nymph, for whom I mourn,
Must in Plutonian chambers rest,
And never to my arms return—
Take Orpheus too—his warm desire
Can ne'er be quench'd by your decree,
In life or death he must admire,
He must adore Eurydicè.

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

THIS antique dome the unmouldering tooth of time
Now level with the dust has almost laid ;—
Yet ere 'tis gone, I fix my humble rhyme
On these low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unsocial hearth !—where once the fires
Blaz'd high, and check'd the wint'ry traveller's woes ;
See the weak roof, that abler props requires,
Admits the chilling winds, and swift descending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the swains at evening hours repair,
But wandering flocks assume the well known way
To shun the rigours of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once stood the ancient housewife's curtain'd bed—
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

28 THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

The trees, the flowers that her own hands had rear'd.
The plants, the vines that were so verdant seen,
The trees, the flowers, the vines have disappear'd,
And every plant has vanish'd from the green.

So sits in tears on wide Campania's plain
The ancient mistress of a world enslav'd
That triumph'd o'er the land, subdu'd the main,
And Time himself in her wild transports brav'd.

So sits in tears on Palestina's shore
The Hebrew town, of splendour once divine—
Her kings, her lords, her triumphs are no more;
Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every shrine.

Once in the bounds of this sequester'd room
Perhaps some swain nocturnal courtship made,
Perhaps some Sherlock mus'd amid the gloom,
Since Love and Death for ever seek the shade.

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquir'd with pain:
He to the dust—his gold, on traffick sent,
Shall ne'er disgrace these mouldering walls again.

Nor shall the glow-worm fopling, sunshine bred,
Seek, at the evening hour, this wonted dome—
Time has reduc'd the fabrick to a shed
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar's home.

(And none but I its piteous fate lament—
None, none but I o'er its cold ashes mourn,
Sent by the muse—(the time perhaps mis-spent)—
To shed her latest tears upon its silent urn.

THE CITIZEN'S RESOLVE.

[WRITTEN 1770.]

“ **F**AR be the dull and heavy day
“ And toil and restless care from me—
“ Sorrow attends on loads of gold,
“ And kings are wretched, I am told ;
“ Soon from the noisy town remov’d
“ To such wild scenes as Shenstone lov’d, *A wild scene!*
“ Where, fixt the leafless oaks between,
“ Less haughty grows the winter green,
“ There, Night, will I (lock’d in thy arms,
“ Sweet goddess of the sable charms)
“ Enjoy the dear, delightful dreams *rustic; wooded*
“ That Fancy prompts by sylvan streams,
“ Where wood-nymphs walk their evening round,
“ And fairies haunt the moonlight ground.
“ Beneath some mountain’s towering height
“ In cottage low I hail the night
“ Where jovial swains with heart sincere
“ Welcome the new returning year ;—
“ Each tells a tale, or chants a song
“ Of her, for whom he sigh’d so long,
“ Of Dolly fair or Delia coy,
“ Neglecting still her love-sick boy—
“ While near the hoary-headed sage
“ Recalls the feats of youth’s gay age,
“ All that in past time e’er was seen,
“ And many a frolick on the green,
“ How champion he with champions met,
“ And fiercely they did combat it—

“ Or how, full oft with horn and hound
“ They chac’d the deer the forest round—
“ The panting deer as swiftly flies,
“ Yet by the well-aim’d musquet dies !

“ Thus pass the evening hours away,
“ Unnotic’d dies the parting day,
“ Unmeasur’d flows that happy juice,
“ Which mild October did produce,
“ No surly sage, too frugal found,
“ No niggard housewife deals it round,
“ But swift as changing goblets pass
“ They bless the virtues of the glass.

“ But now the moon, exalted high,
“ Adds lustre to the earth and sky,
“ And in the mighty ocean’s glass
“ Admires the beauties of her face—
“ About her orb you may behold
“ The circling stars that blush with cold—
“ But they in brighter seasons please,
“ Winter can find no charms in these,
“ While less ambitious, we admire,
“ And more esteem domestic fire.

“ O could I there a mansion find
“ Suited exactly to my mind,
“ Near that industrious, heavenly train
“ Of rustics honest, neat, and plain ;
“ The days, the weeks, the years to pass
“ With some good natur’d, longing lass,
“ With her the cooling spring to sip,
“ And seize, at will, her damask lip ;
“ The groves, the springs, the shades divine,
“ And all Arcadia should be mine.

“ Steep me, steep me some poppies deep
“ In beechen bowl, to bring on sleep ;
“ Love hath my soul in fetters bound,
“ Thro’ the dull night no sleep I found—

" O gentle sleep ! bestow thy dreams
 " Of fields, and woods, and murmuring streams,
 " Deep, tufted groves, and grottoes rare,
 " And Flora, charming Flora, there.

" Dull Commerce, hence, with all thy train
 " Of debts, and dues, and loss, and gain ;—
 " To hills, and groves, and purling streams,
 " To days of ease, and heaven-born dreams
 " While wiser Damon hastes away, .
 " Should I in this dull city stay,
 " Condemn'd to death by slow decays
 " And care, that clouds my brightest days ?

" No—by *Silenus*' self, I swear,
 " In rustic shades I'll kill that care."

So spoke *Lysander*, and in haste
 His clerks discharg'd, his goods re-cas'd,
 And to the western forests flew
 With fifty airy schemes in view ;
 His ships were set to public sale—
 But what did all this change avail ?—
 In three short months, sick of the *heavenly train*,
 In three short months—he mov'd to town again.

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR THE TOMB-STONE OF PATRICK BAY, AN IRISH
 SOLDIER AND INN-HOLDER, KILLED BY AN
 IGNORANT PHYSICIAN.

1769.

NOT Fate or Death,—but doctor Rowe
 Advanc'd to give the deadly blow
 That smote me to the shades below.

Had Death alone approach'd too nigh,
 Had Fate or Nature bid me die,
 I must have borne it patiently.

But to be robb'd of life and ease
 By such infernal quacks as these,
 And pay, besides, their *modest* fees,

And leave a world of joys behind !—
 Doctor, if I may speak my mind,
 It was not fair, it was not kind.

Now folks that travel by this way
 Pointing toward my tomb, shall say,
 “ There lie the bones of *Patrick Bay*,

“ Who ne'er a chearful glass deny'd,—
 “ All force of arms and grog defy'd—
 “ Yet by a vile Jack Pudding died !”

EPITAPH OF PETER ABELARD.

FROM THE LATIN.

*Petrus in hac petra latitat, quem mundus Homerum
 Clamabat, sed jam sidera sidus habent, etc.*

PETER lies low beneath this humble stone
 Whom mankind for a second Homer own.
 Great in his fame, unconquer'd in distress,
 But now the stars this brilliant star possess.—
 He shin'd a sun to illume the wits of France,
 But now, alas ! the heavens have snatch'd him hence,
 And thus, fair Gallia's land is left to moan
 Her brightest sun to endless slumbers gone.

EPITAPH OF PETER ABELARD. 33

He gain'd all knowledge in the reach of man,
And learn'd whate'er the race of mortals can ;
Science by him was from no master bought,
He conquer'd artists in the arts they taught :—

To Gallia's land a Socrates was he,
A Plato of the west in him I see,
Excelling all that e'er in logick shin'd,
Our Aristotle of exalted mind ;
Prince of all genius on this earthly sphere,
Of reason piercing, subtle, and severe—
By soft persuasion, that no art can teach,
He gain'd all triumphs, by these powers of speech,
But now he triumphs, and surpasses more
Than ever man or angel did before :
A monk of *Cluni* this great man became,
And learnt true science from a Saviour's name,
Where, ending well a luckless length of days,
No sage for wisdom e'er had greater praise—
The sweetest *daughter* of the blooming spring—
Sweet *May* to heaven our Abelard did wing !—
Enough—within this tomb, in narrow space,
Rests Peter Abelard, in death's embrace,
Who conquer'd arts, who made all learning plain,
And reach'd all knowledge, mortals can attain.

THE DYING ELM.

SWEET, lovely Elm, who here dost grow
Companion of unsocial care,
Lo ! thy dejected branches die
Amidst this torrid air—
Smit by the sun or sickly moon,
Like *fainting flowers*, that die at noon.

Thy withering leaves, that drooping hang,
 Presage thine end approaching nigh,
 And lo ! thy amber tears distill,
 Attended with that parting sigh—
 O charming tree ! no more decline,
 But be thy *shades* and love-sick whispers mine.
 Forbear to die—this weeping eve
 Shall shed her little drops on you,
 Shall o'er thy sad disaster grieve,
 And wash thy wounds with pearly dew,
 Shall pity you, and pity me,
 And heal the *languor* of my tree !
 Short is thy life, if thou so soon must fade
 Like angry Jonah's gourd at Nineveh,
 That in a night its bloomy branches spread
 And perish'd with the day.—
 Come, then, revive, sweet lovely Elm, lest I,
 Thro' vehemence of heat, like Jonah, wish to die.

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

[WRITTEN 1770.]

[COLUMBUS was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined existed somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiations, he is here supposed to address king Ferdinand in the following Stanzas.]

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
 Too long I wait permission to depart ;
 Sick of delays, I beg thy list'ning ear—
 Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.

While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main :
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe how small a part we know—
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny ?—
How disproportion'd to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human prospect lie !

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,
Spend her sweet beam upon the barren main,
And ne'er illumine with midnight splendour, she,
The natives dancing on the lightsome green ?—

Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land ?—
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so,
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.

Does yon' fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light the waves and monsters of the seas ?—
No—be there must beyond the billowy waste
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame my breast inspires
To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
Where, falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage : *
" *The time shall come, when numerous years are past,*
" *The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,*
" *And an extended region rise at last ;*

* Seneca the poet, native of Cordova in Spain.

*“ And TYPHIS shall disclose the mighty land
 “ Far, far away, where none have rov’d before ;
 “ Nor shall the world’s remotest region be
 “ Gibraltar’s rock, or THULE’S* savage shore.”*

Fir’d at the theme, I languish to depart,
 Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,
 He fears no storms upon the untravell’d deep ;
 Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,
 Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
 And skies above and gulphy seas below .
 Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

Think not that Nature has unveil’d in vain
 The mystic magnet to the mortal eye,
 So late have we the guiding needle plann’d
 Only to sail beneath our native sky?

Ere this was found, the ruling power of all
 Found for our use an ocean in the land,
 Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
 Nor long be absent from the neighbouring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars,
 But stars no more shall point our daring way ;
 The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown’d,
 And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,

When southward we shall steer—O grant my wish,
 Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,
 He dreads no tempests on the untravell’d deep,
 Reason shall steer, and shall disarm the gale.

* Supposed by many to be the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

THE RISING GLORY OF AMERICA.*

[WRITTEN 1771.]

————— *Venient annis*
Sæcula seris, quibus oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Typhisque novos
Detegat orbis; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.—————

Seneca, Med. Act. III. v. 375.

ARGUMENT:

THE subject proposed—The discovery of America by Columbus—
A philosophical enquiry into the origin of the savages of
America—The first planters from Europe—Causes of their
migration to America—The difficulties they encountered from
the jealousy of the natives—Agriculture descanted on—Com-
merce and navigation—Science—Future prospects of British
usurpation, tyranny, and devastation on this side the Atlantic
—The more comfortable one of Independence, liberty, and
peace—Conclusion.

Acasto.

NOW shall the adventurous muse attempt a strain
More new, more noble, and more flush of fame
Than all that went before—

Now through the veil of ancient days renew
The period fam'd when first Columbus touch'd
These shores so long unknown—through various toils,
Famine, and death, the hero forc'd his way,
Thro' oceans pregnant with perpetual storms,
And climates hostile to advent'rous man.

* N.B. This Poem is a little altered from the original, (published in Philadelphia in 1772) such parts being only inserted here as were written by the author of this Volume. A few more modern lines towards the conclusion are incorporated with the rest, being a supposed prophetic anticipation of subsequent events.

But why, to prompt your tears, should we resume
 The tale of *Cortez*, furious chief, ordain'd
 With Indian blood to dye the sands, and choak,
 Fam'd *Mexico*, thy streams with dead? or why
 Once more revive the tale so oft rehears'd
 Of *Atabilipa*, by thirst of gold,
 (All conquering motive in the human breast)
 Depriv'd of life, which not *Peru's* rich ore
 Nor *Mexico's* vast mines could then redeem?
 Better these northern realms demand our song
 Design'd by nature for the rural reign,
 For agriculture's toil.—No blood we shed
 For metals buried in a rocky waste.
 Curs'd be that ore, which brutal makes mankind,
 And prompts mankind to shed a brother's blood.

Eugenio.

But whence arose
 That vagrant race who love the shady vale,
 And choose the forest for their dark abode?—
 For long has this perplexed the sages' skill
 To investigate.—Tradition seems to hide
 The mighty secret from each mortal eye,
 How first these various nations, north and south,
 Possess these shores, or from what countries came.—
 Whether they sprang from some primæval head
 In their own lands, like Adam in the east,—
 Yet this the sacred oracles deny,
 And reason, too, reclaims against the thought:
 For when the general deluge drown'd the world
 Where could their tribes have found security,
 Where find their fate, but in the ghastly deep?—
 Unless, as others dream, some chosen few
 High on the Andes 'scap'd the general death,
 High on the Andes, wrapt in endless snow,
 Where winter in his wildest fury reigns,

And subtle ether scarce our life maintains.—
But here Philosophers oppose the scheme ;
This earth, say they, nor hills nor mountains knew
Ere yet the universal flood prevail'd ;
But when the mighty waters rose aloft,
Rous'd by the winds they shook their solid base,
And, in convulsions, tore the delug'd world,
Till by the winds assuag'd, again they fell,
And all their ragged bed expos'd to view.

Perhaps far wandering toward the northern pole
The streights of Zembla, and the frozen zone,
And where the eastern Greenland almost joins
America's north point, the hardy tribes
Of banish'd Jews, Siberians, Tartars wild
Come over icy mountains, or on floats
First reach'd these coasts, hid from the world beside.—
And yet another argument more strange,
Reserv'd for men of deeper thought, and late,
Presents itself to view :—*In Peleg's* days*,
(So says the Hebrew seer's unerring pen)
This mighty mass of earth, this solid globe
Was cleft in twain,—*divided* east and west,
While straight between, the deep Atlantic roll'd.—
And traces indisputable remain
Of this primæval land, now sunk and lost.—
The islands rising in our eastern main
Are but small fragments of this continent,
Whose two extremities were Newfoundland
And St. Helena.—One far in the north,
Where shivering seamen view with strange surprise
The guiding pole-star glittering o'er their heads ;
The other near the southern tropic rears
Its head above the waves—Bermuda's isles,
Cape Verd, Canary, Britain, and the Azores,
With fam'd Hibernia, are but broken parts

* Genesis x. 25.

Of some prodigious waste, which once sustain'd
Nations and tribes of vanish'd memory,
Forests, and towns, and beasts of every class,
Where navies now explore their briny way.

Leander.

Your sophistry, Eugenio, makes me smile :
The roving mind of man delights to dwell
On hidden things merely because they're hid :
He thinks his knowledge far beyond all limit,
And boldly fathoms nature's darkest haunts—
But for uncertainties, your broken isles,
Your northern Tartars, and your wandering Jews,
(The flimsy cobwebs of a sophist's brain)
Hear what the voice of history proclaims—
The Carthaginians, ere the Roman yoke
Broke their proud spirits, and enslav'd them too,
For navigation were renown'd as much
As haughty Tyre with all her hundred fleets,
Full many a league their vent'rous seamen sail'd
Thro' streight Gibraltar, down the western shore
Of Africa, to the Canary isles
By them call'd Fortunate ; so Flaccus* sings,
Because eternal spring there clothes the fields
And fruits delicious bloom throughout the year.—
From voyaging here, this inference I draw,
Perhaps some barque with all her numerous crew
Falling to leeward of her destin'd port,
Caught by the eastern *trade*, was hurried on
Before the unceasing blast to Indian isles,
Brazil, La Plata, or the coasts more south—
There stranded, and unable to return,
Forever from their native skies estrang'd
Doubtless they made these virgin climes their own,
And in the course of long revolving years

* Hor. Epod. 16.

A numerous progeny from these arose,
 And spread throughout the coasts—those whom we call
 Brazilians, Mexicans, Peruvians rich,
 The tribes of Chili, Patagon, and those
 Who till the shores of Amazonia's stream.
 When first the powers of Europe here attain'd
 Vast empires, kingdoms, cities, palaces
 And polish'd nations stock'd the fertile land.
 Who has not heard of Cusco, Lima, and
 The town of Mexico—huge cities form'd
 From Europe's architecture; ere the arms
 Of haughty Spain disturb'd the peaceful soil.—
 But *here*, amid this northern dark domain
 No towns were seen to rise.—No arts were here;
 The tribes unskill'd to raise the lofty mast,
 Or force the daring prow thro' adverse waves,
 Gaz'd on the pregnant soil, and crav'd alone
 Life from the unaided genius of the ground,—
 This indicates they were a different race;
 From whom descended 'tis not ours to say—
 That power, no doubt, who furnish'd trees, and plants,
 And animals to this vast continent,
 Spoke into being man among the rest,
 But what a change is here!—what arts arise!
 What towns and capitals! how commerce waves
 Her gaudy flags, where silence reign'd before!

Acasto.

Speak, my Eugenio, for I've heard you tell
 The dismal history, and the cause that brought
 The first adventurers to these western shores;
 The glorious cause that urg'd our fathers first
 To visit climes unknown, and wilder woods
 Than e'er Tartarian or Norwegian saw,
 And with fair culture to adorn that soil
 Which never felt the industrious swain before.

Eugenio.

All this long story to rehearse, would tire,
 Besides, the sun toward the west retreats,
 Nor can the noblest theme retard his speed,
 Nor loftiest verse—not that which sang the fall
 Of Troy divine, and fierce Achilles' ire.
 Yet hear a part :—By persecution wrong'd,
 And sacerdotal rage, our fathers came
 From Europe's hostile shores to these abodes,
 Here to enjoy a liberty in *faith*,
 Secure from tyranny and base controul.
 For this they left their country and their friends,
 And dar'd the Atlantic wave in quest of peace ;
 And found new shores, and sylvan settlements,
 And men, alike unknowing and unknown.
 Hence, by the care of each advent'rous *chief*
 New governments (their wealth unenvied yet)
 Were form'd on *liberty* and *virtue's* plan.
These searching out uncultivated tracts
 Conceiv'd new plans of towns, and capitals,
 And spacious provinces—Why should I name
 Thee, Penn, the Solon of our western lands ;
 Sagacious legislator, whom the world
 Admires, and mourns : an infant colony,
 Nurs'd by thy care, now rises o'er the rest
 Like that tall Pyramid in Egypt's waste
 O'er all thy neighbouring piles, they also great.
 Why should I name these heroes so well known,
 Who peopled all the rest from Canada
 To Georgia's farthest coasts, West Florida,
 Or Apalachian mountains ?—Yet what streams
 Of blood were shed ! what Indian hosts were slain,
 Before these days of peace were quite restor'd !

Leander.

Yes, while they overturn'd the rugged soil

And swept the forests from the shaded plain
 'Midst dangers, foes, and death, fierce Indian tribes
 With vengeful malice arm'd, and black design,
 Oft murder'd or dispers'd these colonies—
 Encourag'd, too, by Gallia's hostile sons,
 A warlike race, who late their arms display'd
 At *Quebec*, *Montreal*, and farthest coasts
 Of *Labrador*, or *Cape Breton*, where now
 The British standard awes the subject host.
 Here, those brave chiefs, who, lavish of their blood,
 Fought in Britannia's cause, in battle fell!—
 What heart but mourns the untimely fate of *Wolfe*,
 Who, dying, conquer'd!—or what breast but beats
 To share a fate like his, and die like him!

Acasto.

But why alone commemorate the dead,
 And pass these glorious heroes by, who yet
 Breathe the same air, and see the light with us?—
 The dead, *Leander*, are but empty names,
 And they who fall to-day the same to us
 As they who fell ten centuries ago!—
 Lost are they all that shin'd on earth before;
 Rome's boldest champions in the dust are laid,
Ajax and great *Achilles* are no more,
 And *Philip's* warlike son, an empty shade!—
 A WASHINGTON among our sons of fame
 We boast—conspicuous as the morning star
 Among the inferior lights—
 To distant wilds *Virginia* sent him forth—
 With her brave sons he gallantly oppos'd
 The bold invaders of his country's rights,
 Where wild *Ohio* pours the mazy flood,
 And mighty meadows skirt these subject streams.—
 But now, delighting in his elm-tree's shade,
 Where deep *Potowmac* laves the enchanting shore,

[1755.]

He prunes the tender vine, or bids the soil
Luxuriant harvests to the sun display.—

Behold a different scene—not thus employ'd
Were *Cortez* and *Pizarro*, pride of Spain,
Whom blood and murder only satisfy'd,
And all to glut ambition !—

Eugenio.

Such is the curse, *Acasto*, where the soul
Humane is wanting—but we boast no feats
Of cruelty like Europe's murdering breed—
Our milder epithet is merciful,
And each American, true-hearted, learns
To conquer, and to spare ; for coward souls
Alone seek vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
Gold, fatal gold, was the alluring bait
To Spain's rapacious tribe—hence rose the wars
From Chili to the Caribbean sea,
And *Montezuma's* Mexican domains :
More blest are we, with whose unenvied soil
Nature decreed no mingling gold to shine,
No flaming diamond, precious emerald,
No blushing sapphire, ruby, chrysolite,
Or jasper red—more noble riches flow
From agriculture, and the industrious swain,
Who tills the fertile vale, or mountain's brow,
* Content to lead a safe, a humble life
Among his native hills, romantic shades
Such as the Muse of Greece of old did feign,
Allur'd the Olympian gods from chrystal skies,
Envyng such lovely scenes to mortal man.

Leander.

Long has the rural life been justly fam'd,
And bards of old their pleasing pictures drew
Of flowery meads, and groves, and gliding streams :



Hence, old Arcadia—wood-nymphs, satyrs, swains ;
And hence Elysium, fancied heaven below !—
Fair agriculture, not unworthy kings,
Once exercis'd the royal hand, or those
Whose virtues rais'd them to the rank of gods.
See old *Laertes** in his shepherd weeds
Far from his pompous throne and court august,
Digging the grateful soil, where round him rise,
Sons of the earth, the tall aspiring oaks,
Or orchards boasting of more fertile boughs,
Laden with apples red, sweet-scented peach,
Pear, cherry, apricot, or spungy plumb ;
While through the glebe the industrious oxen draw
The earth-inverting plough.—Those Romans too,
Fabricius and *Camillus*, lov'd a life
Of neat simplicity and rustic bliss,
And from the noisy Forum hastening far,
From busy camps, and sycophants, and crowns,
'Midst woods and fields spent the remains of *life*,
Which full enjoyment only finds for fools.

How grateful, to behold the harvests rise,
And mighty crops adorn the extended plains !—
Fair plenty smiles throughout, while lowing herds
Stalk o'er the shrubby hill or grassy mead,
Or at some shallow river slake their thirst.—
The inclosure now succeeds the shepherd's care,
Yet milk-white flocks adorn the well-stock'd farm,
And court the attention of the industrious swain—
Their fleece rewards him well ; and when the winds
Blow with a keener blast, and from the north
Pour mingled tempests through a sunless sky
(Ice, sleet, and rattling hail) secure he sits
Warm in his cottage, fearless of the storm,
Enjoying now the toils of milder moons,

* Hom. Odyss. B. 24.

Yet hoping for the spring.—Such are the joys,
And such the toils of those whom heaven hath bless'd
With souls enamour'd of a country life.

Acasto.

Such are the visions of the rustic reign—
But this alone, the fountain of support,
Would scarce employ the varying mind of man ;
Each seeks employ, and each a different way :
Strip Commerce of her sail, and men once more
Would be converted into savages—
No nation e'er grew social and refin'd
Till Commerce first had wing'd the adventurous prow,
Or sent the slow-pac'd caravan afar,
To waft their produce to some other clime,
And bring the wish'd exchange—thus came, of old,
Golconda's golden ore, and thus the wealth
Of *Ophir* to the wisest of mankind.

Eugenio.

Great is the praise of commerce, and the men
Deserve our praise, who spread the undaunted sail,
And traverse every sea—their dangers great,
Death still to combat in the unfeeling gale,
And every billow but a gaping grave:—
There, skies and waters, wearying on the eye,
For weeks and months no other prospect yield
But barren wastes, unfathom'd depths, where not
The blissful haunt of human form is seen
To cheer the unsocial horrors of the way—
Yet all these bold designs to Science owe
Their rise and glory—Hail, fair Science ! thou,
Transplanted from the eastern skies, dost bloom
In these blest regions—Greece and Rome no more
Detain the Muses on *Cithæron's* brow
Or old *Olympus*, crown'd with waving woods,

Or *Hæmus'* top, where once was heard the harp,
 Sweet *Orpheus'* harp, that gain'd his cause below,
 And pierc'd the heart of *Orcus* and his bride ;
 That hush'd to silence by its voice divine
 Thy melancholy waters, and the gales
 O *Hebrus!* that o'er thy sad surface blow.—
 No more the maids round *Alpheus'* waters stray,
 Where he with *Arethusa's* wave doth mix,
 Or where swift *Tiber* disembogues his waves
 Into the Italian sea, so long unsung ;
 Hither they wing their way, the last the best
 Of countries, where the arts shall rise and grow,
 And arms shall have their day—Even now we boast
 A *Franklin*, prince of all philosophy,
 A genius piercing as the electric fire,
 Bright as the lightning's flash, explain'd so well
 By him, the rival of *Britannia's* sage.*—
 This is a land of every joyous sound,
 Of liberty and life, sweet liberty !
 Without whose aid the noblest genius fails,
 And Science irretrievably must die.

Leander.

But come, *Eugenio*, since we know the past—
 What hinders to pervade with searching eye
 The mystic scenes of dark Futurity !
 Say, shall we ask what empires yet must rise,
 What kingdoms, powers and STATES, where now are
 seen
 Mere dreary wastes and awful solitude,
 Where melancholy sits, with eye forlorn,
 And time anticipates, when we shall spread
 Dominion from the north, and south, and west,
 Far from the Atlantic to Pacific shores,

* Newton.

And shackle half the convex of the main !
A glorious theme !—but how shall mortals dare
To pierce the dark events of future years
And scenes unravel, only known to fate ?

Acasto.

This might we do, if warm'd by that bright coal
Snatch'd from the altar of cherubic fire
Which touch'd Isaiah's lips—or of the spirit
Of Jeremy and Amos, prophets old,
Might swell the heaving breast—I see, I see
A thousand kingdoms rais'd, cities, and men,
Numerous as sand upon the ocean shore !—
The *Ohio* soon shall glide by many a town
Of note ; and where the *Mississippi* stream,
By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow, and STATES not less in fame
Than Greece and Rome of old !—we too shall boast
Our Alexanders, Pompeys, heroes, kings,
That in the womb of time yet dormant lie,
Waiting the joyous hour of life and light—
O snatch me hence, ye muses, to those days
When through the veil of dark antiquity
Our sons shall hear of us as things remote,
That blossom'd in the morn of days—Alas !
How could I weep that we were born so soon,
Just in the dawning of these mighty times,
When scenes are pregnant with eternity !
Dissensions that shall swell the trump of fame,
And ruin brooding o'er one monarchy !

Eugenio.

Nor shall these angry tumults here subside
Nor murders * cease, through all these Provinces,

* The massacre at Boston, *March* 5th, 1770, is here more particularly glanced at.

Till foreign crowns have vanish'd from our view
 And dazzle here no more—no more presume
 To awe the spirit of fair Liberty—
 Vengeance shall cut the thread—and Britain, sure,
 Will curse her fatal obstinacy for it!
 Bent on the ruin of this injur'd country,
 She will not listen to our humble prayers,
 Though offer'd with submission.
 Like vagabonds, and objects of destruction,
 Like those whom all mankind are sworn to hate,
 She casts us off from her protection,
 And will invite the nations round about,
 Russians and Germans, slaves and savages,
 To come and have a share in our perdition—
 O cruel race, O unrelenting Britain,
 Who bloody beasts will hire to cut our throats,
 Who war will wage with prattling innocence,
 And basely murder unoffending women!—
 Will stab their prisoners when they cry for quarter,
 Will burn our towns, and from his lodging turn
 The poor inhabitant to sleep in tempests!—
 These will be wrongs; indeed, and all sufficient
 To kindle up our souls to deeds of horror,
 And give to every arm the nerves of *Samson*—
 These are the men that fill the world with ruin,
 And every region mourns their greedy sway,
 Nor only for ambition!—
 But what are this world's goods, that *they* for them
 Should exercise eternal butchery?
 What are these mighty riches we possess,
 That they should send so far to finger them?—
 Already have we felt their potent arm—
 And ever since that inauspicious day,
 When first Sir *Francis Bernard*
 His cannons planted at the *council door*,
 And made the assembly room a home for strumpets,

evils
 of
 B. L.

And soldiers rank and file—e'er since that day
 This wretched land, that drinks its children's gore,
 Has been a scene of tumult and confusion!—
 Are there not evils in the world enough?
 Are we so happy that they envy us?
 Have we not toil'd to satisfy their Harpies,
 King's deputies, that are insatiable;
 Whose practice is to incense the royal mind,
 And make us despicable in his view?—
 Have we not all the evils to contend with
 That, in this life, mankind are subject to,
 Pain, sickness, poverty, and natural death—
 But into every wound that nature gave
 They will a dagger plunge, and make them mortal!

donk side
 of nature

Leander.

Enough, enough—such dismal scenes you paint,
 I almost shudder at the recollection—
 What, are they dogs that they would mangle us?
 To brighter skies I turn my ravish'd view,
 And fairer prospects from the future draw—
 Here independent power shall hold her sway,
 And public virtue warm the patriot breast:
 No traces shall remain of tyranny,
 And laws, a pattern to the world beside
 Be here enacted first.—

Acasto.

And when a train of rolling years are past,
 (So sung the exil'd seer in Patmos isle)
 A new Jerusalem, sent down from heaven,
 Shall grace our happy earth—perhaps this land,
 Whose ample breast shall then receive, tho' late,
 Myriads of saints, with their immortal king,
 To live and reign on earth a thousand years,
 Thence call'd *Millennium*. Paradise anew

Millennium

Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost.
No dangerous tree with deadly fruit shall grow,
No tempting serpent to allure the soul
From native innocence.—A *Canaan* here,
Another *Canaan* shall excel the old,
And from a fairer *Pisgah's* top be seen.
No thistle here, nor thorn, nor briar shall spring,
Earth's curse before : The lion and the lamb,
In mutual friendship link'd, shall browse the shrub,
And tim'rous deer with soften'd tygers stray
O'er mead, or lofty hill, or grassy plain :
Another Jordan's stream shall glide along,
And Siloah's brook in circling eddies flow :
Groves shall adorn their verdant banks, on which
The happy people, free from toils and death,
Shall find secure repose. No fierce disease,
No fevers, slow consumption, ghastly plague,
(Death's ancient ministers) again proclaim
Perpetual war with man : Fair fruits shall bloom,
Fair to the eye and grateful to the taste ;
Nature's loud streams be hush'd, and seas no more
Rage hostile to mankind—and, worse than all,
The fiercer passions of the human breast
Shall kindle up to deeds of death no more,
But all subside in universal peace.—

Such days the world,
And such, AMERICA, thou first shalt have,
When ages, yet to come, have run their round,
And future years of bliss alone remain.

RETIREMENT.

A HERMIT'S house beside a stream,
With forests planted round,
Whatever it to you may seem
More real happiness I deem
Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I could call my own
Remote from domes of care ;
A little garden, wall'd with stone,
The wall with ivy overgrown,
A limpid fountain near,

Would more substantial joys afford,
More real bliss impart
Than all the wealth that misers hoard,
Than vanquish'd worlds, or worlds restor'd—
Mere cankers of the heart !

Vain foolish man ! how vast thy pride,
How little can thy wants supply !—
'Tis surely wrong to grasp so wide—
We act as if we only had
To triumph—not to die !

DISCOVERY.

[WRITTEN 1772.]

SIX thousand years in these dull regions pass'd,
'Tis time, you'll say, we knew their bounds at last,
Knew to what skies our setting stars retire,
And where the wint'ry suns expand their fire:
What land to land protracts the varied scene,
And where extended oceans roll between;
What worlds exist beneath *antarctic* skies,
And from *Pacific* waves what verdant islands rise.

In vain did nature shore from shore divide,
Art form'd a passage and her waves defy'd:
When his bold plan the master pilot drew [Columbus.
Dissever'd worlds stept forward at the view,
And lessening still the intervening space
Disclos'd new millions of the human race.
Proud even of toil, succeeding ages join'd
New seas to vanquish, and new worlds to find;
Each following each still farther from the shore
Found some new wonder that was hid before,
Till launch'd at length, with avarice doubly bold,
Their hearts expanding as the world grew old,
Some to be rich, and some to be renown'd,
The earth they rifled, and explor'd it round.

Ambitious Europe, polish'd in thy pride,
Thine was the art that toil to toil ally'd,
Thine was the gift to trace each heavenly sphere
And seize their beams to serve ambition here:
Hence, fierce *Pizarro* stock'd a world with graves,
Hence *Montezuma* left a race of slaves—

Which project suited best with heaven's decree,
 To force new doctrines, or to leave them free?—
 Religion only feign'd to claim a share,
 Their riches, not their souls, employ'd thy care—
 Alas! how few of all that daring train
 That seek new worlds embosom'd in the main,
 How few have sail'd on virtue's nobler plan,
 How few with motives worthy of a man!—
 While through the deep sea-waves we saw them go
 Where'er they found a *man* they made a foe;
 Superior only by superior art,
 Forgot the social virtues of the heart,
 Forgetting still, where'er they madly ran,
 That sacred friendship binds mankind to man,
 Fond of exerting power, untimely shown,
 The momentary triumph all their own!
 Met on the wrecks and ravages of time,
 They left no native master of his clime,
 His trees, his towns, with harden'd front they claim,
 Seize his dear country in some tyrant's name,
 And force the oath, that binds him to obey
 Some prince unknown, ten thousand leagues away.

Slaves to their passions, man's imperious race
 Born for contention, find no resting place,
 And the vain mind, bewilder'd and perplex,
 Makes this world wretched to enjoy the next.
 Tir'd of the scenes that nature made their own
 They rove to conquer what remains unknown;
 Avarice undaunted claims whate'er she sees,
 Surmounts earth's circle, and foregoes all ease:
 Religion, bolder, sends some *sacred* chief
 To bend the nations to her own belief;
 To their vain standard Europe's sons invite,
 Who claim it as their due to think aright.
 Behold their varied tribes, in proud applause,
 First in religion, liberty and laws,

And, while they bow to cruelty and blood,
 Condemn the Indian with his milder god—
 Ah, race to justice, truth, and honour blind,
 Are thy convictions to convert mankind!—
 Vain pride—convince them that thine own are just,
 Or leave them happy as you found them first.

gentle
 or
 more
 nature

What charm is seen thro' Europe's realms of strife
 That adds new blessings to the savage life?—

On them warm suns with equal splendour shine,
 And each domestic pleasure equals thine,
 Their native groves a happier bloom display,
 As self-contented roll their lives away,
 And the gay soul, in fancy's visions blest,
 Leaves to the care of chance her heaven of rest.—

What are these arts that rise on reason's plan —
 But arts destructive to the bliss of man?

from
 the

What are these wars, where'er the tracks you trace,
 But the sad records of our world's disgrace?
 Reason degraded from her tottering throne,
 And precepts, call'd divine, observ'd by none.

Blest in their distance from that bloody scene,
 Why spread the sail to pass the gulphs between?—

If winds can waft to ocean's utmost verge,
 And there new islands and new worlds emerge—

If wealth, or war, or science bid thee roam,
 Ah, leave religion and thy laws at home,

Leave the free native to enjoy his store,
 Nor teach destructive arts, unknown before—

Woes of their own these new-found worlds invade,
 There, too, fierce passions the weak soul degrade,

Invention there has wing'd the unerring dart,
 There the swift arrow vibrates to the heart,

Revenge and death contending bosoms share,
 And pining envy claims her subjects there.—

Are these too few?—then see despotic power
 Spends on a throne of turf her busy hour;

Hard by, and half ambitious to ascend,
 Priests, interceding with the gods, attend—
 Atoning victims at their shrines they lay,
 Their crimson knives tremendous rites display,
 Or the proud despot's gore remorseless shed,
 Through life detested, and ador'd when dead.

pe 551 -
 m 1511 -
 Born to be wretched, search this globe around,
 Dupes to a few the race of man is found :
 Seek some new world in some new climate plac'd,
 Some gay *Ta-i-ti* on the wat'ry waste,
 Though nature dress in all her bright array
 Some proud tormentor steals her charms away,
 Howe'er she smiles beneath these milder skies,
 Though men decay the monarch never dies !
 Howe'er the groves, howe'er the gardens bloom,
 A *Monarch* and a *Priest* is still their doom.

THE DISTREST ORATOR.

[OCCASIONED by R ———'s memory failing him in the midst
 of a public discourse he had got by rote.]

1.

SIX weeks, and more, he tax'd his brain,
 And wrote petitions to the Muses—
 Poor *Archibald* ! 'twas all in vain,
 For what they lent your memory loses—
 Now hear the culprit's self confess
 In strain of woe, his sad distress :

2.

" I went upon the public stage,
 " I flounc'd and flounder'd in a rage,
 " I gabbled like a goose :

" I talk'd of *custom, fame, and fashion,*
" Of *moral evil and compassion,*
" And pray what more ?

3.

" My words were few, I must confess,
" And very silly my address,
" A melancholy tale !
" In short, I knew not what to say,
" I squinted this and th'other way,
" Like Lucifer.

4.

" Alack a day ! my friends, quoth I,
" I guess you'll get no more from me—
" In troth I have forgot it !—
" O my oration ! thou art fled ;
" And not a trace within my head
" Remains to me !

5.

" What could be done ?—I gap'd once more,
" And set the audience in a roar,
" They laugh'd me out of face—
" I turn'd my eyes from north to south,
" I clapt my fingers in my mouth—
" And down I came !"

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE.—DELIVER US,
O LORD.

[WRITTEN 1775.]

FROM a junto that labour for absolute power,
Whose schemes disappointed have made them look
sowr,

From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,
Who still follow on where the devil shall lead 'em.

From the group at St. James's, that slight our Petitions,
And fools that are waiting for further submissions—
From a nation whose manners are rough and abrupt,
From scoundrels and rascals whom gold can corrupt.

From pirates sent out by command of the king
To murder and plunder, but never to swing.
From *Wallace* and *Greaves*, and *Vipers* and *Roses*,*
Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give bloody noses.

From the valiant Dunmore, with his crew of banditti,
Who plunder Virginians at Williamsburg city,
From hot-headed Montague, mighty to swear,
The little fat man with his pretty white hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are grown,
From slaves that would die for a smile from the throne,
From assemblies that vote against Congress proceedings,
(Who now see the fruit of their stupid misleadings).

* Captains and Ships of the British navy then employed on our coasts.

From Tryon the mighty, who flies from our city,
And, swell'd with importance, disdains the committee;
(But since he is pleas'd to proclaim us his foes,
What the devil care we where the devil he goes).

From the scoundrel, lord *North*, who would bind us in
chains,

From a dunce of a king who was born without brains,
The utmost extent of whose sense is to see
That reigning and making of buttons agree.

From an island that bullies, and hectors, and swears,
I send up to heaven my wishes and prayers
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on—to be damn'd, if she will.

New York, Sep. 26, 1775.

GENERAL GAGE'S SOLILOQUY.

[Published in New York, by *H. Gaine*, in August 1775.]

Scene. BOSTON, besieged by the Men of Massachusetts.

DESTRUCTION waits my call—some demon say
Why does destruction linger on her way!
Charlestown is burnt, and Warren is deceas'd—
Heav'ns! shall we never be from war releas'd?
Ten years the Greeks besieg'd the walls of Troy,
But when did Grecians their own towns destroy?
Faith, that's the point—Let those who will, say, No;
If **GEORGE** and **NORTH** decree—it must be so.

Doubts, black as night, disturb my lov'd repose—
 Men that were once my friends have turn'd my foes—
 What if we conquer this *rebellious town*,
 Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down—
 This land's like *Hydra*, cut off but *one* head,
 And *ten* shall rise, and dare you in its stead.
 If to subdue a league or two of coast
 Requires a navy, and so large a host,
 How shall a length of twice seven hundred miles
 Be brought to bend to two European Isles?—
 And *that*, when all their utmost strength unite,
 When twelve* dominions swear to arm and fight,
 When the same spirit darts from every eye,
 One fix'd resolve to gain their point or die.

As for myself—true—I was born to fight
 As George commands, let him be wrong or right,
 While from his hand I squeeze the golden prize
 I'll ask no questions, and he'll tell no lies—
 But did I swear, I ask my heart again,
 In such damn'd service to harass my brain?—
 Yes—when Rebellion her artillery brings
 And aims her arrows at the best of kings,
 I stand a champion in my monarch's cause—
 The men are *rebels* that resist his laws.

A viceroy I—like modern monarchs, stay
 Safe in the town—let others guide the fray:
 A life, like mine, is of no common worth,
 'Twere wrong, by heaven, that I should sally forth!
 A random bullet from a *RIFLE* sent
 Might pierce my heart!—and ruin North's intent:
 Let others combat in the dusty field,
 Let petty captains scorn to live or yield,
 I'll send my ships to neighbouring isles, where stray
 Unnumb'ed herds, and steal these herds away,

* Georgia had not at this time acceded to the Union.

I'll strike the women in this town with awe,
And make them tremble at my martial law.

Should gracious heaven befriend our troops and fleet,
And throw this base-born region at my feet,
How would Britannia echo with my fame !
What endless honours would await my name !

In every province should the traveller see
Recording marbles, rais'd to honour me—
Hard by the lakes my sovereign lord would grant
A rural empire to supply my want,

A manor would but poorly serve my turn,
Less than a kingdom from my soul I scorn !

An ample kingdom round Ontario's lake
By heaven should be the least reward I'd take,
There might I reign, unrivall'd and alone,
An ocean and an empire of my own !—

What though the scribblers and the wits might say,
He built his pile on vanquish'd LIBERTY—

Let others meanly dread the slanderous tongue,
While I obey my king, can I do wrong ?

Then to accomplish all my soul's desire

Let red-hot bullets set their towns on fire,

May heaven, if so the righteous judgment pass,

Change earth to steel, the sky to solid brass,

Let hell-cats darting from some blackguard sphere,

Strike this base offspring with dismay and fear ;

Let heaven's broad concave to the center ring,

And blackest night expand her sable wing,

(Since 'tis most true, tho' some may think it odd,

The foes of Britain are the foes of God) :

Let bombs, like comets, kindle all the air,

Let cruel famine prompt the orphan's prayer,

And every ill that war or want can bring

Be shower'd on subjects that resist their king.

What is their plea ?—our sovereign only meant
This people should be *tax'd without consent*,

Ten years the court with secret cunning try'd
To gain this point—th' event their hopes bely'd :
How should they else than sometimes miss the mark
Who sleep at helm, yet think to steer the barque ?—
North, take advice ; thy lucky genius show,
Dispatch Sir Jeffery to the *states* below.
That gloomy prince, whom mortals *Satan* call,
Must help us quickly, if he help at all—
You strive in vain with golden chains to tie,
They see through all your schemes with half an eye,
If open force with secret bribes I join,
The contest sickens—and the day is mine !

But hark the trumpet's clangor—hark—ah me !
What means the march of *Washington* and *Lee* ?
When men like these such distant marches make,
Fate whispers something—that we can't mistake ;
When men like these defy my martial rule,
Good heaven ! it is no time to play the fool—
Perhaps, they for their country's freedom rise ;
North has, perhaps, deceiv'd me with his lies.—
If George at last a tyrant should be found,
A cruel tyrant, by no sanctions bound,
And I myself in an unrighteous cause
Be sent to execute the worst of laws,
How will these dead whom I conjur'd to fight—
Who sunk in arms to everlasting night,
Whose blood the conquering foe conspir'd to spill
At Lexington and Bunker's fatal hill,
Whose mangled corpses scanty graves embrace—
Rise from these graves, and curse me to my face ?—
Alas ! that e'er ambition bade me roam,
Or thirst of power, forsake my native home—
What shall I do ?—*there*, crowd the hostile bands ;
Here, waits a navy to receive commands—
I speak the language of my heart—shall I
Steal off by night, and o'er the ocean fly,

Like a lost man to unknown regions stray,
And to oblivion leave the darksome day?—
Or shall I to Britannia's shores again,
And, big with lies, conceal my thousands slain?—
Yes—to some negro clime my course I steer,
To any country rather than be here,
To worlds where nature scarce exerts her law,
A branch-built cottage, and a bed of straw—
Even Scotland's coast seems charming in my sight,
And frozen *Zembla* yields a strange delight.—
But such vexations in my bosom burn,
That to these shores I never will return,
Till fruits and flowers on Greenland's coasts are known,
And frosts be thaw'd in climates once their own,
Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,
Come! take my place in this disastrous land;
To wars, like these, I bid a long good night—
Let NORTH and GEORGE themselves such battles fight.

THE MIDNIGHT CONSULTATIONS; OR,

A TRIP TO BOSTON.

[Published in New York, *September 1775*, by *J. Anderson*.]

PART I.

UNBLEST are they whom Fate's too heavy hand
Confines through life to some small speck of land;
More wretched they whom heaven inspires to roam,
Yet languish out their lives, and die at home.—
Heaven gave to man this wide extended round,
No climes confine him and no oceans bound;
Heaven gave him forest, mountain, vale, and plain,

And bade him vanquish, if he could, the main ;
 But sordid cares our short-liv'd race confine,
 Some toil at trades, some labour in the mine,
 The miser hoards, and guards his shining store,
 The sun still rises where he rose before—
 No happier scenes his earth-born fancy fill
 Than one dark valley, or one well-known hill,
 To other shores his mind, untaught to stray,
 Dull and inactive, slumbers life away.

But by the aid of yonder glimmering beam
 The pole star, faithful to my vagrant dream,
 Wild regent of my heart ! in dreams convey
 Where herded Britons their bold ranks display ;
 So late the pride of England's fertile soil,
 (Her grandeur heighten'd by successive toil)
 See, how they sicken in these hostile climes,
 Themes for the stage, and subjects for our rhimes.

What modern poet have the muses led
 To draw the curtain that conceals the *dead* ?
 What bolder bard to Boston shall repair,
 To view the peevish, half-starv'd spectres there ?

O my poor country ! why sustain these ills ?
 Why rest thy navies on their native hills ?
 See, endless forests shade the uncultur'd plain,
 Descend, ye forests, and command the main :
 A leafy verdure shades the mighty mast,
 And every oak bends idly to the blast,
 Earth's entrails teem with stores for your defence,
 Descend, and drag the stores of war from thence :
 Your fertile soil the flowing sail supplies,
 And Europe's arts in every village rise—
 No want is yours—Disdain unmanly fear,
 And swear no *Tyrant shall reign master here* ;
 Know your own strength—in rocky deserts bred,
 Shall the fierce tiger by the dog be led,
 And bear all insults from that snarling race

Whose courage lies in impudence of face?—
No—rather bid the wood's wild native turn,
And from his side the unfaithful guardian spurn.

Now pleas'd I wander to the dome of state
Where *Gage* resides, our western potentate—
Chief of ten thousand, all a race of *Huns*,
Sent to be slaughter'd by our Rifle-guns,
Sent by our angry *Jove*, sent sword in hand
To murder, burn, and ravage through the land—
You dream of conquest—tell me how or whence—
Act like a man, and get you gone from hence,
A madman sent you to this hostile shore
To vanquish nations that shall spill your gore—
Go, friends, and each in friendly league combin'd
Destroy, distress, and triumph o'er mankind!—
'Tis not our peace this murdering hand restrains,
The want of power is made the monster's chains;
Compassion is a stranger to his heart,
Or if it came, he bade the guest depart;
The melting tear, the sympathising groan
Were never yet to *Gage* or *Jefferies* known;
The seas of blood his heart fore-dooms to spill
Is but a dying serpent's rage to kill,
What power shall drive these vipers from our shore,
These monsters swoln with carnage, death, and gore!

Twelve was the hour—congenial darkness reign'd,
And no bright star a mimic day-light feign'd—
First, *GAGE* we saw—a crimson chair of state
Receiv'd the honour of his Honour's weight,
This man of straw the regal purple bound,
But dullness, deepest dullness, hover'd round.

Next *Graves*, who wields the trident of the brine,
The tall arch-captain of the embattled line
All gloomy fate—mumbling of flame and fire,
Balls, cannons, ships, and all their damn'd attire;
Well pleas'd to live in never-ending hum,

But empty as the interior of his drum.

Hard by, BUNGOWN assumes an ample space
And seem'd to meditate with studious face,
As if again he wish'd our world to see
Long, dull, dry letters writ to General LEE—
Huge scrawls of words through endless circuits drawn,
Unmeaning as the errand he's upon.—
Is he to conquer—he subdue our land?—
This buckram hero, with his lady's hand?
By Cesars to be vanquish'd is a curse,
But by a scribbling fop—by heaven, is worse!

Lord *Piercy* seem'd to snore—but may the Muse
This ill-tim'd snoring to the peer excuse;
Tir'd was the long boy of his toilsome day,
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way,
How should he then the dues of Somnus shun,
Perhaps not us'd to walk—much less to run?

Red-fac'd as suns, when sinking to repose,
Reclin'd the infernal captain of the *ROSE*, [*O. Wallace*,
In fame's proud temple aiming for a niche,
With those who found her at the cannon's breech;
Skill'd to direct the cannonading shot,
No Turkish rover half so murdering hot,
Pleas'd with base vengeance on defenceless towns,
His heart was malice—but his words were, *Zounds!*

Howe, vex'd to see his starving army's doom,
Once more besought the skies for *elbow room*—
Small was his stock, and theirs, of heavenly grace,
Yet just enough to ask a larger *place*.—
He curs'd the brainless minister that plann'd
His bootless errand to this hostile land,
But, aw'd by Gage, his bursting wrath recoil'd,
And in his inmost bosom doubly boil'd.

These, chief of all the tyrant-serving train,
Exalted sate—the rest (a pension'd clan,
A sample of the multitudes that wait,

Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,
 NORTH's friends down swarming (so our monarch wills)
 Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills ;
 Whose endless numbers if you bid me to tell,
 I'll count the atoms of this globe as well)
 Knights, captains, squires—a wonder-working band !
 Held at small wages till they gain the land,
 Flock'd pensive round—blackspleen assail'd their hearts,
 (The sport of plough boys, with their arms and arts)
 And made them doubt (howe'er for vengeance hot)
 Whether they were invincible or not.

Now *Gage* rebounding from his cushion'd seat
 Swore thrice, and cry'd—" 'Tis nonsense to be beat !
 Thus to be drubb'd ! pray, warriors, let me know
 Which be in fault, myself, the fates, or you—
 Henceforth let Britain deem her men mere toys—
 Gods ! to be frighted thus by country boys ;
 Why, if our army had had a mind to sup,
 They might have eat that schoolboy army up—
 Three thousand to twelve hundred thus to yield,
 And twice five hundred stretch'd upon the field !—
 O shame to Britain, and the British name,
 Shame damps my heart, and I must die with shame—
 Thus to be worsted, thus disgrac'd, and beat !—
 You have the knack, Lord Piercy, to retreat,
 The death you 'scap'd my warmest blood congeals,
 Heaven grant me too so swift a pair of heels—
 In Chevy Chace, as, doubtless, you have read,
 Lord Piercy would have sooner dy'd than fled—
 Behold the virtues of your house decay—
 Ah ! how unlike the Piercy of that day !"

Thus spoke the great man in disdainful tone
 To the gay peer—not meant for him alone—
 But ere the tumults of his bosom rise
 Thus from his bench the intrepid Peer replies :

" When once the soul has reach'd the Stygian shore,

My prayer book says, it shall return no more—
When once old Charon hoists his tar-black'd sail,
And his boat swims before the infernal gale,
Farewell to all that pleas'd the man above,
Farewell to feats of arms, and joys of love!
Farewell the trade that father *Cain* began,
Farewell to wine, that cheers the heart of man;
All, all farewell!—the pensive shade must go
Where cold *Medusa* turns to stone below,
Where *Belus'* maids eternal labours ply
To drench the cask that stays forever dry,
And *Sisiphus*, with many a weary groan,
Heaves up the mount the still recoiling stone!

“ Since, then, this truth no mortal dares deny,
That heroes, kings—and lords themselves, must die,
And yield to *him* who dreads no hostile sword,
But treats alike the peasant and the lord;
Since even great George must in his turn give place
And leave his crown, his Scotchmen, and his lace,—
How blest is he, how prudent is the man
Who keeps aloof from death—while yet he can;
One well-aim'd ball could make us all no more
Than ship-wreck'd scoundrels on that leeward shore.

“ But why, my friends; these hard reflections still
On Lexington affairs—'tis Bunker's hill—
O fatal hill!—one glance at thee restrains
My once warm blood, and chills it in my veins—
May no sweet grass adorn thy hateful crest
That saw Britannia's bravest troops distress—
Or if it does—may some destructive gale
The green leaf wither, and the grass turn pale—
All moisture to your brow may heaven deny,
And God and man detest you, just as I—
'Tis Bunker's hill, this night, has brought us here,
Pray question him who led your armies there,
Nor dare my courage into question call,

Or blame Lord Piercy for the fault of all."

Howe chanc'd to nod while heathenish *Piercy* spoke,
But as his Lordship ceas'd, his Honour 'woke,
(Like those whom sermons into sleep betray)
Then rubb'd his eyes, and thus was heard to say:

" Shall those who never ventur'd from the town,
Or their ship sides, now pull our glory down?
We fought our best—so God my honour save—
No British soldiers ever shin'd more brave—
Resolv'd I led them to the hostile lines,
(From this day fam'd where'er great *Phœbus* shines)
Firm at their head I took my dangerous stand,
Marching to death and slaughter, sword in hand,
But wonted Fortune halted on her way,
We fought with madmen, and we lost the day—
Putnam's brave troops, your honours would have sworn
Had robb'd the clouds of half their nitrous store,
With my bold veterans strew'd the astonish'd plain,
For not one musquet was discharg'd in vain.—
But, honour'd Gage, why droops thy laurell'd head?—
Five hundred foes we pack'd off to the dead—

" Now captains, generals, hear me and attend!
Say, shall we home for other succours send?
Shall other navies cross the stormy main?—
They may—but what shall awe the pride of Spain?
Still for dominion haughty *Louis* pants—
Ah! how I tremble at the thoughts of France.—
Shall mighty George, to enforce his injur'd laws,
Transport all Russia to support the cause?—
That ally'd Empire countless shoals may pour
Numerous as sands that strew the Atlantic shore,
But Policy inclines my heart to fear
They'll turn their arms against us when they're here—
Come, let's agree—for something must be done
Ere autumn flies, and winter hastens on—
When pinching cold our navy binds in ice,

You'll find 'tis then too late to take advice."

The clock strikes *two*!—Gage smote upon his breast,
And cry'd,—“What fate determines must be best—
But now attend—a council I impart
That long has laid the heaviest at my heart—
Three weeks—ye gods!—nay, three long years it seems
Since *roast beef* I have touch'd, except in dreams.
In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,
Waking, I gape and champ the empty air.—
Say, is it just that I, who rule these bands,
Should live on husks, like rakes in foreign lands?—
Come, let us plan some project ere we sleep,
And drink destruction to the rebel sheep,
On neighbouring isles uncounted cattle stray,
Fat beeves, and swine, an ill defended prey—
These are fit victims for my noon day dish,
These, if my soldiers act as I would wish,
In one short week should glad your maws and mine—
On mutton we will sup—on roast beef dine.”

Shouts of applause re-echo'd thro' the hall,
And what pleas'd one as surely pleas'd them all,
WALLACE was nam'd to execute the plan,
And thus sheep-stealing pleas'd them to a man.

Now slumbers stole upon the great man's eye,
His powder'd foretop nodded from on high,
His lids just ope'd to find how matters were,
Dissolve, he said, *and so dissolv'd ye are*,
Then downward sunk to slumbers dark and deep,
Each nerve unstrung—and even his guts asleep.

PART II.

WHAT are these upstarts from a foreign isle,
That we should fear their hate, or court their smile—
Pride sent them here, pride blasted in the bud,

Who, if she can, will build her throne in blood,
With slaughter'd millions glut her tearless eyes,
And bid even virtue fall, that she may rise.

What deep offence has fir'd a monarch's rage?
What moon-struck madness seiz'd the brain of GAGE?
Laughs not the soul when an imprison'd crew
Affect to pardon those they can't subdue,
Tho' thrice repuls'd, and hemm'd up to their stations,
Yet issue pardons, oaths, and proclamations!—
Too long our patient country wears their chains,
Too long our wealth all-grasping Britain drains,
Why still a handmaid to that distant land?
Why still subservient to their proud command?
Britain the bold, the generous, and the brave
Still treats our country like the meanest slave,
Her haughty lords already share the prey,
Live on our labours, and with scorn repay—
Rise, sleeper, rise, while yet the power remains,
And bind their nobles and their chiefs in chains:
Fall'n on disast'rous times, they scorn our plea,
'Tis our own efforts that must make us free—
Born to contend, our lives we place at stake,
And grow immortal by the stand we make.—
The time shall come when strangers rule no more,
Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore,
When commerce shall extend her shorten'd wing,
And her rich freights from every climate bring,
When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,
Vast their dominion, opulent their state,
When one vast cultivated region teems
From ocean's side to Mississippi streams,
While each enjoys his vine tree's peaceful shade,
And even the meanest has no foe to dread.

And you, who far from Liberty detain'd,
Wear out existence in some slavish land—
Forsake these shores, a self-ejected throng,

72 THE MIDNIGHT CONSULTATIONS.

And arm'd for vengeance *here* resent the wrong:—
Come to our climes, where unchain'd rivers flow,
And loftiest groves, and nature's forests grow,
Here the blest soil your future care demands ;
Come, sweep the forests from these shaded lands,
And the kind earth shall every toil repay,
And harvests flourish as the groves decay.

O heav'n-born Peace, renew thy wonted charms—
Far be this rancour, and this din of arms—
To warring lands return, an honour'd guest,
And bless our crimson shore among the rest—
Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,
Rule as she rul'd in George the Second's reign,
May ages hence her growing grandeur see,
And she be glorious—but ourselves as free !

THE DESOLATE ACADEMY.

SUBJECTED to despotic rule
Once in this dome I went to school,
Where *Pedro Passive* held his reign,
The tyrant of a small domain.

By him a numerous herd controul'd,
The pert, the stupid, and the bold,
Essay'd some little share to gain
Of the vast treasures of his brain—
Some learn'd the Latin, some the Greek,
And some in flowery stile to speak—
Some writ their themes, while others read,
And some with Euclid stuff'd the head—
Some toil'd in verse, and some in prose,
And some in Logick sought repose—

Some learn'd to cypher, some to *draw*,
And some began to study law.

But all is ruin'd, all is done,
The Tutor to the shades is gone,
And all his pupils, led astray,
Have each found out a diff'rent way.

Some are in chains of wedlock bound,
And some are hang'd, and some are drown'd ;
Some are advanc'd to posts and places,
And some in pulpits screw their faces ;
Some at the bar a living gain,
Perplexing what they should explain—
To soldiers turn'd, a bolder band,
Repell the invaders of the land ;
Some to the arts of Physic bred,
Dispatch their patients to the dead ;
Some plough the land, and some the sea,
And some are slaves, and some are free ;
Some court the great, and some the muse ;
And some subsist by mending shoes—
While others—but so vast the throng,
The Coblers shall conclude my song.

THE SEA-FARING BACHELOR.

SO long harass'd by winds and seas,
'Tis time, at length, to take your ease,
And seek a bride—for few can find
The sea a mistress to their mind.—

In all your rounds, 'tis wond'rous strange
No fair one tempts you to a change—

74 ON THE CONQUEROR OF AMERICA

Madness it is, you must agree,
To lodge alone 'till *forty-three*.

Old Plato own'd, no blessing here
Could equal Love—if but sincere ;
And writings, penn'd by heaven, have shown
That man can ne'er be blest alone.

O'er life's meridian have you pass'd ;
The night of death advances fast !
No props you plant for your decline,
No partner soothes these cares of thine.

If Neptune's self, who rul'd the main,
Kept sea-nymphs there to ease his pain ;
Yourself, who skim that empire o'er,
May surely have one nymph on shore.

Myrtilla fair, in yonder grove,
Has so much beauty, so much love,
That, on her lip, the meanest fly
Is happier far than you or I.

ON THE CONQUEROR OF AMERICA

SHUT UP IN BOSTON.

[Published in New York, *August 1775*.]

REBELS *you are*—the British champion cries ;
Truth, stand thou forth, and tell Tom Gage helies—
Rebels !—and see, this mock imperial Lord
Already threatens those rebels with the *cord*—
The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,
When truth must shine, and scoundrels be undone,

When this base miscreant shall forbear to sneer,
And curse his taunts and bitter insults here.

If to controul the cunning of a knave,
Freedom adore, and scorn the name of slave,
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,
And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause,
Be deem'd Rebellion—'tis a harmless thing,
This bug-bear name, like death, has lost its sting.

Americans, at freedom's fane adore,
But trust to British clemency no more ;
The generous genius of the isle has fled,
And left a mere impostor in his stead—
If conquer'd, *rebels*, their past records show,
Receive no mercy from this parent foe—
And even the grave, that sacred haunt of peace,
Where Nature gives the woes of man to cease,
Vengeance will search—and mangled corpses there
Be rais'd to feast the armies of the air.—
If Britain conquers, help us, heav'n, to fly,
Lend me your wings, ye ravens of the sky—
If Britain conquers—we exist no more :
These lands shall redden with their children's gore,
Who, turn'd to slaves, their fruitless toil shall moan,
Toils in these fields that once they call'd their own !

To arms ! to arms !—and let the trusty sword
Decide who best deserves the hangman's cord,
Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak,
When desperate Freedom is the prize you seek ;
For *that* the voice of honour bids you go
O'er frozen lakes and mountains wrapt in snow,
No toils can daunt the warlike and the bold,
They scorn all heat or wave-congealing cold ;
Haste, to your tents in fetters bring
These slaves that serve their tyrant of a king,
So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say
Hell must prevail if Britain wins the day.

THE VERNAL AGUE.

WHERE the blackbird roosts at night,
In groves of half distinguish'd light,
Where the evening breezes sigh
Solitary, there stay I.

Close along the shaded stream,
Source of many a golden dream,
Where branchy cedars dim the day—
There I muse, and there I stray.

Yet what can please amid this bower,
That charm'd my eyes for many an hour !
The budding leaf is lost to me,
And dead the bloom on every tree,

The winding stream that glides along,
The lark that tunes her early song,
The mountain's brow, the sloping vale,
The murmuring of the western gale,

Have lost their charms !—the blooms are gone !
Trees put a darker aspect on,
The stream disgusts that wanders by,
And every zephyr brings a sigh.

Great guardian of our feeble kind,
Restoring Nature, lend thine aid,
And o'er the features of the mind
Renew these colours, that must fade,
When vernal suns forbear to roll,
And endless winter chills the soul.

FEMALE FRAILTY.

[WRITTEN NOV. 1775.]

DAMON—LUCINDA—THYRSIS.

Damon.

IN vain you talk of shady bowers
When frosts, my fair one, chill the plain
And nights are cold, and long the hours
That damp the ardour of the swain,
Who, parting from his social fire,
All comfort doth forego,
And here and there, and every where,
Pursues the invading foe.

But we must sleep on frosts and snows,
No season hinders our campaign,
Hard as the oaks, we dare oppose
The autumnal or the wint'ry reign :
Alike to us the winds that blow
In summer's season gay,
Or those that rave on Hudson's cave,
And drift his ice away.

Winter and death may change the scene,
The ball may pierce, the cold may kill,
And dire misfortunes intervene,
But Freedom shall be potent still.

To drive these Britons from our shore,
Who, cruel and unkind,
With slavish chain shall strive, in vain,
Our free-born hearts to bind.

Lucinda.

They chide me, and tell me I must not complain,
To part a few days with my favourite swain—
He is gone to the battle, and leaves me to mourn,
And, say what you please, he will never return.

When he left me, he kiss'd me, and said, " My sweet
dear,

" In less than a month I again will be here."—
With anguish and sorrow my bosom did burn,
And I wept, being sure he would never return.

I said, My dear creature, I beg you would stay—
But he, with his soldiers, went strutting away !
Then why should I longer my sorrows adjourn ?—
You may call me a fool if he ever return.

Thyrsis.

Sweetest of the virgin train,
You must seek another swain,
Damon will not come again—
All his toils are over !
As you lov'd him to excess,
Your loss is great, I must confess ;
But, madam, yield not to distress—
I will be your lover.

Lucinda.

Not all the swains the world can show
Can from this bosom drive this woe,
Or bid another passion glow
Where Damon has possession:
Not all the gifts that wealth can bring,
Not all the airs that you can sing,
Not all the musick of that string
Can banish his impression.

Thyrsis.

Marriage and *Death* forever prove
 Destructive to the flames of love,
 With equal strength they both combine
 Hearts once united to disjoin ;
 Hence mutual loves so soon remit,
 Hence die the fires that Cupid lit.

Female tears and April snow
 Sudden come and sudden go—
 Since his head is levell'd low
 Cease the memory of your woe.
 Never yet was reason found
 So distracted with love's wound
 As to be in sorrow drown'd
 For a lover under ground.

Lucinda.

What a picture have I seen !—
 What can all these visions mean !—
 Winter groves and empty halls,
 Coffins wrapt in velvet palls,
 Monuments and funerals ;
 Forms terrific to the sight,
 Weeping phantoms clad in white,
 Streams that ever seem'd to freeze
 Planted round with cypress trees
 Ever drooping—never green—
 What a vision have I seen !—

}

Once I saw of angel kind,
 From the dregs of life refin'd,
 All in beams of light array'd,
 And thus the gentle spirit said—
 “ Fair Lucinda, come to me :
 “ What has grief to do with thee ?

" O forsake that joyless shore,
 " Shrouded all with darkness o'er—
 " Could you but a moment stray
 " In the meadows where I play,
 " You would beg to come away—
 " Come away! and speed thy flight,
 " All with me is endless light."

Thyrsis.

You have not yet forgot your glooms,
 The heavy heart, the downcast eye,
 The cheek that no gay smile assumes,
 The breast that heaves a sigh.

Lucinda.

Had you the secret cause to grieve
 That in this breast doth lie,
 Instead of wishing to relieve,
 You would be just as I.

Thyrsis.

What secret cause have you to grieve—
 A lover gone away?—
 If one was able to deceive,
 Perhaps another may.

Lucinda.

My lover has not me deceiv'd,
 A part he would disdain—
 But he is gone—and I am griev'd—
 He'll never come again—
 He'll never come again!

Thyrsis.

The turtle on yon' wither'd bough,
 That lately mourn'd her murder'd mate,

Has found another comrade now—
Such changes all await !

Again her drooping plume is drest,
Again she's willing to be blest,
And takes her lover to her nest. }

If nature has decreed it so
With all above, and all below,
Let us, like them, forget our woe,
And not be kill'd with sorrow.
If I should quit your arms to-night
And chance to die before 'twas light,
I would advise you—and you might
Love again to-morrow.

Lucinda.

The turtle on yon' wither'd tree !
That turtle never felt like me—
Her grief is but a moment's date ;
Another day another mate—
Besides, observe, the feather'd race
Hold a new lover no disgrace—
How would the world my guilt display !
What would censorious *Chloe* say—
Would say—while laughing folly hears—
“ *She made a conquest by her tears.*”

Thyrsis.

My Polly—once the pride of all
That shepherd lads their charmers call—
Too early parted with her bloom,
And sleeps in yonder furzy tomb !—
Her fate has set me free—
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
But what is that to me !

Since all must bow to death's arrest,
No love deceas'd shall rack my breast—
Come, then, Lucinda, and be blest.

Lucinda.

My Damon O!—can I forget
The day you left these longing eyes
O'er northern lakes to wander far
To colder climes, and darker skies!—
There, shrouded in his wastes of snow,
The *Briton* guards the icy shore,
And there my Damon wanders now—
The swain that shall return no more!

Thyrsis.

Weep, weep no more, my lovely lass—
The pang is o'er that fix'd his doom—
They too shall to destruction pass,
Nor find a triumph in a tomb.—
Ah! dry these tears—enough are shed—
They too shall have their hour of woe;
Fled is their fame—their honours fled—
For WASHINGTON shall lay them low.

Lucinda.

If you had once a soldier's guise,
The splendid coat, the sprightly air,
You might seem charming in these eyes,
Nor would I quite despair.

There's something in your face, I find
Recalling Damon to my mind—
He's dead—but I must be resign'd!

His handsome shape, his manly face,
His youthful step in you I trace—
All, all I wish for, but the *lace*.

Thyrsis.

For you I would forego my ease,
And traverse lakes, or ravage seas,
And dress in lace, or what you please.

This enchanting month of May,
So bright, so bloomy, and so gay,
Claims our nuptials on this day.

For her vernal triumphs, we
Tune the harp to symphony—
Conquest has attended me !

Brightest season for the mind,
Vigorous, free, and unconfin'd,
Golden age of human kind.

Still at variance with thy charms
Death's eternal empire stands—
Hymen, come—while rapture warms,
And give Lucinda to my arms.

MAC SWIGGEN ;

A SATIRE.

[WRITTEN IN 1775.]

LONG have I sat on this disast'rous shore,
And, sighing, sought to gain a passage o'er
To Europe's towns, where, as our travellers say,

Poets may flourish, or, perhaps they may ;
But such abuse has from your coarse pen fell
I think I may defer my voyage as well,
Why should I far in search of honour roam,
And dunces leave to triumph here at home ?

Great Jove in wrath a spark of genius gave,
And bade me drink the mad Pierian wave,
Hence came these rhimes, with truth ascrib'd to me,
That swell thy little soul to jealousy :
If thus, tormented at these flighty lays,
You strive to blast what ne'er was meant for praise,
How will you bear the more exalted rhime
By labour polish'd, and matur'd by time ?

Devoted madman ! what inspir'd thy rage,
Who bade thy foolish muse with me engage ?
Against a wind-mill would'st thou try thy might,
Against a giant would a pigmy fight ?
What could thy slanderous pen with malice arm
To injure him, who never did thee harm ?
Have I from thee been urgent to attain
The mean ideas of thy barren brain ?
Have I been seen in borrowed clothes to shine,
And, when detected, swear by Jove they're mine ?
O miscreant, hostile to thine own repose,
From thy own envy thy destruction flows !

Bless'd be our western world—its scenes conspire
To raise a poet's fancy and his fire,
Lo, blue-topt mountains to the skies ascend !
Lo, shady forests to the breezes bend !
See mighty streams meandering to the main !
See lambs and lambkins sport on every plain !
The spotted herds in flowery meadows see !
But what, ungenerous wretch, are these to thee !
You find no charms in all that nature yields,
Then leave to me the grottoes and the fields :
I interfere not with your vast design—

Pursue your studies, and I'll follow mine,
 Pursue well pleas'd your theologic schemes,
 Attend professors, and correct your themes,
 Still some dull nonsense, low-bred wit invent,
 Or prove from scripture what it never meant,
 Or far through law, that land of scoundrels, stray,
 And truth disguise through all your mazy way,
 Wealth you may gain, your clients you may squeeze,
 And, by long cheating, learn to live at ease ;
 If but in *Wood* or *Littleton* well read,
 The devil shall help you to your daily bread.

O waft me far, ye muses of the west—
 Give me your green bowers and soft seats of rest—
 Thrice happy in those dear retreats to find
 A safe retirement from all human kind—
 Though dire misfortunes every step attend,
 The muse, still social, still remains a friend—
 In solitude her converse gives delight,
 With gay poetic dreams she cheers the night,
 She aids me, shields me, bears me on her wings,
 In spite of growling whelps, to high, exalted things,
 Beyond the miscreants that my peace molest,
 Miscreants, with dullness and with rage oppress.

Hail, great MAC SWIGGEN ! foe to honest fame,
 Patron of dunces, and thyself the same,
 You dream of conquest—tell me, how, or whence ?
 Act like a man and combat me with sense—
 This evil have I known, and known but once,
 Thus to be gall'd and slander'd by a dunce,
 Saw rage and weakness join their dastard plan
 To crush the shadow, not attack the man.

What swarms of vermin from the sultry south
 Like frogs surround thy pestilential mouth—
 Clad in the garb of sacred sanctity,
 What madness prompts thee to invent a lie ?
 Thou base defender of a wretched crew,

Thy tongue let loose on those you never knew,
The human spirit with the brutal join'd,
The imps of *Orcus* in thy breast combin'd,
The genius barren, and the wicked heart
Prepar'd to take each trifling scoundrel's part,
The turn'd up nose, the monkey's foolish face,
The scorn of reason, and your sire's disgrace—
Assist me, gods, to drive this dog of rhyme
Back to the torments of his native clime,
Where dullness mingles with her native earth,
And rhimes, not worth the pang that gave them birth!
Where did he learn to write or talk with men—
A senseless blockhead, with a scribbling pen—
In vile acrostics thou may'st please the fair,
Not less than with thy looks and powder'd hair,
But strive no more with rhyme to daunt thy foes,
Or, by the flame that in my bosom glows,
The muse on thee shall her worst fury spend,
And *hemp*, or *water*, thy vile being end.

Aspers'd like me, who would not grieve and rage!
Who would not burn, *Mac Swiggen* to engage?
Him and his friends, a mean, designing race,
I, singly I, must combat face to face—
Alone I stand to meet the foul-mouth'd train,
Assisted by no poets of the plain,
Whose timorous Muses cannot swell their theme
Beyond a meadow or a purling stream—
Were not my breast impervious to despair—
And did not *Olio* reign unrivall'd there,
I must expire beneath the ungenerous host,
And dullness triumph o'er a poet lost.

Rage gives me wings, and fearless prompts me on
To conquer brutes the world should blush to own;
No peace, no quarter, to such imps I lend,
Death and perdition on each line I send;
Bring all the wittlings that your host supplies,

A cloud of nonsense and a storm of lies—
Your kitchen wit—Mac Swiggen's loud applause
That wretched rhymers with his lanthorn jaws—
His deep-set eyes for ever on the wink,
His soul extracted from the public sink—
All such as he, to my confusion call—
And tho' ten myriads—I despise them all.

Come on, Mac Swiggen, come—your muse is willing,
Your prose is merry, but your verse is killing—
Come on, attack me with that whining prose,
Your beard is red, and swine-like is your nose,
Like burning brush your bristly head of hair,
The ugliest image of a Greenland bear—
Come on—attack me with your choicest rhimes,
Sound void of sense betrays the unmeaning chimes—
Come, league your forces; all your wit combine,
Your wit not equal to the bold design—
The heaviest arms the Muse can give, I wield,
To stretch Mac Swiggen floundering on the field,
'Swiggen, who, aided by some spurious Muse,
But bellows nonsense, and but writes abuse,
'Swiggen, immortal and unfading grown,
But by no deeds or merits of his own—
So, when some hateful monster sees the day,
In spirits we preserve it from decay,
But for what end, it is not hard to guess—
Not for its value, but its ugliness.

Now, by the winds which shake thy rubric mop,
(That nest of witches, or that barber's shop)
Mac Swiggen, hear—Be wise in times to come,
A dunce by nature, bid thy muse be dumb,
Lest you, devoted to the infernal skies,
Descend, like Lucifer, no more to rise—
Sick of all feuds, to Reason I appeal
From wars of *paper*, and from wars of *steel*,
Let others *here* their hopes and wishes end,

I to the sea with weary steps descend,
 Quit the mean conquest that such swine might yield,
 And leave Mac Swiggen to enjoy the field—
 In distant isles some happier scene I'll choose,
 And court in softer shades the unwilling Muse,
 Thrice happy there, through peaceful plains to rove,
 Or the cool verdure of the Orange grove,
 Safe from the miscreants that my peace molest,
 Miscreants, with dullness and with rage oppress.

Yoc. P. C. W. S. S.

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT.

A VISION.

[ADVERTISEMENT.—This Poem is founded upon the authority of Scripture, inasmuch as these sacred books assert, that *the last enemy that shall be conquered is Death*. For the purposes of poetry he is here personified, and represented as on his dying bed. The scene is laid at a solitary palace, (the time midnight) which, tho' before beautiful and joyous, is now become sad and gloomy, as being the abode and receptacle of Death. Its owner, an amiable majestic youth, who had lately lost a beloved consort, nevertheless with a noble philosophical fortitude and humanity entertains him in a friendly manner, and by employing Physicians, endeavours to restore him to health, altho' an enemy; convinced of the excellence and propriety of that divine precept, *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink*. He nevertheless, as if by a spirit of prophecy, informs this (fictitiously) wicked being of the certainty of his doom, and represents to him in a pathetic manner the vanity of his expectations, either of a reception into the abodes of the just, or continuing longer to make havock of mankind upon earth. The patient, finding his end approaching, composes his epitaph, and orders it to be engraved on his tombstone, hinting to us thereby, that even Death and Distress have vanity; and would be remembered with honour after he is no more, altho' his whole life has been spent in deeds of devastation and murder. He dies at last in the utmost agonies of despair, after agreeing with an avaricious Undertaker to intomb his bones. This reflects upon the inhumanity of those men, who, not to

mention an enemy, would scarcely cover a departed friend with a little dust, without certainty of reward for so doing. The circumstances of his funeral are then recited, and the visionary and fabulous part of the poem disappears. It concludes with a few reflexions on the impropriety of a too great attachment to the present life, and incentives to such moral virtue as may assist in conducting us to a better.

1.

TREMBLING I write my dream, and recollect
A fearful vision at the midnight hour ;
So late, Death o'er me spread his sable wings,
Painted with fancies of malignant power !

2.

Such was the dream the sage Chaldean saw
Disclos'd to him that felt heav'n's vengeful rod,
Such was the ghost, who through deep silence cry'd,
Shall mortal man—be juster than his God ?

3.

Let others draw from smiling skies their theme,
And tell of climes that boast unfading light,
I draw a darker scene, replete with gloom,
I sing the horrors of the *House of Night*.

4.

Stranger, believe the truth experience tells,
Poetic dreams are of a finer cast
Than those which o'er the sober brain diffus'd,
Are but a repetition of some action past.

5.

Fancy, I own thy power—when sunk in sleep
Thou play'st thy wild delusive part so well
You lift me into immortality,
Depict new heavens, or draw the scenes of hell.

6.

By some sad means, when Reason holds no sway, — Reason
Lonely I rov'd at midnight o'er a plain —
Where murmuring streams and mingling rivers flow, —
Far to their springs, or seek the sea again. —

7.

Sweet vernal May! tho' then thy woods in bloom
 Flourish'd, yet nought of this could Fancy see,
 No wild pinks bless'd the meads, no green the fields,
 And naked seem'd to stand each lifeless tree:

8.

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
 Shone from the zenith or horizon, clear,
 Mist sate upon the woods, and darkness rode
 In her black chariot, with a wild career.

9.

And from the woods the late resounding note
 Issued of the loquacious *Whip-poor-will*,*
 Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly roving wolves
 Clamour'd from far off cliffs invisible.

10.

Rude, from the wide extended *Chesapeake*
 I heard the winds the dashing waves assail,
 And saw from far, by picturing fancy form'd,
 The black ship travelling through the noisy gale.

11.

At last, by chance and guardian fancy led,
 I reach'd a noble dome, rais'd fair and high,
 And saw the light from upper windows flame,
 Presage of mirth and hospitality.

12.

And by that light around the dome appear'd
 A mournful garden of autumnal hue,
 Its lately pleasing flowers all drooping stood
 Amidst high weeds that in rank plenty grew.

* A bird peculiar to America, of a solitary nature, which never sings but in the night. Her note resembles the name given to her by the country people.

13.

The Primrose there, the violet darkly blue,
Daisies and fair Narcissus ceas'd to rise,
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,
And Polyanthus quench'd its thousand dyes.

14.

No pleasant fruit or blossom gaily smil'd,
Nought but unhappy plants or trees were seen,
The yew, the myrtle, and the churchyard elm,
The cypress, 'with its melancholy green.

15.

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,
Shorn tamarisks, and weeping willows grew,
The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime,
And pyracantha did her leaves renew.

16.

The poppy there, companion to repose,
Display'd her blossoms that began to fall,
And here the purple amaranthus rose
With mint strong scented, for the funeral.

17.

And here and there with laurel shrubs between
A tombstone lay, inscrib'd with strains of woe,
And stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,
Lamented for the dead that slept below.

18.

Peace to this awful dome!—when strait I heard
The voice of men in a secluded room,
Much did they talk of death, and much of life,
Of coffins, shrouds, and horrors of a tomb.

19.

Pathetic were their words, and well they aim'd
To explain the mystic paths of providence,
Learn'd were they all, but there remain'd not I,
To hear the upshot of their conference.

20.

Meantime from an adjoining chamber came
 Confused murmurings, half distinguish'd sounds,
 And as I nearer drew, disputes arose
 Of surgery, and remedies for wounds.

21.

Dull were their feuds, for they went on to talk
 Of *Anchylosis*,* and the shoulder blade,
Os Femoris,† *Trochanters*‡—and whate'er
 Has been discuss'd by *Cheselden* or *Meade*:

22.

And often each to prove his notion true
 Brought proofs from Galen or Hippocrates—
 But fancy led me hence—and left them so,
 Firm at their points of hardy No and Yes.

23.

Then up three winding stairs my feet were brought
 To a high chamber, hung with mourning sad,
 The unsnuff'd candles glar'd with visage dim,
 'Midst grief, in ecstasy of woe run mad.

24.

A wide leaf'd table stood on either side
 Well fraught with phials, half their liquids spent,
 And from a couch, behind the curtain's veil,
 I heard a hollow voice of loud lament.

25.

Turning to view the object whence it came,
 My frightened eyes a horrid form survey'd;
Fancy, I own thy power—Death on the couch
 With fleshless limbs, at rueful length, was laid.

* A morbid contraction of the joints.

† The thigh bone.

‡ Two processes in the upper part of the thigh bone, otherwise called *rotator major et minor*, in which the tendons of many muscles terminate.

26.

And o'er his head flew jealousies and cares,
Ghosts, imps, and half the black Tartarian crew,
Arch-angels damn'd, nor was their Prince remote,
Borne on the vaporous wings of Stygian dew.

27.

Around his bed by the dull flambeaux' glare,
I saw pale phantoms—Rage to madness vexed,
Wan, wasting grief, and ever-musing care,
Distressful pain, and poverty perplexed.

28.

Sad was his countenance, if we can call
That *countenance*, where only bones were seen
And eyes sunk in their sockets, dark and low,
And teeth, that only show'd themselves to grin.

29.

Reft was his scull of hair, and no fresh bloom
Of chearful mirth sate on his visage hoar:
Sometimes he rais'd his head, while deep-drawn groans
Were mixt with words that did his fate deplore.

30.

Oft did he wish to see the daylight spring,
And often toward the window lean'd to hear,
Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn,
The early note of wakeful *Chanticleer*.

31.

Thus he—But at my hand a portly youth
Of comely countenance, began to tell,
“ That this was Death upon his dying bed,
“ Sullen, morose, and peevish to be well ;

32.

“ Fixt is his doom—the miscreant reigns no more
“ The tyrant of the dying or the dead ;
“ This night concludes his all-consuming reign,
“ Pour out, ye heavens, your vengeance on his head.

33.

“ But since, my friends, (said he) chance leads you here,
“ With me this night upon the sick attend,
“ You on this bed of death must watch, and I
“ Will not be distant from the fretful fiend.

34.

“ Before he made this lofty pile his home,
“ In undisturb’d repose I sweetly slept,
“ But when he came to this sequester’d dome
“ ’Twas then my troubles came, and then I wept :

35.

“ Twice three long nights, in this sad chamber, I
“ As though a brother languish’d in despair,
“ Have ’tended faithful round his gloomy bed,
“ Have been content to breathe this loathsome air.

36.

“ A while relieve the languors that I feel,
“ Sleep’s magic forces close my weary eyes ;
“ Soft o’er my soul unwonted slumbers steal,
“ Aid the weak patient till you see me rise.

37.

“ But let no slumbers on your eye-lids fall,
“ That if he ask for powder or for pill
“ You may be ready at the word to start,
“ And still seem anxious to perform his will.

38.

“ The bleeding Saviour of a world undone
“ Bade thy compassion rise toward thy foe,
“ Then, stranger, for the sake of Mary’s son,
“ Thy tears of pity on this wretch bestow.

39.

“ ’Twas he that stole from my adoring arms
“ *Aspasia*, she the loveliest of her kind,
“ *Lucretia*’s virtue, with a *Helen*’s charms,
“ Charms of the face, and beauties of the mind.

40.

“ The blushy cheek, the lively, beaming eye,
“ The ruby lip, the flowing jetty hair,
“ The stature tall, the aspect so divine,
“ All beauty, you would think, had center’d there.

41.

“ Each future age her virtues shall extol,
“ Nor the just tribute to her worth refuse ;
“ Fam’d, to the stars URANIA bids her rise,
“ Theme of the moral, and the tragic Muse.

42.

“ Sweet as the fragrance of the vernal morn,
“ Nipt in its bloom this faded flower I see ;
“ The inspiring angel from that breast is gone,
“ And life’s warm tide for ever chill’d in thee !

43.

“ Such charms shall greet my longing soul no more,
“ Her lively eyes are clos’d in endless shade,
“ Torpid, she rests on yonder marble floor ;
“ Approach, and see what havock DEATH has made.

44.

“ Yet, stranger, hold—her charms are so divine,
“ Such tints of life still on her visage glow,
“ That even in death this slumbering bride of mine
“ May seize thy heart, and make thee wretched too.

45.

“ O shun the sight—forbid thy trembling hand
“ From her pale face to raise the enshrouding lawn,—
“ Death claims thy care, obey his stern command,
“ Trim the dull tapers, for I see no dawn !”

46.

So said, at Death’s left side I sate me down,
The mourning youth toward his right reclin’d ;
Death in the middle lay, with all his groans,
And much he toss’d and tumbled, sigh’d and pin’d.

47.

But now this man of hell toward me turn'd,
And strait, in hideous tone, began to speak,
Long held he sage discourse, but I forbore
To answer him, much less his news to seek.

48.

He talk'd of tomb-stones and of monuments,
Of Equinoctial climes and India shores,
He talk'd of stars that shed their influence,
Fevvers and plagues, and all their noxious stores.

49.

He mention'd too the guileful *calenture*,*
Tempting the sailor on the deep sea main,
That paints gay groves upon the ocean floor,
Beckoning her victim to the faithless scene.

50.

Much spoke he of the myrtle and the yew,
Of ghosts that nightly walk the church-yard o'er,
Of storms that through the wint'ry ocean blow
And dash the well-mann'd galley on the shore,

51.

Of broad-mouth'd cannons, and the thunderbolt,
Of sieges and convulsions, dearth and fire,
Of poisonous weeds—but seem'd to sneer at these
Who by the laurel o'er him did aspire.

52.

Then with a hollow voice thus went he on,
“Get up, and search, and bring, when found, to me,
“Some cordial, potion, or some pleasant draught,
“Sweet, slumb'rous poppy, or the mild Bohea.

* An inflammatory fever, attended with a delirium common in long voyages at sea, in which the diseased persons fancy the sea to be green fields and meadows, and, if they are not hindered, will leap overboard.

53.

“ But hark, my pitying friend !—and, if you can,
“ Deceive the grim physician at the door—
“ Bring half the mountain springs—ah ! hither bring
“ The cold rock water from the shady bower.

54.

“ For till this night such thirst did ne’er invade,
“ A thirst provok’d by heav’n’s avenging hand ;
“ Hence bear me, friends, to quaff, and quaff again
“ The cool wave bubbling from the yellow sand.

55.

“ To these dark walls with stately step I came,
“ Prepar’d your drugs and doses to defy ;
“ Smit with the love of never dying fame,
“ I came, alas ! to conquer—not to die !”

56.

Glad, from his side I sprang, and fetch’d the draught,
Which down his greedy throat he quickly swills,
Then on a second errand sent me strait
To search in some dark corner for his pills.

57.

Quoth he, “ These pills have long compounded been
“ Of dead men’s bones and bitter roots, I trow ;
“ But that I may to wonted health return,
“ Throughout my lank veins shall their substance go.”

58.

So down they went—He rais’d his fainting head,
And oft in feeble tone essay’d to talk ;
Quoth he, “ Since remedies have small avail,
“ Assist unhappy Death once more to walk.”

59.

Then slowly rising from his loathsome bed,
On wasted legs the meagre monster stood,
Gap’d wide, and foam’d, and hungry seem’d to ask,
Tho’ sick, an endless quantity of food.

60.

Said he, " The sweet melodious flute prepare,
" The anthem, and the organ's solemn sound,
" Such as may strike my soul with ecstasy,
" Such as may from yon' lofty walls rebound.

61.

" Sweet music can the fiercest pains assuage,
" She bids the soul to heaven's blest mansions rise,
" She calms despair, controuls infernal rage,
" And deepest anguish, when it hears her, dies.

62.

" And see, the mizzling, misty midnight reigns,
" And no soft dews are on my eyelids sent!—
" Here, stranger, lend thy hand; assist me, pray,
" To walk a circuit of no large extent."—

63.

On my prest shoulders leaning, round he went,
And could have made the boldest spectre flee,
I led him up stairs, and I led him down,
But not one moment's rest from pain got he.

64.

Then with his dart, its cusp unpointed now,
Thrice with main strength he smote the trembling floor,
The roof resounded to the fearful blow,
And *Oleon* started, doom'd to sleep no more.

65.

When thus spoke Death, impatient of controul,
" Quick, move, and bring from yonder black bureau
" The sacred book that may preserve my soul
" From long damnation, and eternal woe.

66.

" And with it bring—for you may find them there,
" The works of holy authors, dead and gone,
" The sacred *tome* of moving Drelincourt,
" Or what more solemn Sherlock mus'd upon :

67.

“ And read, my Cleon, what these sages say,
“ And what the sacred Penman hath declar’d,
“ That when the wicked leaves his odious way,
“ His sins shall vanish, and his soul be spar’d.”

68.

But he, unmindful of the vain command,
Reason’d with Death, nor were his reasonings few :
Quoth he—“ My Lord, what frenzy moves your brain,
“ Pray, what, my lord, can Sherlock be to you,

69.

“ Or all the sage divines that ever wrote,
“ Grave Drelincourt, or heaven’s unerring page ;
“ These point their arrows at your hostile breast,
“ And raise new pains that time must ne’er assuage.

70.

“ And why should thus thy woe disturb my rest ?
“ Much of Theology I once did read,
“ And there ’tis fixt, sure as my God is so,
“ That Death shall perish, tho’ a God should bleed.

71.

“ The martyr, doom’d the pangs of fire to feel,
“ Lives but a moment in the sultry blast ;
“ The victim groans, and dies beneath the steel,
“ But thy severer pains shall always last.

72.

“ O miscreant vile, thy age has made thee doat—
“ If peace, if sacred peace were found for you,
“ Hell would cry out, and all the damn’d arise
“ And, more deserving, seek for pity too.

73.

“ Seek not for Paradise—’tis not for thee,
“ Where high in heaven its sweetest blossoms blow,
“ Nor even where gliding to the Persian main
“ Thy waves, Euphrates, through the garden flow !

74.

“ Bloody ~~has~~ been thy reign, O man of hell,
“ Who sympathiz’d with no departing groan ;
“ Cruel wast thou, and hardly dost deserve
“ To have *Hic Jacet* stamp’t upon thy stone.

75.

“ He that could build his mansion o’er the tombs,
“ Depending still on sickness and decay,
“ May dwell unmov’d amidst these drowsier glooms,
“ May laugh the dullest of these shades away.

76.

“ Remember how with unrelenting ire
“ You tore the infant from the unwilling breast—
“ *ASPASIA* fell, and *CLEON* must expire,
“ Doom’d by the impartial God to endless rest :

77.

“ In vain with stars he deck’d yon’ spangled skies,
“ And bade the mind to heaven’s bright regions soar,
“ And brought so far to my admiring eyes
“ A glimpse of glories that shall blaze no more !

78.

“ Even now to glut thy devilish wrath, I see
“ From eastern realms a wasteful army rise :
“ Why else those lights that tremble in the north ?
“ Why else yon’ comet blazing through the skies ?

79.

“ Rejoice, O fiend ; Britannia’s tyrant sends
“ From German plains his myriads to our shore.
“ The fierce Hibernian with the Briton join’d—
“ Bring them, ye winds ! but waft them back no more.

80.

“ To you, alas ! the fates in wrath deny
“ The comforts to *our* parting moments due,
“ And leave you here to languish and to die,
“ Your crimes too many, and your tears too few.

81.

" No cheering voice to thee shall cry, Repent!
" As once it echoed through the wilderness—
" No patron died for thee—damn'd, damn'd art thou
" Like all the devils, nor one jot the less.

82.

" A gloomy land, with sullen skies is thine,
" Where never rose or amaranthus grow,
" No daffodils, nor comely columbine,
" No hyacinths nor asphodels for you.

83.

" The barren trees that flourish on the shore
" With leaves or fruit were never seen to bend,
" O'er languid waves unblossom'd branches hang,
" And every branch sustains some vagrant fiend.

84.

" And now no more remains, but to prepare
" To take possession of thy punishment,
" That's thy inheritance, that thy domain,
" A land of bitter woe, and loud lament.

85.

" And oh that HE, who spread the universe,
" Would cast one pitying glance on thee below;
" Millions of years in torments thou might'st fry,
" But thy eternity!—who can conceive its woe!"

86.

He heard, and round with his black eye-balls gaz'd,
Full of despair, and curs'd, and rav'd, and swore:
" And since this is my doom," said he, " call up
" Your wood-mechanics to my chamber door:

87.

" Blame not on me the ravage to be made;
" Proclaim,—even Death abhors such woe to see;
" I'll quit the world, while decently I can,
" And leave the work to GEORGE my deputy."

88.

Up rush'd a band, with compasses and scales
To measure his slim carcase, long and lean—
“Be sure,” said he, “to frame my coffin strong,
“You, master workman, and your men, I mean:

89.

“For if the Devil, so late my trusty friend,
“Should get one hint where I am laid, from you,
“Not with my soul content, he'd seek to find
“That mouldering mass of bones, my body, too!

90.

“Of hardest ebon let the plank be found,
“With clamps and ponderous bars secur'd around,
“That if the box by Satan should be storm'd,
“It may be able for resistance found.”

91.

“Yes,” said the master workman, “noble Death,
“Your coffin shall be strong—that leave to me—
“But who shall these your funeral dues discharge?
“Nor friends nor pence you have, that I can see.”

92.

To this said Death—“You might have ask'd me too,
“Base caitiff, who are my executors,
“Where my estate, and who the men that shall
“Partake my substance, and be call'd my heirs.

93.

“Know, then, that hell is my inheritance,
“The devil himself my funeral dues must pay—
“Go—since you must be paid—go, ask of him,
“For he has gold, as fabling poets say.”

94.

Strait they retir'd—when thus he gave me charge,
Pointing from the light window to the west,
“Go three miles o'er the plain, and you shall see
“A burying-yard of sinners dead, unblest.

95.

“ Amid the graves a spiry building stands
“ Whose solemn knell resounding through the gloom
“ Shall call thee o’er the circumjacent lands
“ To the dull mansion destin’d for my tomb.

96.

“ There, since ’tis dark, I’ll plant a glimmering light
“ Just snatch’d from hell, by whose reflected beams
“ Thou shalt behold a tomb-stone, full eight feet,
“ Fast by a grave, replete with ghosts and dreams.

97.

“ And on that stone engrave this epitaph
“ Since Death, it seems, must die like mortal men ;
“ Yes—on that stone engrave this epitaph,
“ Though all hell’s furies aim to snatch the pen.

98.

“ *Death in this tomb his weary bones hath laid,*
“ *Sick of dominion o’er the human kind—*
“ *Behold what devastations he hath made,*
“ *Survey the millions by his arm confin’d.*

99.

“ *Six thousand years has sovereign sway been mine,*
“ *None, but myself, can real glory claim ;*
“ *Great Regent of the world I reign’d alone,*
“ *And princes trembled when my mandate came.*

100.

“ *Vast and unmatched throughout the world my fame*
“ *Takes place of gods, and asks no mortal date—*
“ *No : by myself, and by the heavens, I swear,*
“ *Not Alexander’s name is half so great.*

101.

“ *Nor swords nor darts my prowess could withstand,*
“ *All quit their arms, and bow’d to my decree,*
“ *Even mighty JULIUS died beneath my hand,*
“ *For slaves and Cæsars were the same to me !*

102.

*" Traveller, wouldst thou his noblest trophies seek,
" Search in no narrow spot obscure for those ;
" The sea profound, the surface of all land
" Is moulded with the myriads of his foes."*

103.

Scarce had he spoke, when on the lofty dome
Rush'd from the clouds a hoarse resounding blast—
Round the four caves so loud and sad it play'd
As though all musick were to breathe its last.

104.

Warm was the gale, and such as travellers say
Sport with the winds on Zaara's barren waste ;
Black was the sky, a mourning carpet spread,
Its azure blotted, and its stars o'ercast !

105.

Lights in the air like burning stars were hur'l'd,
Dogs howl'd, heaven mutter'd, and the tempest blew,
The red half-moon peep'd from behind a cloud
As if in dread the amazing scene to view.

106.

The mournful trees that in the garden stood
Bent to the tempest as it rush'd along,
The elm, the myrtle, and the cypress sad
More melancholy tun'd its bellowing song.

107.

No more that elm its noble branches spread,
The yew, the cypress, or the myrtle tree,
Rent from the roots the tempest tore them down,
And all the grove in wild confusion lay.

108.

Yet, mindful of his dread command, I part
Glad from the magic dome—nor found relief ;
Damps from the dead hung heavier round my heart,
While sad remembrance rous'd her stores of grief.

109.

O'er a dark field I held my dubious way
Where Jack-a-lantern walk'd his lonely round,
Beneath my feet substantial darkness lay,
And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground.

110.

Nor look'd I back, till to a far off wood
Trembling with fear, my weary feet had sped—
Dark was the night, but at the enchanted dome
I saw the infernal windows flaming red.

111.

And from within the howls of Death I heard,
Cursing the dismal night that gave him birth,
Damning his ancient sire, and mother sin,
Who at the gates of hell, accursed, brought him forth.

112.

[For fancy gave to my enraptur'd soul
An eagle's eye, with keenest glance to see,
And bade those distant sounds distinctly roll
Which, waking, never had affected me.]

113.

Off his pale breast with cruel hand he smote,
And tearing from his limbs a winding sheet
Roar'd to the black skies, while the woods around,
As wicked as himself, his words repeat.

114.

Thrice tow'rd the skies his meagre arms he rear'd,
Invok'd all hell, and thunders on his head,
Bid light'nings fly, earth yawn, and tempests roar,
And the sea wrap him in its oozy bed.

115.

“ My life for one cool draught !—O, fetch your springs,
“ Can one unfeeling to my woes be found !
“ No friendly visage comes to my relief,
“ But ghosts impend, and spectres hover round.

116.

“ Though humbled now, dishearten’d and distrest,
“ Yet, when admitted to the peaceful ground,
“ With heroes, kings, and conquerors I shall rest,
“ Shall sleep as safely, and perhaps as sound.”

117.

Dim burnt the lamp, and now the phantom Death
Gave his last groans in horror and despair—
“ All hell demands me hence”—he said, and threw
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

118.

Trembling, across the plain my course I held,
And found the grave-yard, loitering through the gloom,
And, in the midst, a hell-red wandering light,
Walking in fiery circles round the tomb.

119.

Among the graves a spiry building stood,
Whose tolling bell, resounding through the shade,
Sung doleful ditties to the adjacent wood,
And many a dismal drowsy thing it said.

120.

This fabrick tall, with towers and chancels grac’d,
Was rais’d by sinners’ hands, in ages fled,
The roof they painted, and the beams they brac’d,
And texts from scripture o’er the walls they spread :

121.

But wicked were their hearts, for they refus’d
To aid the helpless orphan, when distrest,
The shivering, naked stranger they misus’d,
And banish’d from their doors the starving guest.

122.

By laws protected, cruel and prophane,
The poor man’s ox these monsters drove away ;—
And left *Distress* to attend *her* infant train,
No friend to comfort, and no bread to stay.

123.

But heaven look'd on with keen, resentful eye,
And doom'd them to perdition and the grave,
That as they felt not for the wretch distress
So heaven no pity on their souls would have.

124.

In pride they rais'd this building tall and fair,
Their hearts were on perpetual mischief bent,
With pride they preach'd, and pride was in their prayer,
With pride they were deceiv'd, and so to hell they went.

125.

At distance far approaching to the tomb
By lamps and lanthorns guided through the shade
A coal-black chariot hurried through the gloom,
Spectres attending, in black weeds array'd,

126.

Whose woeful forms yet chill my soul with dread,
Each wore a vest in Stygian chambers wove,
Death's kindred all—Death's horses they bestrode,
And gallop'd fiercely, as the chariot drove.

127.

Each horrid face a grizzly mask conceal'd,
Their busy eyes shot terror to my soul
As now and then, by the pale lanthorn's glare,
I saw them for their parted friend condole.

128.

Before the herse Death's chaplain seem'd to go,
Who strove to comfort, what he could, the dead ;
Talk'd much of *Satan*, and the land of woe,
And many a chapter from the scriptures read.

129.

At last he rais'd the swelling anthem high,
In dismal numbers seem'd he to complain ;
The captive tribes that by *Euphrates* wept,
Their song was jovial to his dreary strain.

130.

That done, they plac'd the carcase in the tomb,
To dust and dull oblivion now resign'd,
Then turn'd the chariot tow'rd the House of Night,
Which soon flew off, and left no trace behind.

131.

But as I stoop'd to write the appointed verse,
Swifter than thought the airy scene decay'd,
Blushing the morn arose, and from the east
With her gay streams of light dispell'd the shade.

132.

What is this *Death*, ye deep read sophists, say?—
Death is no more than one unceasing change;
New forms arise, while other forms decay,
Yet all is *LIFE* throughout creation's range.

133.

The towering *Alps*, the haughty *Apennine*,
The *Andes* wrapt in everlasting snow,
The *Apalachian* and the *Ararat*
Sooner or later must to ruin go.

134.

Hills sink to plains, and man returns to dust,
That dust supports a reptile or a flower;
Each changeful atom by some other nurs'd
Takes some new form, to perish in an hour.

135.

Too nearly join'd to sickness, toils, and pains,
(Perhaps for former crimes imprison'd here)
True to itself the immortal soul remains,
And seeks new mansions in the starry sphere.

136.

When Nature bids thee from the world retire,
With joy thy lodging leave, a fated guest,
In Paradise, the land of thy desire,
Existing always, always to be blest.

THE JAMAICA FUNERAL.

1776.

1.

ALCANDER died—the rich, the great, the brave ;
Even such must yield to heaven's severe decree,
Death, still at hand, conducts us to the grave,
And humbles monarchs as he humbled thee.

2.

When, lingering, to his end Alcander drew,
Officious friends besieg'd his lofty door,
Impatient they the dying man to view
And touch that hand they soon must touch no more.

3.

“ Alas, he's gone !” the sad attendants cry,
Fled is the breath that never shall return—
“ Alas ! he's gone !” his tearful friends reply,
“ Spread the dark crape, and round his pale corpse mourn.

4.

“ Ye that attend the pompous funeral, due,
“ In sable vestments let your limbs be clad,
“ For vulgar deaths a common sorrow shew,
“ But costly griefs are for the wealthy dead.

5.

“ Prepare the blessings of the generous vine,
“ Let bulls and oxen groan beneath the steel,
“ Throughout the board let choicest dainties shine,
“ To every guest a generous portion deal.”—

6.

A mighty crowd approach'd the mourning dome,
Some came to hear the sermon and the prayer,
Some came to shun Xantippe's voice at home,
And some with Bacchus to relieve their care.

7.

A *Levite* came, and sigh'd among the rest,
 A rusty band and tatter'd gown he wore,
 His leaves he tumbled, and the house he blest,
 And conn'd his future sermon o'er and o'er.

8.

And oft a glance he cast towards the wine
 That briskly sparkled in the glassy vase,
 And often drank, and often wish'd to dine,
 And red as Phœbus glow'd his sultry face.

9.

Much did he chatter, and on various themes,
 He publish'd news that came from foreign climes,
 He told his jests, and told his last year's dreams,
 And quoted dull stuff from lord Wilmot's rhymes.

10.

And dunn'd the mourners for his parish dues
 With face of brass, and scrutinizing eye,
 And threaten'd law-suits, if they dar'd refuse
 To pay his honest earnings punctually.

11.

An honest sire, who came in luckless hour
 To hear the sermon, and to see the dead,
 Presuming on this consecrated hour,
 Ventur'd to check the parson on that head.

12.

Quoth he, " My priest, such conduct is not fit,
 " For other speech this solemn hour demands :
 " What if your parish owes its annual debt,
 " Your parish ready to discharge it stands."

13.

No more he said—for charg'd with wounds and pain
 The parson's staff like Jove's own lightning flew,
 Which cleft his jaw-bone and his cheek in twain,
 And from their sockets half his grinders drew.

14.

Nor less deceas'd some moments lay the sire
Than if from heav'n the forked lightnings thrown
Had pierc'd him with their instantaneous fire,
And sent him smoking to the world unknown.

15.

At last he mov'd, and, weltering in his gore,
Thus did the rueful, wounded victim say,
"Convey me hence—so bloody and so sore
"I cannot wait to hear the parson pray ;

16.

"And if I did, what pleasure could be mine—
"Can he allure me to the world of bliss—
"Can he present me at the heavenly shrine
"Who breaks my bones, and knocks me down in this ?

17.

"The scripture says—the text I well recall—
"A Priest or Bishop must no striker be,
"Then how can such a wicked priest but fall,
"Who at a funeral thus has murdered me ?"—

18.

Thus he—But now the sumptuous dinner came,
The *Levite* boldly seiz'd the nobler place,
Beside him sate the woe-struck widow'd dame,
Who help'd him drain the brimful china vase.

19.

Which now renew'd, he drank that ocean too,
Like Polypheme, the boon Ulysses gave ;
Another came, nor did another do,
For still another did the monster crave.

20.

With far-fetch'd dainties he regal'd his maw,
And prais'd the various meats that crown'd the board :
On tender capons did the glutton gnaw,
And well his platter with profusion stor'd.

21.

But spoke no words of grace—I mark'd him well,
I fix'd my eye upon his brazen brow—
He look'd like Satan aiming to rebel,
Such pride and madness were his inmates now.

22.

But not contented with this hectoring priest,
Sick of his nonsense, softly I withdrew,
And at a calmer table shar'd the feast
To sorrow sacred, and to friendship due,

23.

Which now atchiev'd, the tolling bell remote
Summon'd the living and the dead to come,
And through the dying sea-breeze swell'd the note,
Dull on the ear, and lengthening through the gloom.

24.

The Bier was brought, the costly coffin laid,
And prayers were mutter'd in a doleful tone,
While the sad pall, above the body spread,
From many a tender breast drew many a groan.

25.

The *Levite* too some tears of Bacchus shed—
Reeling before the long procession, he
Strode like a general at his army's head,
His gown in tatters, and his wig—ah me!

26.

The words of faith in both his hands he bore,
Prayers, cut and dry, by ancient prelates made,
Who, bigots while they liv'd, could do no more
Than leave them still by bigots to be said.

27.

But he admir'd them all!—he read with joy
St. Athanasius in his thundering creed,
And curs'd the men whom Satan did employ
To make king Charles, that heaven-born martyr, bleed.

28.

At last they reach'd the spiry building high,
And soon they enter'd at the eastern gate—
The parson said his prayers most learnedly,
And mutter'd more than memory can relate.

29.

Then through the temple's lengthy isles they went,
Approaching still the pulpit's painted door,
From whence, on Sundays, many a vow was sent,
And sermons plunder'd from some prelate's store.

30.

Here, as of right, the priest prepar'd to rise,
And leave the corpse and gaping crowd below,
Like sultry Phœbus glar'd his flaming eyes,
Less fierce the stars of Greenland evenings glow.

31.

Up to the pulpit strode he with an air,
And from the *Preacher* thus his text he read,
“ More I esteem, and better is by far
“ A dog existing than a lion dead.

32.

“ Go, eat thy dainties with a joyful heart,
“ And quaff thy wine with undissembled glee,
“ For he who did these heavenly gifts impart
“ Accepts thy prayers, thy gifts, thy vows, and thee.”

THE SERMON.

33.

THESE truths, my friends, congenial to my soul,
Demand a faithful and attentive ear—
No longer for your 'parted friend condole,
No longer shed the tributary tear.

34.

Curs'd be the sobs, these useless floods of woe
That vainly flow for the departed dead—
If doom'd to wander on the coasts below
What are to him these seas of grief you shed?

35.

If heaven in pleasure doth his hours employ—
If sighs and sorrows reach a place like this,
They blast his glories, and they damp his joy,
They make him wretched in the midst of bliss.

36.

And can you yet—and here he smote his breast—
And can you yet bemoan that torpid mass
Which now for death, and desolation drest,
Prepares the deep gulph of the grave to pass.

37.

You fondly mourn—I mourn Alcander too,
Alcander late the living, not the dead;
His casks I broach'd, his liquors once I drew,
And freely there on choicest dainties fed.

38.

But vanish'd are they now!—no more he calls,
No more invites me to his plenteous board,
No more I caper at his splendid balls,
Or drain his cellars, with profusion stor'd.

39.

Then why, my friends, for yonder senseless clay,
That ne'er again befriends me, should I mourn?
Yon' simple slaves that through the cane-lands stray
Are more to me than monarchs in the urn.

40.

The joys of wine, immortal as my theme,
To days of bliss the aspiring soul invite;
Life, void of this, a punishment I deem;
A Greenland winter, without heat or light.

41.

Count all the trees that crown Jamaica's hills,
Count all the stars that through the heavens you see,
Count every drop that the wide ocean fills;
Then count the pleasures Bacchus yields to me.

42.

The aids of wine for toiling man were meant;
I prize the smiling *Caribbëan* bowl—
Enjoy those gifts that bounteous nature lent,
Death to thy cares, refreshing to the soul.

43.

Here fixt to-day in plenty's smiling vales,
Just as the month revolves we laugh or groan,
September comes, seas swell with horrid gales,
And old *Port Royal's* fate may be our own.

44.

A few short years, at best, will bound our span,
Wretched and few, the Hebrew exile said;
Live while you may, be jovial while you can,
Death as a debt to nature must be paid.

45.

When nature fails, the man exists no more,
And death is nothing but an empty name,
Spleen's genuine offspring at the midnight hour,
The coward's tyrant, and the bad man's dream.

46.

You ask me where these mighty hosts have fled,
That once existed on this changeful ball?—
If aught remains, when mortal man is dead,
Where, ere their birth they were, they now are all.*

* *Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?—
Quo non nata jacent.*

Senec. Troas.

47.

Like insects busy, in a summer's day,
 We toil and squabble, to increase our pain,
 Night comes at last, and, weary of the fray,
 To dust and darkness all return again.

48.

Then envy not, ye sages too precise,
 The drop from life's gay tree, that damps our woe,
Noah himself, the wary and the wise,
 A vineyard planted, and the vines did grow :

49.

Of social soul was he—the grape he press'd,
 And drank the juice oblivious to his care ;
 Sorrow he banish'd from his place of rest,
 And sighs and sobbing had no entrance there.

50.

Such bliss be ours through every changing scene ;
 The glowing face bespeaks the glowing heart ;
 If heaven be joy, wine is to heaven a-kin,
 Since wine, on earth, can heavenly joys impart.

51.

Mere glow-worms are we all, a moment shine ;
 I, like the rest, in giddy circles run,
 And Grief shall say, when I this life resign,
 " His glass is empty, and his frolics done !"

52.

HE said, and ceas'd—the funeral anthem then
 From the deep choir and hoarse-ton'd organ came ;
 Such are the honours paid to wealthy men,
 But who for *Irus* would attempt the same ?

53.

Now from the church returning, as they went,
Again they reach'd Alcander's painted hall,
Their sighs concluded, and their sorrows spent,
They to oblivion gave the *Funeral*.

54.

The holy man, by bishops holy made,
Tun'd up to harmony his trembling strings,
To various songs in various notes he play'd,
And, as he plays, as gallantly he sings.

55.

The widow'd dame, less pensive than before,
To sprightly tunes as sprightly did advance,
Her lost Alcander scarce remember'd more ;
And thus the funeral ended in a dance.

THE BEAUTIES OF SANTA CRUZ.

1776.

SWEET orange grove, the fairest of the isle,
In thy soft shade luxuriously reclin'd,
Where, round my fragrant bed, the flowrets smile,
In sweet delusions I deceive my mind.

But Melancholy's glooms assail my breast,
For potent nature reigns despotic here ;—
A nation ruin'd, and a world oppress'd,
Might rob the boldest Stoic of a tear.

1.

SICK of thy northern glooms, come, shepherd, seek
More equal climes, and a serener sky :
Why shouldst thou toil amid thy frozen ground,
Where half year's snows, a barren prospect lie,

2.

When thou mayst go where never frost was seen,
Or north-west winds with cutting fury blow,
Where never ice congeal'd the limpid stream,
Where never mountain tipt its head with snow ?

3.

Twice seven days prosperous gales thy barque shall bear
To isles that flourish in perpetual green,
Where richest herbage glads each shady vale,
And ever verdant plants on every hill are seen.

4.

Nor dread the dangers of the billowy deep,
Autumnal winds shall safely waft thee o'er ;
Put off the timid heart, or, man unblest,
Ne'er shalt thou reach this gay enchanting shore.

5.

Thus *Judah's* tribes beheld the promis'd land,
While *Jordan's* angry waters swell'd between ;
Thus trembling on the brink I see them stand,
Heaven's type in view, the Canaanitish green.

6.

Thus, some mean souls, in spite of age and care,
Are so united to this globe below,
They never wish to cross death's dusky main
That parting them and happiness doth flow.

7.

Though reason's voice might whisper to the soul
That nobler climes for man the gods design—
Come, shepherd, haste—the northern breezes blow,
No more the slumbering winds thy barque confine.

8.

From the vast caverns of old ocean's bed
Fair SANTA CRUZ arising, laves her waist,
The threat'ning waters roar on every side,
For every side by ocean is embrac'd.

9.

Sharp, craggy rocks repel the surging brine,
Whose cavern'd sides by restless billows wore,
Resemblance claim to that remoter isle [Eolia.
Where once the winds proud lord the sceptre bore.

10.

Betwixt old Cancer and the mid-way line
In happiest climate lies this envied isle,
Trees bloom throughout the year, streams ever flow,
And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

11.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,
The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,
Supply'd by springs that on the skies depend,
That fountain feeding as the current flows.

12.

Such were the isles which happy Flaccus sung,
Where one tree blossoms while another bears,
Where spring forever gay, and ever young,
Walks her gay round through her unweari'd years.

13.

Such were the climes which youthful Eden saw
Ere crossing fates destroy'd her golden reign—
Reflect upon thy loss, unhappy man,
And seek the vales of *Paradise* again.

14.

No lowering skies are here—the neighbouring sun
Clear and unveil'd; his brilliant journey goes,
Each morn emerging from the ambient main,
And sinking there each evening to repose.

15.

In June's fair month the spangled traveller gains
The utmost limits of his northern way,
And blesses with his beams cold lands remote,
Sad Greenland's coast, and Hudson's frozen bay.

16.

The shivering swains of those unhappy climes
Behold the side-way monarch through the trees,
We feel his fiercer heat, his vertic beams,
Temper'd with cooling winds and trade-wind breeze.

17.

Yet, though so near heav'n's blazing lamp doth run,
We court the beam that sheds the golden day,
And hence are called the children of the sun,
Who, without fainting, bear his downward ray.

18.

No threatening tides upon our island rise,
Gay Cynthia scarce disturbs the ocean here,
No waves approach her orb, and she, as kind,
Attracts no water to her silver sphere.

19.

The happy waters boast, of various kinds,
Unnumber'd myriads of the scaly race,
Sportive they glide above the delug'd sand,
Gay as their clime, in ocean's ample vase.

20.

Some streak'd with burnish'd gold, resplendent glare,
Some cleave the limpid deep, all silver'd o'er,
Some, clad in living green, delight the eye,
Some red, some blue ; of mingled colours more.

21.

Here glides the spangled Dolphin through the deep,
The giant-carcas'd whales at distance stray,
The huge green turtles wallow through the wave,
Well pleas'd alike with land or water, they.

22.

The *Rainbow* cuts the deep, of varied green,
The well fed *Grouper* lurks remote, below,
The swift *Bonetta* coasts the watry scene,
The diamond coated *Angels* kindle as they go.

23.

Delicious to the taste, salubrious food,
Which might some temperate studious sage allure
To curse the fare of his abstemious school,
And turn, for once, a cheerful Epicure.

24.

Unhurt may'st thou this luscious food enjoy,
To fulness feast upon the scaly kind,
These, well selected from a thousand more,
Delight the taste, and leave no plague behind.

25.

Nor think *Hygeia** is a stranger here ;
To sensual souls the clime may fatal prove,
Anguish and death attend, and pain severe,
The midnight revel, and licentious love.

26.

Full many a swain, in youth's serenest bloom
Is borne untimely to this alien clay,
Constrain'd to slumber in a foreign tomb,
Far from his friends, his country far away.

27.

Yet, if devoted to a sensual soul,
If fondly their own ruin they create;
These victims to the banquet and the bowl
Must blame their folly only, not their fate.

28.

But thou, who first drew breath in northern air,
At early dawn ascend the sloping hills,
And oft' at noon to lime tree shades repair,
Where some soft stream from neighbouring groves distils.

29.

And with it mix the liquid of the lime,
The old ag'd essence of the generous cane,
And sweetest syrups of this liquorish clime,
And drink, to cool thy thirst, and drink again.

* Goddess of Health.

30.

This happy beverage, joy inspiring bowl,
Dispelling far the shades of mental night,
Wakes bright ideas on the raptur'd soul,
And sorrow turns to pleasure and delight.

31.

Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove,
And learn the nature of each native tree,
The *fustick* hard, the poisonous *manchineel*
Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee :

32.

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
But deadliest poison in the taste is found—
O shun the dangerous tree, nor taste, like *Eve*,
This interdicted fruit in Eden's ground.

33.

The lowly *mangrove*, fond of watry soil,
The white bark'd *gregory*, rising high in air,
The *mastick* in the woods you may descry,
Tamarind, and lofty plumb-trees flourish there.

34.

Sweet orange groves in lonely vallies rise
And drop their fruits, unnotic'd and unknown,
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.

35.

Once in these groves divine Aurelia stray'd !—
Then, conscious nature, smiling, look'd more gay ;
But soon she left the dear delightful shade,
The shade, neglected, droops and dies away,

36.

And pines for her return, but pines in vain,
In distant isles belov'd Aurelia died,
Pride of the plains, ador'd by every swain,
Sweet warbler of the woods, and of the woods the pride.

37.

Philander early left this rural maid,
Nor yet return'd, by fate compell'd to roam,
But absent from the heavenly girl he stray'd,
Her charms forgot, forgot his native home.

38.

O fate severe, to seize the nymph so soon,
The nymph, for whom a thousand shepherds sigh,
And in the space of one revolving moon
To doom the fair one and her swain to die !

39.

Sweet, spungy plumbs on trees wide spreading hang,
Bell-apples here, suspended, shade the ground,
Plump *grenadilloes* and *giavas* grey,
With *melons* in each plain and lawn abound.

40.

The conic form'd *cashew*, of juicy kind,
Which bears at once an apple and a nut ;
Whose poisonous coat, indignant to the lip,
Doth in its cell a wholesome kernel shut.

41.

The prince of fruits, whom some *jayama* call,
Anana some, the happy flavour'd *pine* ;
In which unite the tastes and juices all
Of apple, peach, quince, grape, and nectarine,

42.

Grows to perfection here, and spreads his crest ;
His diadem toward the parent sun ;
His diadem, in fiery blossoms drest,
Stands arm'd with swords from potent nature won.

43.

Yon' cotton shrubs with bursting knobs behold,
Their snow white locks these humble groves array ;
On slender trees the blushing coffee hangs
Like thy fair cherry, and would tempt thy stay.

44.

Safe from the winds, in deep retreats, they rise ;
Their utmost summit may thy arm attain ;
Taste the moist fruit, and from thy closing eyes
Sleep shall retire, with all his drowsy train.

45.

The spicy berry, they *giava* call,
Swells in the mountains on a stripling tree :
These some admire, and value more than all,
My humble verse, besides, unfolds to thee.

46.

The smooth white cedar, here, delights the eye,
The bay tree, with its aromatic green,
The sea-side grapes, sweet natives of the sand,
And pulse, of various kinds, on trees are seen.

47.

Here mingled vines their downward shadows cast,
Here, cluster'd grapes from loaded boughs depend,
Their leaves no frosts, their fruits no cold winds blast,
But, rear'd by suns, to time alone they bend.

48.

The plantane and banana flourish here,
Of hasty growth, and love to fix their root
Where some soft stream of ambling water flows,
To yield full moisture to their cluster'd fruit.

49.

No other trees so vast a leaf can boast,
So broad, so long—through these refresh'd I stray,
And though the noon-sun all his radiance shed,
These friendly leaves shall shade me all the way,

50.

And tempt the cooling breeze to hasten there,
With its sweet odorous breath to charm the grove ;
High shades and verdant seats, while underneath
A little stream by mossy banks doth rove,

51.

Where once the Indian dames slept with their swains,
Or fondly kiss'd the moon-light eves away ;
The lovers fled, the tearful stream remains,
And only I console it with my lay.

52.

Among the shades of yonder whispering grove
The green palmittoes mingle, tall and fair,
That ever murmur, and forever move,
Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air.

53.

Pomegranates grace the wild, and sweet-sops there
Ready to fall, require thy helping hand,
Nor yet neglect the papaw or mamee
Whose slighted trees with fruits unheeded stand.

54.

Those shaddocks juicy shall thy taste delight,
And yon' high fruits, the richest of the wood,
That cling in clusters to the mother tree,
The cocoa-nut ; rich, milky, healthful food.

55.

O grant me, gods, if yet condemn'd to stray,
At least to spend life's sober evening here,
To plant a grove where winds yon' shelter'd bay,
And pluck these fruits that frost nor winter fear.

56.

Cassada shrubs abound—transplanted here
From every clime, exotic blossoms blow ;
Here Asia plants her flowers, here Europe seeds,
And hyperborean plants, un-winter'd, grow.

57.

Here, a new herbage glads the generous steed,
Mules, goats, and sheep enjoy these pastures fair,
And for thy hedges, nature has decreed,
Guards of thy toils, the date and prickly pear.

58.

But chief the glory of these Indian isles
Springs from the sweet, uncloying sugar-cane,
Hence comes the planter's wealth, hence commerce sends
Such floating piles to traverse half the main.

59.

Whoe'er thou art that leav'st thy native shore
And shall to fair West India climates come,
Taste not the enchanting plant—to taste forbear,
If ever thou wouldst reach thy much lov'd home.

60.

Ne'er through the Isle permit thy feet to rove,
Or, if thou dost, let prudence lead the way,
Forbear to taste the virtues of the cane,
Forbear to taste what will complete thy stay.

61.

Whoever sips of this enchanting juice,
Delicious nectar, fit for Jove's own hall,
Returns no more from his lov'd Santa Cruz,
But quits his friends, his country, and his all,

62.

And thinks no more of home—Ulysses so
Dragg'd off by force his sailors from that shore
Where *lotos* grew, and, had not strength prevail'd,
They never would have sought their country more.

63.

No annual toil inters this thrifty plant,
The stalk lopt off, the freshening showers prolong,
To future years, unfading and secure,
The root so vigorous, and the juice so strong.

64.

Unnumber'd plants, besides, these climates yield
And grass peculiar to the soil that bears
Ten thousand varied herbs array the field,
This glads thy palate, that thy health repairs.

65.

Along the shore a wondrous *flower* is seen
Where rocky ponds receive the surging wave,
Some drest in yellow, some array'd in green
Beneath the water their gay branches lave.

66.

This mystic plant, with its bewitching charms
Too surely springs from some enchanted bower :
Fearful it is, and dreads impending harms,
And *Animal* the natives call the flower.

67.

From the smooth rock its little branches rise,
The objects of thy view, and that alone,
Feast on its beauties with thy ravish'd eyes,
But aim to touch it, and—the flower is gone.

68.

Nay, if thy shade but intercept the beam
That gilds their boughs beneath the briny lake,
Swift they retire, like a deluding dream,
And even a shadow for destruction take.

69.

Warn'd by experience, seek not thou to gain
The magic plant thy curious hand invades ;
Returning to the light, it mocks thy pain,
Deceives all grasp, and seeks its native shades.

70.

On yonder steepy hill, fresh harvests rise,
Where the dark tribe from Afric's sun-burnt plain
Oft o'er the ocean turn their wishful eyes
To isles remote high looming o'er the main,

71.

And view soft seats of ease and fancied rest,
Their native groves new painted on the eye,
Where no proud misers their gay hours molest,
No lordly despots pass unsocial by.

72.

See, yonder slave that slowly bends this way,
With years, and pain, and ceaseless toil opprest,
Though no complaining words his woes betray,
The eye dejected proves the heart distrest.

73.

Perhaps in chains he left his native shore,
Perhaps he left a helpless offspring there,
Perhaps a wife, that he must see no more,
Perhaps a father, who his love did share.

74.

Curs'd be the ship that brought him o'er the main,
And curs'd the hands who from his country tore,
May she be stranded, ne'er to float again,
May they be shipwreck'd on some hostile shore—

75.

O gold accurst, of every ill the spring,
For thee compassion flies the darken'd mind,
Reason's plain dictates no conviction bring,
And passion only sways all human kind.

76.

O gold accurst! for thee we madly run
With murderous hearts across the briny flood,
Seek foreign climes beneath a foreign sun,
And there exult to shed a brother's blood.

77.

But thou, who own'st this sugar-bearing soil,
To whom no good the great FIRST CAUSE denies,
Let freeborn hands attend thy sultry toil,
And fairer harvests to thy view shall rise.

78.

The teeming earth shall mightier stores disclose
Than ever struck thy longing eyes before,
And late content shall shed a soft repose,
Repose, so long a stranger at thy door.

79.

Give me some clime, the favourite of the sky,
 Where cruel slavery never sought to reign—
 But shun the theme, sad muse, and tell me why
 These abject trees lie scatter'd o'er the plain?

80.

These isles, lest nature should have prov'd too kind,
 Or man have sought his happiest heaven below,
 Are torn with mighty winds, fierce hurricanes,
 Nature convuls'd in every shape of woe.

→ human nature, too:
 slavery

81.

Nor scorn yon' lonely vale of trees so reft;
 There plantane groves late grew of lively green,
 The orange flourish'd, and the lemon bore,
 The genius of the isle dwelt there unseen.

82.

Wild were the skies, affrighted nature groan'd
 As though approach'd her last decisive day,
 Skies blaz'd around, and bellowing winds had nigh
 Dislodg'd these cliffs, and tore yon' hills away.

83.

O'er the wild main, dejected and afraid,
 The trembling pilot lash'd his helm *a-lee*,
 Or, swiftly scudding, ask'd thy potent aid,
 Dear *pilot of the Galiléan sea*.

84.

Low hung the glooms, distended with the gale
 The clouds dark brooding wing'd their circling flight,
 Tremendous thunders join'd the hurricane,
 Daughter of chaos, and eternal night.

85.

And how, alas! could these fair trees withstand
 The wasteful madness of so fierce a blast,
 That storm'd along the plain, seiz'd every grove,
 And delug'd with a sea this mournful waste.

86.

That plantane grove, where oft I fondly stray'd,
Thy darts, dread Phœbus, in those glooms to shun,
Is now no more a refuge or a shade,
Is now with rocks and deep sands over-run.

87.

Those late proud domes of splendour, pomp, and ease
No longer strike the view, in grand attire ;
But, torn by winds, flew piece-meal to the seas,
Nor left one nook to lodge the astonish'd 'squire.

88.

But other groves the hand of Time shall raise,
Again shall nature smile, serenely gay,
So soon each scene revives, why should I leave
These green retreats, o'er the dark seas to stray ?

89.

For I must go where the mad pirate roves,
A stranger on the inhospitable *main*,
Torn from the scenes of Hudson's sweetest groves,
Led by false hope, and expectation vain.

90.

There endless plains deject the wearied eye,
And hostile winds incessant toil prepare ;
And should loud bellowing storms all art defy,
The manly heart alone must conquer there.

91.

On these blue hills to pluck the opening flowers
Might yet awhile the unwelcome task delay,
And these gay scenes prolong the fleeting hours
To aid bright Fancy on some future day.

92.

Thy vales, *Bermuda*, and thy sea-girt groves
Can never like these southern forests please ;
And, lash'd by stormy waves, you court in vain
The northern shepherd to your cedar trees.

93.

Not o'er those isles such equal planets rule,
All, but the cedar, dread the wintry blast ;
Too well thy charms the banish'd *Waller* sung ;
Too near the *pilot's star* thy doom is cast.

94.

Far o'er the waste of yonder surgy field
My native climes in fancied prospect lie,
Now hid in shades, and now by clouds conceal'd,
And now by tempests ravish'd from my eye.

95.

There, triumphs to enjoy, are, Britain, thine,
There, thy proud navy awes the pillag'd shore ;
Nor sees the day when nations shall combine
That pride to humble and our rights restore.

96.

Yet o'er the globe shouldst thou extend thy reign,
Here may thy conquering arms one grotto spare ;
Here—though thy conquest vex—in spite of pain,
I quaff the enlivening glass, in spite of care.

97.

What, though we bend to a *tyrannic crown* ;
Still Nature's charms in varied beauty shine—
What though we own the proud imperious *Dane*,
Gold is his sordid care, the Muses mine.

98.

Winter, and winter's glooms are far remov'd ;
Eternal spring with smiling summer join'd ;—
Absence, and death, and heart-corroding care,
Why should they cloud the sun-shine of the mind ?

99.

But, shepherd, haste, and leave behind thee far
Thy bloody plains, and iron glooms above,
Quit the cold northern star, and here enjoy,
Beneath the smiling skies, this land of love.

100.

The drowsy pelican wings home his way,
The misty eve sits heavy on the sea,
And though yon' sail drags slowly o'er the main,
Say, shall a moment's gloom discourage thee?

101.

To-morrow's sun now paints the faded scene,
Though deep in ocean sink his western beams,
His spangled chariot shall ascend more clear,
More radiant from the drowsy land of dreams.

102.

Of all the isles the neighbouring ocean bears,
None can with this their equal landscapes boast:
What could we do on SABA's cloudy height;
Or what could please on 'STATIA's barren coast?

103.

Couldst thou content on rough TORTOLA stray,
Confest the fairest of the *Virgin* train;
Or couldst thou on these rocky summits play
Where high St. JOHN stands frowning o'er the main?

104.

Haste, shepherd, haste—Hesperian fruits for thee,
And cluster'd grapes from mingled boughs depend—
What pleasure in thy forests can there be
That, leafless now, to every tempest bend?

105.

To milder stars, and skies of clearer blue,
Sworn foe to arms, at least a-while repair,
And, till to mightier force proud Britain bends,
Despise her triumphs, and deceive thy care.

106.

Soon shall the genius of the fertile soil
A new creation to thy view unfold;
Admire the works of Nature's magic hand,
But scorn that vulgar bait, all potent gold.

107.

Yet, if persuaded by no lay of mine,
You still admire your climes of frost and snow,
And pleas'd, prefer above our southern groves
The darksome forests, that around thee grow ;

108.

Still there remain—thy native air enjoy,
Repell the *tyrant*, who thy peace invades,
While, pleas'd, I trace the vales of Santa Cruz,
And sing with rapture her inspiring shades.

PSALM CXXXVII. VERSIFIED.

BY Babel's streams we sate and wept
When Sion bade our sorrows flow,
Our harps on loftiest willows slept
That nigh those distant waters grow ;
The willows high, the waters clear
Beheld our toils and sorrows there.

The cruel foe that captive led
Our nation from their native soil,
The tyrant foe, by whom we bled,
Requir'd a song, as well as toil—
“ Come, with a song your sorrows cheer,
A song that Sion lov'd to hear.”

How shall we, cruel tyrant, raise
A song on such a distant shore?—
If I forget my Sion's praise,

May my right hand be doom'd no more
To strike the silver-sounding string,
And thence the slumbering musick bring.

If I forget that happy home,
My perjur'd tongue forbear to move,
My eyes go out in endless gloom ;
My joy, my rapture, and my love !
No rival grief my mind can share,
For thou shalt reign unrivall'd there.

Remember, Lord, that hated foe,
When conquer'd Sion droop'd her head,
Who, laughing at her deepest woe,
Thus to our tears and sorrows said,
" From its proud height debase her wall,
" Destroy her towers, and ruin all."

Thou, Babel's offspring ; hated race,
May some avenging monster seize
And dash thy venom in thy face
For crimes and cruelties like these,
And, proof to Pity's melting tear,
With infant blood your walls besmear.

AMERICA INDEPENDENT—

AND HER EVERLASTING DELIVERANCE FROM BRITISH
TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION.

[WRITTEN 1778—*August.*]

'TIS done ! and Britain for her madness sighs—
Take warning, tyrants, and henceforth be wise,
If o'er mankind *man* gives you legal sway,
Take not the rights of human kind away.

When God from chaos gave this world to be,
 Man then he form'd, and form'd him to be free,
 In his own image stamp't the favourite race—
 How dar'st thou, tyrant, the fair stamp deface!
 When on mankind you fix your abject chains,
 No more the image of that God remains;
 O'er a dark scene a darker shade is drawn,
 His work dishonour'd, and our glory gone!

When first Britannia sent her hostile crew
 To these far shores to ravage and subdue,
 We thought them gods, and almost seem'd to say
 No ball could pierce them, and no dagger slay—
 Heavens! what a blunder—half our fears were vain;
 These hostile *gods* at length have quit the plain;
 On neighbouring isles the storm of war they shun,
 Happy, thrice happy, if not quite undone.
 Yet soon, in dread of some impending woe,
 Even from those *islands* shall these ruffians go—
 This be their doom, in vengeance for the slain,
 To pass their days in poverty and pain;
 For their base triumphs be it still their lot
 To triumph only o'er the rebel *Scot*,
 And, to their insect isle henceforth confin'd,
 No longer lord it o'er the human kind.—
 But by the fates who still prolong their stay,
 And gather vengeance to conclude their day,
 Yet, ere they go, the angry Muse shall tell
 The treasur'd woes that in her bosom swell:—
 Proud, fierce, and bold, O Jove! who would not laugh
 To see these bullies worshipping a *calf*:
 But they are *slaves* who spurn at Reason's rules;
 And men, once slaves, are soon transform'd to fools.—
 To recommend what monarchies have done,
 They bring for witness David and his son;
 How one was brave, the other just and wise,
 And hence our plain republics they despise;

But mark how oft, to gratify their pride,
The people suffer'd, and the people died :

Though one was wise, and one Goliath slew,
Kings are the choicest curse that man e'er knew.

Hail, worthy Britain !—how enlarg'd your fame ;
How great your glory, terrible your name,
“ Queen of the isles, and empress of the main,”
Heaven grant you all these mighty things again ;
But first insure the gaping crowd below
That you less cruel, and more just may grow :
If fate, vindictive for the sins of man,
Had favour shown to your infernal plan,
How would your nation have exulted here,
And scorn'd the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear !
How had your prince, of all bad men the worst,
Laid worth and virtue prostrate in the dust !
As second Sawney had he shone to-day,
A world subdued, and murder but his play.
How had that prince, contemning right or law,
Glutted with blood his foul, voracious maw :
In him we see the depths of baseness join'd,
Whate'er disgrac'd the dregs of human kind ;
Cain, Nimrod, Nero—fiends in human guise,
Herod, Domitian—these in judgment rise,
And, envious of his deeds, I hear them say
None but a George could be more vile than they.

Sworn tho' he was with wealth, revenge and pride,
How could he dream that heaven was on his side—
Did he not see, when so decreed by fate,
They plac'd the crown upon his royal pate,
Did he not see the richest jewel fall—
Dire was the omen, and astonish'd all—
That gem no more shall brighten and adorn ;
No more that gem by British kings be worn,
Or swell to wonted heights of fair renown
The fading glories of their boasted crown.

Yet he to arms, and war, and blood inclin'd,
 A fair-day warrior with a feeble mind,
 Fearless while others meet the shock of fate
 And dare that death, which clips his thread too late,
 He to the fane (O hypocrite!) did go,
 While not an angel there but was his foe,
 There did he kneel, and sigh, and sob, and pray,
 Yet not to lave his thousand sins away,
 Far other motives sway'd his spotted soul;
 'Twas not for those the secret sorrow stole
 Down his pale cheek—'twas vengeance and despair
 Dissolv'd his eye, and planted sorrow there—
 How could he hope to bribe the impartial sky
 By his base prayers, and mean hypocrisy—
 Heaven still is just, and still abhors thy crimes,
 Not acts like George, the Nero of our times—
 What were his prayers—his prayers could be no more
 Than a thief's wishes to recruit his store;
 Such prayers could never reach the world above;
 They were but curses in the ear of Jove;—
 You pray'd that conquest might your arms attend,
 And crush that freedom honour did defend,
 That the fierce Indian, rousing from his rest,
 Might these new regions with his flames invest,
 With scalps and tortures aggravate our woe,
 And to the infernal world dismiss your foe.

No mines of gold our fertile country yields,
 But mighty harvests crown the loaded fields,
 Hence, trading far, we gain'd the golden prize,
 Which, though our own, bewitch'd their greedy eyes—
 For that they ravag'd India's climes before,
 And carried death to Asia's utmost shore—
Olive was your envied slave, in avarice bold
 He mow'd down nations for his dearer gold;
 The fatal gold could give no true content,
 He mourn'd his murders, and to *Tophet* went.

Led on by lust of lucre and renown,
Burgoyne came marching with his thousands down,
 High were his thoughts, and furious his career,
 Puff'd with self-confidence and pride severe,
 Swoln with the idea of his future deeds,
 Onward to ruin each advantage leads,
 Before his hosts his heaviest curses flew,
 And conquer'd worlds rose hourly to his view :
 His wrath, like Jove's, could bear with no controul,
 His words bespoke the mischief in his soul ;
 To fight was not this miscreant's only trade,
 He shin'd in writing, and his wit display'd—
 To awe the more with titles of command
 He told of *forts he rul'd* in Scottish land ;—
 Queen's *colonel* as he was, he did not know
 That thorns and *thistles*, mix'd with honours, grow ;
 In Britain's senate though he held a place,
 All did not save him from one long disgrace,
 One stroke of fortune that convinc'd them all
 That we could conquer, and *lieutenants* fall.

Foe to the rights of man, proud plunderer, say
 Had conquest crown'd thee on that mighty day
 When you, to GATES, with sorrow, rage, and shame
 Resign'd your conquests, honours, arms, and fame,
 When at his feet Britannia's wreaths you threw,
 And the sun sicken'd at a sight so new ;
 Had you been victor—what a waste of woe !
 What souls had vanish'd to where souls do go !
 What dire distress had mark'd your fatal way,
 What deaths on deaths disgrac'd that dismal day !
 Can laurels flourish in a soil of blood,
 Or on those laurels can fair honours bud—
 Curs'd be that wretch who murder makes his trade,
 Curs'd be all arms that e'er ambition made !

What murdering Tory now relieves your grief
 Or plans new conquests for his favourite chief ;

Designs still dark employ that ruffian race,
Beasts of your choosing, and our own disgrace.
So vile a crew the world ne'er saw before,
And grant, ye pitying heavens, it may no more :
If ghosts from hell infest our poison'd air,
Those ghosts have enter'd these base bodies here,
Murder and blood is still their dear delight—
Scream round their roofs, ye ravens of the night !
Whene'er they wed, may demons, and despair,
And grief, and woe, and blackest night be there ;
Fiends leagu'd from hell, the nuptial lamp display,
Swift to perdition light them on their way,
Round the wide world their devilish squadrons chase,
To find no realm that grants one resting place.

Far to the north, on Scotland's utmost end
An isle there lies, the haunt of every fiend,
There screeching owls, and screaming vultures rest, ✓
And not a tree adorns its barren breast !
No shepherds there attend their bleating flocks,
But wither'd witches rove among the rocks ;
Shrouded in ice, the blasted mountains show
Their cloven heads, to fright the seas below ;
The lamp of heaven in his diurnal race
Here scarcely deigns to unveil his radiant face,
Or if one day he circling treads the sky
He views this island with an angry eye,
Or ambient fogs their broad, moist wings expand,
Damp his bright ray, and cloud the infernal land ;
The blackening wind, incessant storms prolong,
Dull as their night, and dreary as my song ;
When stormy winds with rain refuse to blow,
Then from the dark sky drives the un pitying snow ;
When drifting snows from iron clouds forbear
Then down the hailstones rattle through the air—
No peace, no rest, the elements bestow,
But seas forever rage, and storms forever blow.

Here, miscreants, here with loyal hearts retire,
Here pitch your tents, and kindle *here* your fire ;
 Here desert nature will her stings display,
 And fiercest hunger on your vitals prey,
 And with yourselves let *John Burgoyne* retire
 To reign the monarch, whom your hearts admire.

Britain, at last to arrest your lawless hand,
 Rises the genius of a generous land,
 Our injur'd rights bright Gallia's prince defends,
 And from this hour that prince and we are friends,
 Feuds, once in bloom, are vanish'd from our view,
 Once we were foes—but for the sake of you—
 Britain, aspiring Britain, now must bend—
 Can she at once with France and us contend,
 When we alone, remote from foreign aid,
 Her armies captur'd, and distress'd her trade—
 Britain and we no more in combat join,
 No more, as once, in every sea combine ;
 Dead is that friendship which did mutual burn,
 Fled is the sceptre, never to return ;
 By sea and land, perpetual foes we meet,
 Our cause more noble, and our hearts as great ;
 Lost are these regions to Britannia's reign,
 Nor shall these upstarts of their loss complain,
 Since all the debt we owe to Britain's throne
 Was mere idea, and the rest our own—
 Our hearts are ravish'd from our former queen
 Far as the ocean God hath plac'd between,
 They strive in vain to join this mighty mass
 Torn by convulsions from its native place ;
 As well might men to flaming *Hecla* join
 The huge high *Alps* or towering *Apennine* ;
 In vain they send their half-commissioned tribe
 And whom they cannot conquer strive to bribe ;
 Their pride and madness burst our union chain,
 Nor shall the unwieldy mass unite again.

Nor think that France sustains our cause alone ;
 With gratitude her helping hand we own,
 But hear, ye nations—truth itself can say
 We bore the heat and danger of the day :
 She calmly view'd the tumult from afar,
 We brav'd each insult, and sustain'd the war :
 Oft drove the foe, or forc'd their hosts to yield,
 Or left them more than once a dear bought field—
 'Twas then, at last, on Jersey plains distrest,
 We swore to seek the mountains of the west,
 There a free empire for our seed obtain,
 A terror to the slaves that might remain.

Peace you demand, and vainly wish to find
 Old leagues renew'd, and souls once more combin'd—
 Yet shall not all your base dissembling art
 Deceive the tortures of a bleeding heart—
 Yet shall not all your mingled prayers that rise
 Wash out your crimes, or bribe the avenging skies ;
 Full many a corpse lies mouldering on the plain
 That ne'er shall see its little brood again :
 See, yonder lies, all breathless, cold, and pale,
 Drench'd in her gore, *Lavinia* of the vale,
 The cruel Indian seiz'd her life away,
 As the next morn began her bridal day !—
 This deed alone our just revenge would claim,
 Did not ten thousand more your sons defame.

Return'd a prisoner to my native shore,
 How chang'd I find those scenes that pleas'd before !
 How chang'd those groves where fancy lov'd to stray,
 When spring's young blossoms bloom'd along the way ;
 From every eye distils the frequent tear,
 From every mouth some doleful tale I hear !
 Some mourn a father, brother, husband, friend,
 Some mourn, imprison'd in their native land,
 In sickly ships what numerous hosts confin'd
 At once their lives and liberties resign'd,

In dreary dungeons woeful scenes have pass'd,
 Long in tradition shall the story last,
 As long as spring renews the flowery wood,
 As long as breezes curl the yielding flood!—
 Some sent to India's sickly climes, afar,
 To dig with slaves for buried diamonds there,
 There left to sicken in that land of woe
 Where o'er scorch'd hills infernal breezes blow,
 Whose every blast some dire contagion brings,
 Fevers or death on its destructive wings,
 'Till fate relenting, its last arrows drew
 Brought death to them, and infamy to you.

Pests of mankind ! remembrance shall recall
 And paint these horrors to the view of all ;
 Heaven has not turn'd to its own works a foe
 Nor left to monsters these fair realms below,
 Else had your arms more general vengeance spread,
 And these gay plains been dy'd a deeper red.—
 O'er Britain's isle a thousand woes impend,
 Too weak to conquer, govern, or defend,
 To liberty she holds the lying claim—
 The substance we enjoy, and they the name ;
 Her prince, surrounded by his mitred slaves,
 Still claims dominion o'er the vagrant waves :
 Such be his claims o'er all the world beside,
 An empty nothing—madness, rage, and pride.

From Europe's realms fair freedom has retir'd,
 And even in Britain has the spark expir'd—
 Sigh for the change thy haughty empire feels,
 Sigh for the doom that no disguise conceals !
 Freedom no more shall *Albion's* cliffs survey ;
 Corruption there has planted all her sway,
 Freedom disdains her honest head to rear,
 To herd with *North*, or *Bute*, or *Mansfield* there ;
 She shuns their gilded spires, and domes of state,
 Resolv'd, O Virtue, at thy shrine to wait,

'Midst savage woods and wilds she dares to stray,
 And bids uncultur'd nature bloom more gay;
 She is that glorious and immortal sun,
 Without whose ray this world would be undone,
 A mere dull chaos, sunk in deepest night,
 An abject something, without form or light,
 Of reptiles, worst in rank, the dire abode,
 Perpetual mischief, and the dragon's brood.

Let Turks and Russians glut their fields with blood,
 Again let Britain dye the Atlantic flood,
 Let all the east adore the sanguine wreath
 And gain new glories from the works of death—
 America! the works of peace be thine,
 Thus shalt thou gain a triumph more divine—
 To thee belongs a second golden reign,
 Thine is the empire o'er a *peaceful* main;
 Protect the *rights* of human kind below,
 Crush the proud tyrant who becomes *their* foe,
 And future times shall own our struggles blest,
 And future years enjoy perpetual rest.

Americans! revenge your country's wrongs;
 To you the honour of this deed belongs,
 Your arms did once this sinking land sustain,
 And sav'd those climes where Freedom yet must reign—
 Your bleeding soil this ardent task demands,
 Expel yon' thieves from these polluted lands,
 Expect no peace till haughty Britain yields,
 'Till humbled Britain quits your ravag'd fields—
 Still to the charge that routed foe returns,
 The war still rages, and the battle burns—
 No dull debates, or tedious counsels know,
 But rush, at once, embodied on the foe;—
 With hell-born spite a seven years war they wage,
 The pirate *Goodrich*, and the ruffian *Gage*.
 Your injur'd country groans while yet they stay,
 Attend her groans, and force their hosts away;

Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall grace,
 Your gallant deeds shall fire a future race ;
 To you shall kings and potentates appeal,
 You shall the doom of jarring nations seal ;
 A glorious empire rises, bright and new !
 Firm be its basis, and must rest on you—
 Fame o'er the mighty *pile* expands her wings,
Remote from princes, bishops, lords, and kings,
 Those fancied gods, who, fam'd through every shore,
 Mankind have fashion'd, and, like fools, adore.
 Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace bestow,
 While o'er our soil the streams of plenty flow,
 And o'er the main we spread the trading sail,
 Wafting the produce of the rural vale.

STANZAS ON THE NEW AMERICAN FRIGATE ALLIANCE.

AS Neptune trac'd the azure main,
 That own'd so late proud Britain's reign,
 A floating pile approach'd his car
 The scene of terror, and of war.

As nearer still the monarch drew,
 (Her starry flag display'd to view)
 He ask'd a Triton of his train
 " What flag was this that rode the main—

" A ship of such a gallant mien
 " This many day I have not seen,
 " To no mean power can she belong,
 " So swift, so warlike, stout and strong.

“ See how she mounts the foaming wave—
“ Where other ships would find a grave,
“ Majestic, awful, and serene
“ She walks the ocean like its queen.”—

“ Great monarch of the hoary deep,
“ Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,
(Replied a triton of his train)
“ This ship, that stems the western main,

“ To those new, rising *States* belongs,
“ Who, in resentment of their wrongs,
“ Oppose proud Britain’s rugged sway
“ And combat her by land and sea.

“ This pile of such superior fame
“ From their strict *union* takes her name,
“ For them she cleaves the briny tide,
“ While terror marches by her side.

“ When she unfurls her flowing sails,
“ Though stormy blow the stubborn gales,
“ In dreadful pomp she ploughs the main,
“ While adverse tempests rage in vain.

“ When she displays her gloomy *tier*,
“ The boldest Britons freeze with fear,
“ And, owning her superior might,
“ Seek their best safety in their flight.

“ But, when she pours the dreadful blaze,
“ And thunder from her cannon plays,
“ The horrid flash that wings the ball,
“ Compells those foes to *strike* or fall.

" Though she, with her triumphant train,
 " Might fill with awe the British main,
 " Yet filial to the land that bore
 " She stays to guard her native shore.

" Though she might make their cruizers groan
 " That sail beneath the torrid zone,
 " She kindly lends a nearer aid,
 " Annoys them here, and guards the trade.

" Now, traversing the eastern main
 " She greets the shores of France and Spain ;
 " Her gallant flag display'd to view
 " Invites the old world to the new.

" This task atchiev'd, behold her go
 " To seas congeal'd with ice and snow,
 " To either tropick, and the *line*
 " Where suns with endless fervour shine.

" Not, Argo, in thy womb was found
 " Such hearts of brass, as here abound ;
 " They for their golden fleece did fly,
 " These sail to vanquish tyranny."—

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NICHOLAS
 BIDDLE, COMMANDER OF THE
 RANDOLPH FRIGATE,

Blown up near Barbadoes—1776.

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies,
 What clouds of smoke in volumes rise,
 What means this dreadful roar !

Is from his base *Vesuvius* thrown,
Is sky-topt *Atlas* tumbled down,
Or *Etna's* self no more !

Shock after shock torments my ear ;
And lo ! two hostile ships appear,
Red lightnings round them glow :
The *Yarmouth* boasts of sixty-four,
The *Randolph* thirty-two—no more—
And will she fight this foe !

The *Randolph* soon on Stygian streams
Shall coast along the land of dreams,
The islands of the dead !
But fate, that parts them on the deep,
Shall save the Briton, still to weep
His ancient honours fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,
Where yonder starry streamer plays ;
Does *Mars* with *Jove* engage !
'Tis BIDDLE wings those angry fires,
BIDDLE, whose bosom *Jove* inspires
With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash ! and hark, the ball
Drives through old *Yarmouth*, flames and all :
Her bravest sons expire ;
Did *Mars* himself approach so nigh,
Even *Mars*, without disgrace, might fly
The *Randolph's* fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,
“ And shall we strike to *thirty-two*,
(Said *Hector*, stain'd with gore)

“ Shall Britain’s flag to *these* descend—
“ Rise, and the glorious conflict end,
“ Britons, I ask no more !”

He spoke—they charg’d their cannon round,
Again the vaulted heavens resound,
The Randolph bore it all,
Then fix’d her pointed cannons true—
Away the unwieldy vengeance flew ;
Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,
Her wounded hull, shrouds shot away,
Her boldest heroes dead—
She saw amidst her floating slain
The conquering *Randolph* stem the main—
She saw, she turn’d, and fled !

That hour, blest chief, had she been thine,
Dear *Biddle*, had the powers divine
Been kind as thou wert brave ;
But fate, who doom’d thee to expire,
Prepar’d an arrow tipt with fire,
And mark’d a wat’ry grave,

And in that hour when conquest came
Wing’d at his ship a pointed flame
That not even *he* could shun—
The conquest ceas’d, the Yarmouth fled,
The bursting Randolph ruin spread,
And lost what honour won.

CAPTAIN JONES'S INVITATION.

THOU, who on some dark mountain's brow
Hast toil'd thy life away till now,
And often from that rugged steep
Beheld the vast extended deep,
Come from thy forest, and with me
Learn what it is to go to sea.

There endless plains the eye surveys
As far from land the vessel strays ;
No longer hill nor dale is seen,
The realms of death intrude between,
But fear no ill ; resolve, with me
To share the dangers of the sea.

But look not there for verdant fields—
Far different prospects Neptune yields ;
Green seas shall only greet the eye,
Those seas encircled by the sky,
Immense and deep—come then with me
And view the wonders of the sea.

Yet sometimes groves and meadows gay
Delight the seamen on their way ;
From the deep seas that round us swell
With rocks the surges to repel
Some verdant isle, by waves embrac'd,
Swells, to adorn the wat'ry waste.

Though now this vast expanse appear
With glassy surface, calm and clear ;

Be not deceiv'd—'tis but a show,
For many a corpse is laid below—
Even Britain's lads—it cannot be—
They were the *masters* of the sea !

Now combating upon the brine,
Where ships in flaming squadrons join,
At every blast the brave expire
'Midst clouds of smoke, and streams of fire ;
But scorn all fear ; advance with me—
'Tis but the custom of the sea.

Now we the peaceful wave divide,
On broken surges now we ride,
Now every eye dissolves with woe
As on some lee-ward coast we go—
Half lost, half buried in the main
Hope scarcely beams on life again,

Above us storms distract the sky,
Beneath us depths unfathom'd lie,
Too near wee see, a ghastly sight,
The realms of everlasting night,
A wat'ry tomb of ocean green
And only one frail plank between !

But winds must cease, and storms decay,
Not always lasts the gloomy day,
Again the skies are warm and clear,
Again soft zephyrs fan the air,
Again we find the long-lost shore,
The winds oppose our wish no more.

If thou hast courage to despise
The various changes of the skies,

To disregard the ocean's rage,
Unmov'd when hostile ships engage,
Come from thy forest, and with me
Learn what it is to go to sea.

GEORGE III. HIS SOLILOQUY

FOR 1779.

WHAT mean these dreams, and hideous forms that
rise

Night after night, tormentors to my eyes—
No real foes these horrid shapes can be,
But thrice as much they vex and torture me.

How curs'd is he, how doubly curs'd am I—
Who lives in pain, and yet who dares not die;
To him no joy this world of nature brings,
In vain the wild rose blooms, the daisy springs.
Is this a prelude to some new disgrace,
Some baleful omen to my name and race!—
It may be so—ere mighty Cæsar died
Presaging Nature felt his doom, and sigh'd;
A bellowing voice through midnight groves was heard,
And threatening ghosts at dusk of eve appear'd—
Ere Brutus fell, to adverse fates a prey,
His evil genius met him on the way,
And so may mine!—but who would yield so soon
A prize some luckier hour may make my own?—
Shame seize my crown ere such a deed be mine—
No—to the last my squadrons shall combine,
And slay my foes, while foes remain to slay,
Or *heaven* shall grant me one auspicious day.

Is there a robber close in Newgate hemm'd,
Is there a cut-throat, fetter'd and condemn'd?
Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,
Attend his lectures when you hear the drum;
Your chains I break—for better days prepare,
Come out, my friends, from prison and from care,
Far to the west I plan your desperate sway,
There 'tis no sin to ravage, burn, and slay,
There without fear your bloody aims pursue,
And show mankind what English thieves can do.

That day, when first I mounted to the throne,
I swore to let all foreign foes alone.
Through love of peace to terms did I advance,
And made, they say, a shameful peace with France.
But different scenes rise horrid to my view,
I charg'd my hosts to plunder and subdue—
At first, indeed, I thought short wars to wage
And sent a scoundrel by the name of *Gage*,
For 'twas but right, that those we mark'd for slaves
Should be reduc'd by cowards, fools and knaves:
Awhile directed by his feeble hand
My troops were kick'd and pelted through the land,
Or starv'd in Boston, curs'd the unlucky hour
They left their dungeons for that fatal shore.

France aids them now, a desperate game I play,
And hostile Spain will do the same, they say;
My armies vanquish'd, and my heroes fled,
My people murmuring, and my commerce dead,
My shatter'd navy pelted, bruis'd, and clubb'd,
By Dutchmen bullied, and by Frenchmen drubb'd,
My name abhorr'd, my nation in disgrace,
How should I act in such a mournful case!
My hopes and joys are vanish'd with my coin,
My ruin'd army, and my lost Burgoyne!
What shall I do—confess my labours vain,
Or whet my tusks, and to the charge again!

But where's my force—my choicest troops are fled,
Some thousands crippled, and a myriad dead—
If I were own'd the stoutest of mankind,
And hell with all her rage inspir'd my mind,
Could I at once with Spain and France contend,
And fight the *rebels*, on the world's green end?
The pangs of parting I can ne'er endure,
Yet part we must, and part to meet no more!
Oh, damn this *Congress*, damn each upstart State,
On whose commands ten thousand captains wait;
From various climes that dire *Assembly* came,
True to their trust, and hostile to my fame,
'Tis these, ah these, have ruin'd half my sway,
Disgrac'd my arms, and led my slaves astray—
Curs'd be the day when first I saw the sun,
Curs'd be the hour when I these wars begun,
The fiends of darkness then possess'd my mind,
And powers unfriendly to the human kind.
To wasting grief, and sullen rage a prey,
To Scotland's utmost verge I take my way,
There with eternal storms due concert keep
And while the billows rage, as fiercely weep—
Ye highland lads, my rugged fate bemoan,
Assist me with one sympathizing groan,
For late I find the nations are my foes,
I must submit, and that with bloody nose,
Or, like our James, fly basely from the state,
Or share, what still is worse—old *Charles's* fate.

THE RETORT.

'TIS nonsense, said I, to be wasting my time
When *Whaycum* as well may amuse them with
rhyme,
Spectators, new *poems*, and *essays* sublime :
His jibes and his jeers,
His satires and sneers,
His tricks and his fancies are so very fine,
By the shoul of shaint Patrick, I wish they were
mine.

Now, mend me a pen, and I'll shew you some fun,
'Tis a folly to dance when the music is done—
Where nothing is ventur'd no laurels are won ;
Although he was dead,
As the newspaper said,
It was folly to pay for his funeral bell,
For hero he returns to insult us from hell.

Spectator he gave us by way of new lecture,
But it vanish'd so quick we are apt to conjecture
Instead of *Spectator* it should have been *spectre* ;
Its life was a day,
And it vanish'd away
To those horrid retreats that dishonour the ground,
Where *Settle* and *Dennis*, and *Tibbald* are found.

What a splutter he makes with a dash of his quill,
What a grinding he keeps on his *poetry-mill* ;
From morning till midnight it never stands still ;
Lad bless us, said I,

With a tear and a sigh,
This poet of poets imported so late
Will kill his dear self for the good of our State.

Ye men of Assembly, his lectures attend,
Your wisest proceedings he knows how to mend,
He will give his advice like a true-hearted friend ;
 Young widows he'll kill
 With a stroke of your bill ;
For the sake of yourselves let it never be said
You slighted his counsels for *three pence* a-head.

Now a war with the Spaniards he threatens, O yes !
Here, beat up to arms, and relieve his distress !
In a month we shall end it, and who knows but less—
 By the help of his song
 We'll muster so strong
That Congress shall own their remonstrance is vain,
And make him their captain to conquer New Spain.

I never would charge my artillery high
When there's nothing to vex but the buzz of a fly,
When monkees and puppies are only to die ;—
 His head and his hand
 Are both at a stand,
What malice to vent, or what nonsense to say,
What satire to write, or what new tune to play.

So often attack'd, shall I never reply ?—
Must *Whaycum* for ever all satire defy ?—
Away with your comfort, and leave me to sigh !
 The sun's in the west,
 And I am opprest
With fellows attempting to blacken my muse
Who hardly have genius to blacken my shoes.

But when I reflect that I have for a foe
 A shadow departed full twelve days ago,
 With a letter of licence return'd from *below*,
 To his screeches and bawling
 And such catterwauling,
 Alas, it were madness in me to reply,
 And so Mr. *Spectre*, I bid you *good by*.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY AND MR. FOX.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE PASSED ABOUT THE TIME OF THE
 APPROACH OF THE COMBINED FLEETS OF
 FRANCE AND SPAIN TO THE BRITISH
 COASTS, AUGUST 1779.

King G.

GOOD master Fox, your counsel I implore,
 Still George the third, but potent George no more.
 By North conducted to the brink of fate,
 I mourn my folly and my pride too late:
 The promises he made, when once we met
 In Kew's gay shades,* I never shall forget,
 That at my feet the western world should fall,
 And bow to me the potent lord of all—
 Curse on his hopes, his councils and his schemes,
 His plans of conquest, and his golden dreams,
 These have allur'd me to the jaws of hell,
 By Satan tempted thus Iacariot fell:
 Divested of majestic pomp I come,
 My royal robes and airs I've left at home,

* The royal gardens at Kew.

Speak freely, friend, whate'er you choose to say,
Suppose me equal with yourself to-day :
How shall I shun the mischiefs that impend ?
How shall I make Columbia* yet my friend ?
I dread the power of each revolted State,
The convex East hangs balanc'd with their weight.
How shall I dare the rage of France and Spain,
And lost dominion o'er the waves regain ?
Advise me quick, for doubtful while we stand,
Destruction gathers o'er this wretched land :
These hostile squadrons to my ruin led,
These Gallic thunders fill my soul with dread,
If these should conquer—Britain, thou must fall
And bend, a province, to the haughty Gaul :
If this must be—thou earth, expanding wide,
Unlucky George in thy dark entrails hide—
Ye oceans, wrap me in your dark embrace—
Ye mountains, shroud me to your lowest base—
Fall on my head, ye everlasting rocks—
But why so pensive, my good master Fox ?

Fox.

While in the arms of power and peace you lay,
Ambition led your restless soul astray.
Possess of lands extending far and wide,
And more than Rome could boast in all her pride,
Yet, not contented with that mighty store,
Like a true miser, still you sought for more ;
And, all in raptures for a tyrant's reign,
You strove your subjects dearest rights to chain :
Those ruffian hosts beyond the ocean sent,
By your commands on blood and murder bent,
With cruel hand the form of man defac'd,
And laid the toils of art and nature waste.

* America, so called, by poetical liberty, from its discoverer.

(For crimes like these imperial Britain bends,
For crimes like these her ancient glory ends)
These lands, once truest to your name and race,
Whom the wide ocean's utmost waves embrace,
Your just protection basely you deny'd,
Their towns you plunder'd, and you burnt beside.
Virginia's slaves, without one blush of shame,
Against their lords you arm'd with sword and flame ;
At every port your ships of war you laid,
And strove to ruin and distress their trade,
Yet here, ev'n here, your mighty projects fail'd ;
For then from creeks their hardy seamen sail'd,
In slender barques they cross'd a stormy main,
And traffick'd for the wealth of France and Spain ;
O'er either tropic and the line they pass'd,
And, deeply laden, safe return'd at last :
Nor think they yet had bow'd to Britain's sway,
Though distant nations had not join'd the fray,
Alone they fought your armies and your fleet,
And made your Clintons and your Howes retreat,
And yet while France stood doubting if to join,
Your ships they captur'd, and they took Burgoyne !
How vain is Britain's strength, her armies now
Before Columbia's bolder veterans bow ;
Her gallant veterans all our force despise,
Though late from ruin* we beheld them rise ;
Before their arms our strongest bulwarks fall,
They storm the rampart and they scale the wall ;†
With equal dread, on either service sent,
They seize a fortress, or they strike a tent.

But should we bow beneath a foreign yoke,
And potent France atchieve the humbling stroke,
Yet every power, and even ourselves, must say,
“ Just is the vengeance of the skies to-day :”

* The Year 1776.

† Stoney Point, Powles Hook, &c.

For crimes like ours dire vengeance must atone ;
Forbear your fasts, and let the skies alone—
By cruel kings, in fierce Britannia bred,
Such seas of blood have first and last been shed,
That now, distress for each inhuman deed,
Our turn has come—our turn has come to bleed :
Forbear your groans ; for war and death array,
March to the foe, and give the fates their way.
Can you behold, without one hearty groan,
The fleets of France superior to your own ?
Can you behold, without one poignant pang,
The foreign conquests of the brave D'Estaing ?*
North is your friend, and now destruction knocks,
Still take his counsel, and regard not Fox.

King G.

Ah ! speak not thus—your words will break my heart,
Some softer counsel to my ears impart.
How can I march to meet the insulting foe,
Who never yet to hostile plains did go ?
When was I vers'd in battles or in blood ?
When have I fought upon the faithless flood ?
Much better could I at my palace door
Recline and hear the distant cannons roar.
Generals and admirals Britain yet can boast,
Some fight on land, and some defend the coast ;
The fame of these throughout the globe resounds,
To these I leave the glory and the wounds ;
But since this honour for no blood atones,
I must and will be careful of my bones.

What pleasure to your monarch would it be,
If Lords and Commons could at last agree ;
Could North with Fox in firm alliance stand,
And Burke with Sandwich shake the social hand,

* Grenada, &c.

Then should we bring the rebels to our feet,
 And France and Spain ingloriously retreat,
 Her ancient glories to this isle return,
 And we no more for lost Columbia mourn.

Fox.

Alliance!—what!*—Your Highness must be mad :
 Say, what alliance can with these be had ?
 Can lambs and wolves in social bands ally ?
 When these prove friendly, then will North and I.
 Alliance ! no—I curse the horrid thought ;
 Ally with those their country's ruin sought !
 Who to perdition sold their native land,
 Leagu'd with the foe, a close connected band—
 Ally with these !—I speak it to your face—
 Alliance here is ruin and disgrace.
 Angels and devils in such bonds unite,
 So hell is ally'd to the realms of light—
 Let North or Germaine still my prayers deride,
 Let turn-coat Johnston † take the courtly side,
 Even Pitt, if living, might with these agree ;
 But no alliance shall they have with me.

But since no shame forbids your tongue to own
 A royal coward fills Britannia's throne ;
 Since our best chiefs must fight your mad campaigns,
 And be disgrac'd at last by him who reigns, ‡
 No wonder, heaven ! such ill success attends !
 No wonder North and Mansfield are your friends !
 Take my advice, with these to battle go,
 These book-learned heroes may confront the foe—

* See his speech in the House of Commons, June 22, 1779, in answer to Lord Nugent.

† The worthy British commissioner, of bribing memory, who, for the sake of a few guineas, belied his own conscience, and sided with the majority.

‡ As Gage, the Howes, Burgoyne, &c. for not doing impossibilities.

Those first who led us tow'ards the brink of fate,
 Should still be foremost when at Pluto's gate ;
 Let them, grown desperate by our run of woes,
 Collect new fury from this host of foes,
 And, ally'd with themselves, to ruin steer,
 The just conclusion of their mad career.

King G.

No comfort in these cruel words I find—
 Ungrateful words to my tormented mind !
 With me alone both France and Spain contend,
 And not one nation will be call'd my friend :
 Unpitying now the Dutchman sees me fall,
 The Russian leaves me to the haughty Gaul,
 The German, grown as brutish as the Dane,
 Consigns my carcase to the jaws of Spain.
 Where are the hosts they promis'd me of yore,
 When rich and great they heard my thunders roar,
 While yet confess'd the master of the sea,
 The Germans drain'd their wide domain for me,
 And aiding Britain with a friendly hand,
 Helpt to subdue the rebels and their land ?*
 Ah ! rebels, rebels ! insolent and mad ;
 My Scottish rebels were not half so bad,†
 They soon submitted to superior sway ;‡
 But these grow stronger as my hosts decay :
 What hosts have perish'd on their hostile shore !
 They went for conquest, but return'd no more.
 Columbia, thou a friend in better times !
 Lost are to me thy pleasurable climes.
 You wish me buried in eternal night,
 You curse the day when first I saw the light—
 Thy commerce vanish'd, hostile nations share,
 And thus you leave me naked, poor, and bare ;

* The Hessians, Waldeckers, Anspachers, &c.

† The Year 1745.

‡ Culloden.

Despised by those who should my cause defend,
 And helpless left without one pitying friend.
 These dire afflictions shake my changeful throne,
 And turn my brain—a very idiot grown :
 Of all the isles, the realms with which I part,
 Columbia sits the heaviest at my heart,
 She, she provokes the deepest, heaviest sigh,
 And makes me doubly wretched ere I die.

Some dreary convent's unfrequented gloom
 (Like Charles of Spain)* had better be my doom :
 There while in absence from my crown I sigh,
 The Prince of Wales these ills may rectify ;
 A happier fortune may his crown await,
 He yet perhaps may save this sinking state.
 I'll to my prayers, my bishops and my beads,†
 And beg God's pardon for my heinous deeds ;
 Those streams of blood, that spilt by my command,
 Call out for vengeance on this guilty land.

For.

You ask for mercy—can you cry to God,
 Who had no mercy on poor parson Dodd?‡
 No inward image of the power divine,
 No gentle feelings warm that soul of thine ;
 Convents you have—no need to look for new,
 Your convents are the brothel and the stew.
 One horrid act§ disgrac'd old Jesse's son,
 And that one blemish have you hit upon ;
 You seiz'd an English Quaker's tempting wife,||

* Charles V. who, in 1556, resigning the crown to his son Philip II. shut himself up in the monastery of St. Just, in Spain, where he died two years after.

† This is not said without foundation, as he established the Roman Catholic religion in Canada, in 1775.

‡ Dr. William Dodd, whose history is well known.

§ In the case of Uriah.

|| "The connection between vice and meanness is a fit object

And push'd him off to lose his sneaking life ;
 Even to that coast where freedom sent to quell,
 All in their pride the flower of Britain fell.
 But ruin'd was your scheme, the plan was vain,
 For when were Quakers in a battle slain ?
 As well might Whales by closing waves expire,
 Or Salamanders perish in the fire.

When France and Spain are thund'ring at your doors,
 Is this a time for kings to lodge with whores ?
 In one short sentence take my whole advice,
 (It is no time to flatter and be nice)
 With all your soul for instant peace contend,
 Thus shall you be your country's truest friend—
 Peace, heavenly peace, may stay your tottering throne,
 But wars and death and blood can profit none.
 To Russia send, in humblest guise array'd,
 And beg her intercession, not her aid :
 Withdraw your armies from th' Americ' shore,
 And vex Columbia with your fleets no more ;
 Vain are their conquests, past experience shews,
 For what this hour they gain, the next they lose.
 Implore the friendship of these injur'd States ;
 No longer strive against the stubborn fates.
 Since heav'n has doom'd Columbia to be free,
 What is her commerce and her wealth to thee ?
 Since heav'n that land of promise has denied,
 Regain by prudence what you lost by pride :
 Immediate ruin each delay attends,

" for satire ; but when the satire is a fact, it cuts with the irresistible power of a diamond. If a Quaker, in defence of his just rights, his property, and the chastity of his house, takes up a musket, he is expelled the meeting ; but the present king of England, who seduced and took into keeping a sister of their society, is revered and supported with repeated testimonies, while the friendly noodle from whom she was taken (and who is now in this city) continues a drudge in the service of his rival, as if proud of being cuckolded by a creature called a king."

American Crisis, No. 3, Printed at Philadelphia, 1777.

Imperial Britain scarce her coast defends,
 Hibernia sees the threat'ning foes advance,
 And feels an ague at the thoughts of France ;
 Jamaica mourns her half-protected state,
 Barbadoes soon may share Grenada's fate,
 And every isle that owns your reign to-day,
 May bow to-morrow to great Louis' sway.
 Yes—while I speak, your empire, great before,
 Contracts its limits, and is great no more.
 Unhappy prince ! what madness has possest,
 What worse than madness seiz'd thy vengeful breast,
 When white-rob'd peace before thy portal stood,
 To drive her hence, and stain the world with blood ?
 For this destruction threatens from the skies ;
 See hostile navies to our ruin rise ;
 Our fleets inglorious shun the force of Spain,
 And France triumphant stems the subject main.

THE BRITISH PRISON SHIP.

[WRITTEN 1780.]

CANTO I. THE CAPTURE.

ASSIST me, CLIO ! while in verse I tell
 The dire misfortunes that a ship befell,
 Which outward bound, to St. Eustatia's shore,
 Death and disaster through the billows bore.
 From Philadelphia's crowded port she came ;
 For there the builder plann'd her lofty frame,
 With wond'rous skill, and excellence of art
 He form'd, dispos'd, and order'd every part,
 With joy beheld the stately fabric rise
 To a stout bulwark of stupendous size,

'Till launch'd at last, capacious of the freight,
He left her to the Pilots, and her fate.

First from her depths the tapering masts ascend,
On whose firm bulk the transverse yards depend,
By shrouds and stays secur'd from side to side
Trees grew on trees, suspended o'er the tide,
Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast
They hung the sails susceptible of the blast,
Far o'er the prow the lengthy bowsprit lay,
Supporting on the extreme the taught Gib-stay,
Twice ten sixpounders at their port holes plac'd
And rang'd in rows, stood hostile in the waist :
Thus all prepar'd, impatient for the seas,
She left her station with an adverse breeze,
This her first outset from her native shore,
To seas a stranger, and untry'd before.

From the bright radiance that his glories spread
Ere from the east gay Phœbus lifts his head,
From the sweet morn, a kindred name she won,
AURORA call'd, the offspring of the sun,
Whose form projecting, the broad prow displays,
Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimic blaze.

The gay ship now, in all her pomp and pride,
With sails expanded, flew along the tide ;
'Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that bore
This pile intended for a southern shore,
Bound to those isles where endless summer reigns,
Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamell'd plains ;
Where sloping lawns the roving swain invite,
And the cool morn succeeds the breezy night,
Where each glad day a heaven unclouded brings
And sky-topt mountains teem with golden springs.

From Cape HENLOPEN, urg'd by favouring gales,
When morn emerg'd, we sea-ward spread our sails,
Then east-south-east explor'd the briny way,
Close to the wind, departing from the bay ;

No longer seen the hoarse resounding strand,
With hearts elate we hurried from the land,
Escap'd the dangers of that shelvy ground,
To sailors fatal, and for wrecks renown'd—

The gale increases as we stem the main,
Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist retain,
At last they sink beneath the rolling wave
That seems their summits, as they sink, to lave ;
Aft the beam the freshening breezes play,
No mists advancing to deform the day,
No tempests rising o'er the splendid scene,
A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.

Now *Sol's* bright lamp, the heav'n born source of light,
Had pass'd the line of his meridian height,
And westward hung—retreating from the view
Shores disappear'd, and every hill withdrew,
When, still suspicious of some neighbouring foe,
Aloft the Master bade a Seaman go,
To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height
Through all the round a vessel came in sight.

Too soon the Seaman's glance, extending wide,
Far distant in the east a ship espy'd,
Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,
Close to the wind was brac'd each shivering sail ;
Next from the deck we saw the approaching foe,
Her spangled bottom seem'd in flames to glow
When to the winds she bow'd in dreadful haste
And her lee-guns lay delug'd in the waste :
From her top-gallant flow'd an *English Jack* ;
With all her might she strove to gain our track,
Nor strove in vain—with pride and power elate
Wing'd on by hell, she drove us to our fate,
No stop, no stay her bloody crew intends,
(So flies a comet with its host of fiends)
Nor oaths, nor prayers arrest her swift career,
Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.

Struck at the sight, the Master gave command
To change our course, and steer toward the land—
Swift to the task the ready sailors run,
And while the word was utter'd, half was done ;
As from the south the fiercer breezes rise
Swift from her foe alarm'd AURORA flies,
With every sail extended to the wind
She fled the unequal foe that chac'd behind ;
Along her decks dispos'd in close array
Each at its port, the grim artillery lay,
Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar ;
But, small their size, and narrow was their bore ;
Yet faithful they their destin'd station keep
To guard the barque that wafts them o'er the deep,
Who now must bend to steer a homeward course
And trust her swiftness rather than her force,
Unfit to combat with a powerful foe ;
Her decks too open, and her *waist* too low.

While o'er the wave with foaming prow she flies,
Once more emerging, distant landscapes rise ;
High in the air the *starry* streamer plays,
And every sail its various tribute pays :
To gain the land we bore a weighty blast ;
And now the wish'd for *cape* appear'd at last ;
But the vext foe, impatient of delay,
Prepar'd for ruin, press'd upon her prey ;
Near, and more near, in awful grandeur came
The frigate IRIS, not unknown to fame ;
IRIS her name, but HANCOCK once she bore,
Fram'd, and completed on NEW ALBION's shore,
By MANLY lost, the swiftest of the train
That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.

Now, while for combat some with zeal prepare,
Thus to the heavens the Boatswain sent his prayer ;
“ List' all ye powers that rule the skies and seas !
“ Shower down perdition on such thieves as these,

“ Fate, strike their hearts with terror and dismay,
“ And sprinkle on their powder salt-sea spray !
“ May bursting cannon, while his aim he tries,
“ Destroy the Gunner, and be-damn his eyes—
“ The chief who awes the quarter-deck, may he
“ Tripp’d from his stand, be tumbled in the sea.
“ May they who rule the *round-top’s* giddy height
“ Be canted headlong to perpetual night ;
“ May fiends torment them on a leeward coast,
“ And help forsake them when they want it most—
“ From their wheel’d engines torn be every gun—
“ And now, to sum up every curse in one,
“ May latent flames, to save us, intervene,
“ And hell-ward drive them from their magazine !” —

The Frigate, now, had every sail unfurl’d,
And rush’d tremendous o’er the wat’ry world ;
Thus fierce *Pelides*, eager to destroy,
Chac’d the proud Trojan to the gates of Troy—
Swift o’er the waves while hostile they pursue
As swiftly from their fangs *AURORA* flew,
At length *HENLOPEN’s* cape we gain’d once more,
And vainly strove to force the ship ashore ;
Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain,
Denial sad, and source of future pain !
For then the inspiring breezes ceas’d to blow,
Lost were they all, and smooth the seas below ;
By the broad cape becalm’d, our lifeless sails
No longer swell’d their bosoms to the gales ;
The ship, unable to pursue her way,
Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,
No more the helm its wonted influence lends,
No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends ;
Meantime the foe, advancing from the sea,
Rang’d her black cannon, pointed on our *lee*,
Then up she *luff’d*, and blaz’d her entrails dire,
Bearing destruction, terror, death and fire.

Vext at our fate, we prim'd a piece, and then
Return'd the shot, to shew them we were men.
Dull night at length her dusky pinions spread,
And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,
Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we press'd,
We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast ;
Though ruin'd trees beshroud thy barren shore
With mounds of sand half hid, or cover'd o'er,
Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit bare,
Yet every hope and every wish was there,
In vain we sought to reach the joyless strand,
Fate stood between, and barr'd us from the land.

All dead becalm'd, and helpless as we lay,
The ebbing current forc'd us back to sea,
While vengeful IRIS, thirsting for our blood,
Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood,
At every flash a storm of ruin came
'Till our shock'd vessel shook through all her frame—
Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow
To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe ;
Full at his hull our pointed guns we rais'd,
His hull-resounded as the cannon blaz'd ;
Through his main-topsail one a passage tore,
His sides re-echo'd to the dreadful roar,
Alternate fires dispell'd the shades of night—
But how unequal was this daring fight !
Our stoutest guns threw but a six-pound ball,
Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did maul,
And, while no power to save him intervenes,
A bullet struck our captain of Marines ;
Fierce, though he bid defiance to the foe
He felt his death and ruin in the blow,
Headlong he fell, distracted with the wound,
The deck distain'd, and heart blood streaming round.
Another blast, as fatal in its aim,
Wing'd by destruction, through our rigging came,

And, whistling tunes from hell upon its way,
 Shrouds, stays, and braces tore at once away,
 Sails, blocks, and oars in scatter'd fragments fly—
 Their softest language was—SUBMIT, OR DIE.

Repeated cries throughout the ship resound ;
 Now every bullet brought a different wound ;
 'Twixt *wind and water*, one assail'd the side,
 Through this aperture rush'd the briny tide—
 'Twas then the Master trembled for his crew,
 And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu !—
 And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,
 And must our colours to these ruffians fall !—
 They fall !—his thunders forc'd our pride to bend,
 The lofty topsails with their yards descend,
 And the proud foe, such leagues of ocean pass'd,
 His wish completed in our woe at last.

Convey'd to YORK, we found, at length, too late,
 That Death was better than the prisoner's fate,
 There doom'd to famine, shackles and despair,
 Condemn'd to breathe a foul, infected air
 In sickly hulks, devoted while we lay,
 Successive funerals gloom'd each dismal day—
 But what on captives British rage can do,
 Another Canto, friend, shall let you know.

CANTO II. THE PRISON SHIP.

THE various horrors of these hulks to tell,
 These Prison Ships where pain and horror dwell,
 Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,
 And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd, complain ;
 This be my task—ungenerous Britons, you
 Conspire to murder those you can't subdue.—

Weak as I am, I'll try my strength to-day
 And my best arrows at these hell-hounds play,

To future years one scene of death prolong,
And hang them up to infamy, in song.

That Britain's rage should dye our plains with gore,
And desolation spread through every shore,
None e'er could doubt, that her ambition knew,
This was to rage and disappointment due ;
But that those monsters whom our soil maintain'd,
Who first drew breath in this devoted land,
Like famish'd wolves, should on their country prey,
Assist its foes, and wrest our lives away,
This shocks belief—and bids our soil disown
Such friends, subservient to a bankrupt crown,
By them the widow mourns her partner dead,
Her mangled sons to darksome prisons led,
By them—and hence my keenest sorrows rise,
My friend, my guardian, my *Orestes* dies ;
Still for that loss must wretched I complain,
And sad *Ophelia* mourn her favourite swain.

Ah ! come the day when from this bloody shore
Fate shall remove them to return no more—
To scorch'd Bahama shall the traitors go
With grief and rage, and unremitting woe,
On burning sands to walk their painful round,
And sigh through all the solitary ground,
Where no gay flower their haggard eyes shall see,
And find no shade but from the cypress tree.

So much we suffer'd from the tribe I hate,
So near they shov'd me to the brink of fate,
When two long months in these dark hulks we lay
Barr'd down by night, and fainting all the day
In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,
Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's mountain-stream ;
That not unsung these threescore days shall fall
To black oblivion that would cover all !—

No masts or sails these crowded ships adorn,
Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn !

Am
Tore.

Here, mighty ills oppress the imprison'd throng,
Dull were our slumbers, and our nights too long—
From morn to eve along the decks we lay
Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray ;
No friendly *awning* cast a welcome shade,
Once was it promis'd, and was never made ;
No favours could these sons of death bestow,
'Twas endless cursing, and continual woe :
Immortal hatred doth their breasts engage,
And this lost empire swells their souls with rage.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,
Two, farther south, affront the pitying eye—
There, the black *SCORPION* at her mooring rides,
There, *STROMBOLO* swings, yielding to the tides ;
Here, bulky *JERSEY* fills a larger space,
And *HUNTER*, to all hospitals disgrace—
Thou, *Scorpion*, fatal to thy crowded throng,
Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,
Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I know,
And all the torments that exist below !
The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills
Drain'd through her bottom in a thousand rills,
Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,
Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her bones ;
Here, doom'd to toil, or founder in the tide,
At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd,
Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd dogs we tore
The scant allowance, that our tyrants bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene of fears—
Still in my view some English brute appears,
Some base-born Hessian slave walks threat'ning by,
Some servile Scot with murder in his eye
Still haunts my sight, as vainly they bemoan
Rebellions manag'd so unlike their *own* !
O may I never feel the poignant pain
To live subjected to such fiends again,

Stewards and *Mates* that hostile Britain bore
Cut from the gallows on their native shore ;
Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beaming eyes
Still to my view in dismal colours rise—
O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,
These piles for slaughter, floating on the floods,—
And you, that o'er the troubled ocean go,
Strike not your standards to this miscreant foe,
Better the greedy wave should swallow all,
Better to meet the death-conducted ball,
Better to sleep on ocean's deepest bed
At once destroy'd and number'd with the dead,
Than thus to perish in the face of day
Where twice ten thousand deaths one death delay.

When to the ocean dives the western sun,
And the scorch'd Tories fire their evening gun,
“ Down, rebels, down !” the angry Scotchmen cry,
“ Damn'd dogs, descend, or by our broad swords die !”

Hail, dark abode ! what can with thee compare—
Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stagnant air—
Pandora's box, from whence all mischief flew,
Here real found, torments mankind anew !—
Swift from the guarded decks we rush'd along,
And vainly sought repose, so vast our throng :
Three hundred wretches here, denied all light,
In crowded mansions pass the infernal night,
Some for a bed their tatter'd vestments join,
And some on chests, and some on floors recline ;
Shut from the blessings of the evening air,
Pensive we lay with mingled corpses there,
Meagre and wan, and scorch'd with heat, below,
We loom'd like ghosts, ere death had made us so—
How could we else, where heat and hunger join'd
Thus to debase the body and the mind,
Where cruel thirst the parching throat invades,
Dries up the man, and fits him for the shades.

No waters laded from the bubbling spring
To these dire ships the British monsters bring—
By planks and ponderous beams completely wall'd
Invain for water, and invain, I call'd—
No drop was granted to the midnight prayer,
To *Dives* in these regions of despair!—
The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,
Its poison circling through the languid veins;
“ Here, *generous* Britain, generous, as you say,
“ To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop convey,
“ Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
“ Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*.” *

Dull flew the hours, till, from the East display'd,
Sweet morn dispells the horrors of the shade;
On every side dire objects meet the sight,
And pallid forms, and murders of the night,
The dead were past their pain, the living groan,
Nor dare to hope another morn their own;
But what to them is morn's delightful ray,
Sad and distressful as the close of day,
O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,
And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,
But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,
Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead.

Black as the clouds that shade St. Kilda's shore,
Wild as the winds that round her mountains roar,
At every post some surly vagrant stands,
Pick'd from the British or the Irish bands,
Some slave from Hesse, some hangman's son at least
Sold and transported, like his brother beast—
Some miscreant Tory, puff'd with upstart pride,
Led on by hell to take the royal side;
Dispensing death triumphantly they stand,
Their musquets ready to obey command;
Wounds are their sport as ruin is their aim;
On their dark souls compassion has no claim,

* Commissary of Prisoners at New-York.

And discord only can their spirits please :
Such were our tyrants here, and such were these.

Ingratitude ! no curse like thee is found
Throughout this jarring world's extended round,
Their hearts with malice to our country swell
Because in former days we us'd them well !—
This pierces deep, too deeply wounds the breast ;
We help'd them naked, friendless, and distress'd,
Receiv'd their vagrants with an open hand,
Bestow'd them buildings, privilege, and land—
Behold the change !—when angry Britain rose,
These thankless tribes became our fiercest foes,
By them devoted, plunder'd, and accurst,
Stung by the serpents whom ourselves had nurs'd.

But such a train of endless woes abound,
So many mischiefs in these hulks are found,
That on them all a poem to prolong
Would swell too high the horrors of my song—
Hunger and thirst to work our woe combine,
And mouldy bread, and flesh of rotten swine,
The mangled carcase, and the batter'd brain,
The doctor's poison, and the captain's cane,
The soldier's musquet, and the steward's debt,
The evening shackle, and the noon-day threat.

That *juice* destructive to the pangs of care
Which Rome of old, nor Athens could prepare,
Which gains the day for many a modern chief
When cool reflection yields a faint relief,
That *charm*, whose virtue warms the world beside,
Was by these tyrants to our use denied,
While yet they deign'd that healthy juice to lade
The putrid water felt its powerful aid ;
But when refus'd—to aggravate our pains—
Then fevers rag'd and revel'd through our veins ;
Throughout my frame I felt its deadly heat,
I felt my pulse with quicker motions beat :

A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,
Unusual pains attack'd the fainting head,
No physic here, no doctor to assist,
My *name* was enter'd on the sick man's list ;
Twelve wretches more the same dark symptoms took,
And these were enter'd on the doctor's book ;
The loathsome HUNTER was our destin'd place,
The HUNTER to all hospitals disgrace ;
With soldiers sent to guard us on our road,
Joyful we left the SCORPION's dire abode ;
Some tears we shed for the remaining crew,
Then curs'd the hulk, and from her sides withdrew.

CANTO III. THE HOSPITAL PRISON SHIP.

Now tow'rd the HUNTER's gloomy sides we came,
A slaughter-house, yet *hospital* in name ;
For none came there (to pass through all degrees)
'Till half consum'd, and dying with disease ;—
But when too near with labouring oars we ply'd
The *Mate* with curses drove us from the side ;
That wretch who, banish'd from the navy crew,
Grown old in blood, did here his trade renew,
His serpent's tongue, when on his *charge* let loose,
Utter'd reproaches, scandal, and abuse,
Gave all to hell who dar'd his *king* disown,
And swore mankind were made for *George* alone :
Ten thousand times, to irritate our woe,
He wish'd us founder'd in the gulph below ;
Ten thousand times he brandish'd high his stick,
And swore as often that we were not sick—
And yet so pale !—that we were thought by some
A freight of ghosts from Death's dominions come—
But calm'd at length—for who can always rage,
Or the fierce war of endless passion wage,

He pointed to the stairs that led below
 To damps, disease, and varied shapes of woe—
 Down to the gloom I took my pensive way,
 Along the decks the dying captives lay ;
 Some struck with madness, some with scurvy pain'd,
 But still of putrid fevers most complain'd !
 On the hard floors these wasted objects laid,
 There toss'd and tumbled in the dismal shade,
 There no soft voice their bitter fate bemoan'd,
 And Death strode stately, while the victims groan'd ;
 Of leaky decks I heard them long complain,
 Drown'd as they were in deluges of rain,
 Deny'd the comforts of a dying bed,
 And not a pillow to support the head—
 How could they else but pine, and grieve, and sigh,
 Detest a wretched life—and wish to die.

Scarce had I mingled with this dismal band
 When a thin spectre seiz'd me by the hand—
 “ And art thou come, (death heavy on his eyes)
 “ And art thou come to these abodes, he cries ;
 “ Why didst thou leave the *Scorpion's* dark retreat,
 “ And hither haste a surer death to meet ?
 “ Why didst thou leave thy damp infected cell,
 “ If *that* was purgatory, this is hell—
 “ We too grown weary of that horrid shade
 “ Petitioned early for the doctor's aid ;
 “ His aid denied, more deadly symptoms came,
 “ Weak, and yet weaker, glow'd the vital flame ;
 “ And when disease had worn us down so low
 “ That few could tell if we were ghosts, or no,
 “ And all asserted, death would be our fate—
 “ Then to the doctor we were sent—too late.
 “ Here wastes away *Autolycus* the brave,
 “ Here young *Orestes* finds a wat'ry grave,
 “ Here, gay *Alcander*, gay, alas ! no more,
 “ Dies far sequester'd from his native shore ;

“ He late, perhaps, too eager for the fray,
“ Chac’d the vile Briton o’er the wat’ry way
“ ’Till fortune jealous, bade her clouds appear,
“ Turn’d hostile to his fame, and brought him *here*.
“ Thus do our warriors, thus our heroes fall,
“ Imprison’d here, base ruin meets them all,
“ Or, sent afar to Britain’s barbarous shore,
“ There die neglected, and return no more:
“ Ah rest in peace, poor, injur’d, parted shade;
“ By cruel hands in death’s dark weeds array’d,
“ But happier climes, where suns unclouded shine,
“ Light undisturb’d, and endless peace are thine.”—

From *Brookland* groves a Hessian doctor came,
Not great his skill, nor greater much his fame;
Fair Science never call’d the wretch her son,
And Art disdain’d the stupid man to own;—
Can you admire that Science was so coy,
Or Art refus’d his genius to employ!—
Do men with brutes an equal dullness share,
Or cuts yon’ grovelling mole the midway air—
In polar worlds can Eden’s blossoms blow,
Do trees of God in barren desarts grow,
Are loaded vines to Etna’s summit known,
Or swells the peach beneath the torrid zone?—
Yet still he doom’d his genius to the rack,
And, as you may suppose, was own’d a *quack*.

He on his charge the healing work begun
With antimonial mixtures, by the tun,
Ten minutes was the time he deign’d to stay,
The time of grace allotted once a day—
He drencht us well with bitter draughts, ’tis true,
Nostrums from hell, and *cortex* from Peru—
Some with his pills he sent to Pluto’s reign,
And some he blister’d with his flies of Spain;
His cream of Tartar walk’d its deadly round,
Till the lean patient at the potion frown’d,

And swore that hemlock, death, or what you will,
Were nonsense to the drugs that stuff'd his bill.—
On those refusing he bestow'd a kick,
Or menac'd vengeance with his walking stick ;
Here uncontroul'd he exercis'd his trade,
And grew experienced by the deaths he made,
By frequent blows we from his cane endur'd
He kill'd at least as many as he cur'd,
On our lost comrades built his future fame,
And scatter'd fate where'er his footsteps came.

Some did not seem obedient to his will,
And swore he mingled poison with his pill,
But I acquit him by a fair confession,
He was no Englishman—he was a Hessian—
Although a dunce, he had some sense of sin
Or else the Lord knows where we now had been ;
Perhaps in that far country sent to range
Where never prisoner meets with an exchange—
Then had we all been banish'd out of time
Nor I return'd to plague the world with rhyme.

Fool though he was, yet candour must confess
Not chief Physician was this dog of Hesse—
One master o'er the murdering tribe was plac'd,
By him the rest were honour'd or disgrac'd ;—
Once, and but once, by some strange fortune led
He came to see the dying and the dead—
He came—but anger so deform'd his eye,
And such a faulchion glitter'd on his thigh,
And such a gloom his visage darken'd o'er,
And two such pistols in his hands he bore !
That, by the gods !—with such a load of steel
He came, we thought, to murder, not to heal—
Hell in his heart, and mischief in his head,
He gloom'd destruction, and had smote us dead,
Had he so dar'd—but fate with-held his hand—
He came—blasphem'd—and turn'd again to land.

From this poor vessel, and her sickly crew
An English ruffian all his titles drew,
Captain, esquire, commander, too, in chief,
And hence he gain'd his bread, and hence his beef,
But, sir, 'you might have search'd creation round
Ere such another miscreant could be found—
Though unprovok'd, an angry face he bore,
We stood astonish'd at the oaths he swore;
He swore, till every prisoner stood aghast,
And thought him Satan in a brimstone blast;
He wish'd us banish'd from the public light,
He wish'd us shrouded in perpetual night!
That were he king, no mercy would he show,
But drive all *rebels* to the world below;
That if we *scoundrels* did not scrub the decks
His staff should break our damn'd *rebellious* necks;
He swore, besides, that if the ship took fire
We too should in the pitchy flame expire;
And meant it so—this tyrant I engage
Had lost his breath to gratify his rage.—

If where he walk'd a captive carcase lay,
Still dreadful was the language of the day—
He call'd us *dogs*, and would have us'd us so,
But vengeance check'd the meditated blow,
The vengeance from our injur'd nation due
To him, and all the base, unmanly crew.

Such food they sent, to make complete our woes,
It look'd like carrion torn from hungry crows,
Such vermin vile on every joint were seen,
So black, corrupted, mortified, and lean
That once we try'd to move our flinty chief,
And thus address'd him, holding up the beef:

“ See, captain, see! what rotten bones we pick,
“ What kills the healthy cannot cure the sick:
“ Not dogs on such by *Christian* men are fed,
“ And see, good master, see, what lousy bread!”

“ Your meat or bread (this man of flint replied)
“ Is not my care to manage or provide—
“ But this, damn’d rebel dogs, I’d have you know,
“ That better than you merit we bestow ;
“ Out of my sight ! ”——nor more he deign’d to say,
But whisk’d about, and frowning, strode away.

Each day, at least three carcasses we bore,
And scratch’d them graves along the sandy shore,
By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,
No stone memorial o’er the corpses laid ;
In barren sands, and far from home, they lie,
No friend to shed a tear, when passing by ;
O’er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead.

When to your arms these fatal islands fall,
(For first or last they must be conquer’d all)
Americans ! to rites sepulchral just,
With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,
And o’er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,
Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round.

Americans ! a just resentment shew,
And glut revenge on this detested foe ;
While the warm blood exults the glowing vein
Still shall resentment in your bosoms reign,
Can you forget the greedy Briton’s ire,
Your fields in ruin, and your domes on fire,
No age, no sex from lust and murder free,
And, black as night, the hell born refugee !
Must *York* forever your best blood entomb,
And these gorg’d monsters triumph in their doom,
Who leave no art of cruelty untry’d ;
Such heavy vengeance, and such hellish pride !
Death has no charms—his realms dejected lie
In the dull climate of a clouded sky,
Death has no charms, except in British eyes,
See, arm’d for death, the infernal miscreants rise,

See how they pant to stain the world with gore,
 And millions murder'd, still would murder more;
 This selfish race, from all the world disjoin'd,
 Perpetual discord spread throughout mankind,
 Aim to extend their empire o'er the ball,
 Subject, destroy, absorb, and conquer all,
 As if the power that form'd us did condemn
 All other nations to be slaves to them—
 Rouse from your sleep, and crush the thievish band,
 Defeat, destroy, and sweep them from the land,
 Ally'd like you, what madness to despair,
 Attack the ruffians while they linger there;
 There *Tryon* sits, a monster all complete,
 See *Clinton* there with vile *Knyphausen* meet,
 And every wretch whom honour should detest
 There finds a home—and Arnold with the rest.
 Ah! traitors, lost to every sense of shame,
 Unjust supporters of a tyrant's claim;
 Foes to the rights of freedom and of men,
 Flush'd with the blood of thousands you have slain,
 To the just doom the righteous skies decree
 We leave you, toiling still in cruelty,
 Or on dark plans in future herds to meet,
 Plans form'd in hell, and projects half complete:
 The years approach that shall to ruin bring
 Your lords, your chiefs, your miscreant of a king,
 Whose murderous acts shall stamp his name accurs'd,
 And his last triumphs more than damn the first.

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

OBTAINED BY THE GALLANT CAPTAIN PAUL JONES, OF
THE "GOOD MAN RICHARD," OVER THE "SERAPHIS," ETC. UNDER THE COMMAND
OF CAPTAIN PEARSON.

WRITTEN AUGUST, 1781.

1.

O'ER the rough main with flowing sheet
The guardian of a numerous fleet,
Seraphis from the Baltic came;
A ship of less tremendous force
Sail'd by her side the self-same course,
Countess of Scarb'ro' was her name.

2.

And now their native coasts appear,
Britannia's hills their summits rear
Above the German main;
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,
They southward coast along the shore,
Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

3.

Full forty guns *Seraphis* bore,
And *Scarb'ro's* Countess twenty-four,
Mann'd with old England's boldest tars—
What flag that rides the Gallic seas
Shall dare attack such piles as these,
Design'd for tumults and for wars!

4.

Now from the top-mast's giddy height
A seaman cry'd—"Four sail in sight
"Approach with favouring gales,"

Pearson, resolv'd to save the fleet,
Stood off to sea these ships to meet,
And closely brac'd his shivering sails.

5.

With him advanc'd the Countess bold,
Like a black tar in wars grown old :
And now these floating piles drew nigh ;
But, muse, unfold what chief of fame
In th' other warlike squadron came,
Whose standards at his mast head fly.

6.

'Twas JONES, brave JONES, to battle led
As bold a crew as ever bled
Upon the sky surrounded main ;
The standards of the Western World
Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

7.

The *Good Man Richard* led the line ;
The *Alliance* next : with these combine
The Gallic ship they *Pallas* call :
The *Vengeance*, arm'd with sword and flame,
These to attack the Britons came—
But *two* accomplish'd all.

8.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed :
But who can tell the scenes of dread,
The horrors of that fatal night !
Close up these floating castles came ;
The Good Man Richard bursts in flame ;
Seraphis trembled at the sight.

9.

She felt the fury of *her* ball,
Down, prostrate down, the Britons fall ;
The decks were strew'd with slain :

JONES to the foe his vessel lash'd ;
And, while the black artillery flash'd,
Loud thunders shook the main.

10.

Alas ! that mortals should employ
Such murdering engines, to destroy
That frame by heav'n so nicely join'd ;
Alas ! that e'er the god decreed
That brother should by brother bleed,
And pour'd such madness in the mind.

11.

But thou, brave JONES, no blame shalt bear ;
The rights of men demand thy care :
For *these* you dare the greedy waves—
No tyrant on destruction bent
Has plann'd thy conquests—thou art sent
To humble tyrants and their slaves.

12.

See !—dread Seraphis flames again—
And art thou, JONES, among the slain,
And sunk to Neptune's caves below—
He lives—though crowds around him fall,
Still he, unhurt, survives them all ;
Almost alone he fights the foe.

13.

And can thy ship these strokes sustain ?
Behold thy brave companions slain,
All clasp'd in ocean's dark embrace.
STRIKE, OR BE SUNK—the Briton cries—
SINK, IF YOU CAN—the chief replies,
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

14.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
(Almost deserted by his crew)
And charg'd them deep with woe :

By *Pearson's* flash he aim'd the balls ;
His main-mast totters—down it falls—
Tremendous was the blow.

15.

Pearson as yet disdain'd to yield,
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,
And thus was heard to cry—
“ With hell, not mortals, I contend ;
“ What art thou—human, or a fiend,
“ That dost my force defy ?

16.

“ Return, my lads, the fight renew.”
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew ;
But call'd, alas ! in vain ;
Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead ;
Some to their deep recesses fled,
And more were bury'd in the main.

17.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,
He haul'd his tatter'd standard down,
And yielded to his gallant foe ;
Bold *Pallas* soon the *Countess* took,
Thus both their haughty colours struck,
Confessing what the brave can do.

18.

But, Jones, too dearly didst thou buy
These ships possess so gloriously,
Too many deaths disgrac'd the fray :
Thy barque, that bore the conquering flame,
That the proud Briton overcame,
Even she forsook thee on thy way ;

19.

For when the morn began to shine,
Fatal to her, the ocean brine
Pour'd through each spacious wound ;

Quick in the deep she disappear'd :—
But JONES to friendly Belgia steer'd,
With conquest and with glory crown'd.

20.

Go on, great man, to daunt the foe,
And bid the haughty Britons know
They to our *Thirteen Stars* shall bend ;
Those *Stars* that, veil'd in dark attire,
Long glimmer'd with a feeble fire,
But radiant now ascend.

21.

Bend to the Stars that flaming rise
In western, not in eastern, skies,
Fair Freedom's reign restor'd—
So when the magi, come from far,
Beheld the God-attending Star,
They trembled and ador'd.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL
WASHINGTON.

[WRITTEN SEPTEMBER, 1781.]

ACCEPT, great chief, that share of honest praise
A grateful people to your merit pays :
Verse is too mean your merit to display,
And words too weak our meaning to convey.
When first proud Britain rais'd her heavy hand
With claims unjust to bind your native land,
Transported armies, and her millions spent
To enforce the mandates that a tyrant sent ;

" Resist ! resist !" was heard through every State,
You heard the call, and mourn'd your country's fate ;
Then rising fierce her sons in arms array'd,
And taught to vanquish those who dar'd invade.

Those *British chiefs* whom former wars had crown'd
With conquest—and in every clime renown'd ;
Who forc'd new realms to own their monarch's law
And *whom* even George beheld with secret awe,
Those mighty chiefs, compell'd to fly or yield
Scarce dar'd to meet you on the embattled field :
To Boston's town you chas'd the trembling crew,
Quick, even from thence the British ruffians flew—
Through wint'ry waves they fled, and thought the sea
With all its storms less terrible than thee !

What chief like you our armies could command,
And bring us safely to the promis'd land ?—
Not *Clinton-like*, with victory elate—
'Tis in misfortune you are doubly great :
When *Howe* victorious thy weak army chas'd,
And, sure of conquest, laid *Cesaria* waste,
When prostrate bleeding at his feet she lay
And the proud victor tore her wreaths away,
You undismay'd put forth your warlike hand
And rais'd the drooping genius of the land,
Repell'd the foe, their choicest warriors slain,
And drove them howling to their ships again.

While *others* kindle into martial rage,
Whom fierce ambition urges to engage,
An iron race by angry heav'n design'd
To conquer first and then enslave mankind ;
In *HIM* a hero more humane we see,
He ventures life that others may be free.

O ! may you live to hail that glorious day
When Britain homeward shall pursue her way—
That race subdu'd, who fill'd the world with slain
And rode tyrannic o'er the subject main !—

What few presum'd you boldly have atchiev'd,
A tyrant humbled, and a world reliev'd.

Rome's boasted chiefs, who, to their own disgrace,
Prov'd the worst scourges of the human race,
Pierc'd by whose darts a thousand nations bled,
Who captive princes at their chariots led ;
Born to enslave, to ravage and subdue—
Return to *nothing* when compar'd to you ;
Throughout the world thy growing fame has spread,
In every country are thy virtues read ;
Remotest *India* hears thy deeds of fame,
The hardy Scythian stammers at thy name ;
The haughty Turk, now longing to be free,
Neglects his *Sultan* to enquire of thee ;
The barbarous Briton hails thee to his shores,
And calls him *Rebel*, whom his heart adores.

Still may the heavens prolong thy vital date,
And still may conquest on thy banners wait :
Whether afar to ravag'd lands you go,
Where wild *Potowmac's* rapid waters flow,
Or where *Saluda* laves the fertile plain
And swoln by torrents rushes to the main ;
Or if again to Hudson you repair
To smite the cruel foe that lingers there—
Revenge *their* cause, whose virtue was their crime,
The exil'd hosts from Carolina's clime.

Late from the world in quiet may'st thou rise
And, mourn'd by millions, reach thy native skies—
With patriot kings and generous chiefs to shine,
Whose virtues rais'd them to be deem'd divine :
May *Louis* only equal honours claim,
Alike in merits and alike in fame.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

FROM A NEW-YORK TORY, TO HIS FRIEND
IN PHILADELPHIA, 1781.

DEAR Sir, I am so anxious to hear of your health,
I beg you would send me a letter by stealth :
I hope a few months will quite alter the case,
When the wars are concluded we'll meet and embrace.

For I'm led to believe from our brilliant success,
And what is as clear, your amazing distress,
That the cause of rebellion has met with a check
That will bring all its patrons to hang by the neck.

Cornwallis has managed so well in the South
That those rebels want victuals to put in their mouth,
And Arnold has stripp'd them, we hear, to the buff—
Has burnt their tobacco, and left them—the snuff.

Dear Thomas, I wish you would move from that town
Where meet all the rebels of fame and renown ;
When our armies victorious shall clear that damn'd nest
You may chance, though a Tory, to swing with the rest.

But again—on reflection—I beg you would stay—
You may serve us yet better than if mov'd away—
Give advice to Sir Harry of all that is passing,
What vessels are building, what cargoes amassing ;

Inform to a day when those vessels will sail
That our cruisers may capture them all without fail—
By proceedings like these your peace shall be made,
The rebellious shall swing, but be you ne'er afraid.

I cannot conceive how you do to subsist—
The rebels are starving, except those who 'list,
And as you reside in the land of Gomorrah,
You must fare as the rest do, I think, to your sorrow.

Poor souls ! if ye knew what a doom is decreed,
(I mean not for you but for rebels indeed)
You would tremble to think of the vengeance in store,
The halters and gibbets—I mention no more.

The rebels must surely conclude they're undone,
Their navy is ruin'd, their armies have run ;
It is time they should now from delusion awaken—
The rebellion is done—for the *Trumbull* is taken !

TORY.

TO LORD CORNWALLIS,

AT YORK—VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 8, 1781.

HAIL, great destroyer (equall'd yet by none)
Of countries not thy master's, nor thine own ;
Hatch'd by some demon on a stormy day,
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay ;
Confin'd at last, hemm'd in by land and sea,
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee !
Like his, to freedom was thy deadly hate,
Like his thy baseness, and be his thy fate :

To you, like him, no prospect Nature yields,
 But ruin'd wastes and desolated fields—
 In vain you raise the interposing wall,
 And hoist those standards that, like you, must fall,
 In you conclude the glories of your race,
 Complete your monarch's, and your own disgrace.

What has your lordship's pilfering arms attain'd?—
 Vast stores of *plunder*, but no STATE regain'd—
 That may return, though you perhaps may groan,
 Restore it, ruffian, for 'tis not your own—
 Then, lord and soldier, headlong to the brine
 Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.

Would'st thou at last with *Washington* engage,
 Sad object of his pity, not his rage?
 See, round thy posts how terribly advance
 The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France;
 Fight while you can, for warlike *Rochambeau*
 Aims at your head his last decisive blow,
 Unnumber'd ghosts, from earth untimely sped,
 Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead—
 Then die, my Lord; that only chance remains
 To wash away dishonourable stains,
 For small advantage would your capture bring,
 The *plundering servant of a bankrupt king*.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LORDS

DUNMORE AND MANSFIELD, 1781.

Dunmore.

EVER since I returned to my dear native shore,
 No debtor in *Cheapside* was ever dunn'd more—
 I'm dunn'd by my barber, my taylor, my groom;
 How can I do else than to fret and to fume?

They join to attack me with one good accord,
From morning 'till night 'tis "my lord, and my lord."
And there comes the cobbler, so often deny'd—
If I had him in private, I'd thresh his damn'd hide.

Mansfield.

Would you worry the man that has found you in shoes?
Come, courage, my lord, I can tell you good news—
Virginia is conquer'd, the rebels are bang'd,
You are now to go over and see them safe hang'd:
I hope it is not to your nature abhorrent
To sign for these wretches a legal death warrant—
Were I but in your place, I'm sure it would suit
To sign their death-warrants and hang them to boot.

Dunmore.

My Lord!—I'm amaz'd—have we routed the foe?—
I shall govern again then, if matters be so—
And as to the hanging, in short, to be plain,
I'll hang them so well they'll ne'er want it again.
With regard to the wretches who thump at my gates,
I'll discharge all their dues with the rebel estates;
In less than three months I shall send a polacca
As deep as she'll swim, sir, with corn and tobacco.

Mansfield.

And send us some rebels—a dozen or so—
They'll serve here in London by way of a show;
And as to the tories, believe me, dear cousin,
We can spare you some hundreds to pay for the dozen.

AN EPISTLE FROM LORD CORNWALLIS
TO SIR HENRY CLINTON.

[OCTOBER, 1781.]

FROM clouds of smoke, and flames that round me glow,
To you, dear Clinton, I disclose my woe :
Here cannons flash, bombs glance, and bullets fly ;
Not Satan's self endures such misery.
Was I foredoom'd, like Korah, to expire,
Hurl'd to perdition in a blaze of fire ?
With these blue flames can mortal man contend—
What arms can aid me, or what walls defend ?
Even to these gates last night a phantom strode,
And hail'd me trembling to his dark abode :
Aghast I stood, struck motionless and dumb,
Seiz'd with the horrors of the world to come.

Were but my power as mighty as my rage,
Far different battles would Cornwallis wage ;
Beneath his sword yon' threat'ning hosts should groan,
The earth should quake with thunders all his own.
O crocodile ! had I thy flinty hide,
Swords to defy, and glance the balls aside,
By my own prowess would I rout the foe,
With my own javelin would I work their woe—
But fate's averse, and heaven's supreme decree
Nile's serpent form'd more excellent than me.

Has heaven in secret for some crime decreed
That I should suffer, and my soldiers bleed ?
Or is it by the jealous skies conceal'd,
That I must bend, and they ignobly yield ?

Ah ! no—the thought o'erwhelms my soul with grief.
Come, bold sir Harry, come to my relief ;
Come, thou brave man, whom rebels *Tombstone* call,
But Britons, *Graves*—come Digby, devil and all ;
Come, princely William, with thy potent aid,
Can George's blood by Frenchmen be dismay'd ?
From a king's *uncle* once Scots rebels run,
And shall not these be routed by a *son* ?
Come with your ships to this disastrous shore,
Come—or I sink—and sink to rise no more ;
By every motive that can sway the brave
Haste and my feeble fainting army save ;
Come, and lost empire o'er the deep regain,
Chastise these upstarts that usurp the main :
I see their first rates to the charge advance,
I see lost *Iris* wear the flags of France ;
There a strict rule the wakeful Frenchman keeps ;
There, undisturb'd by dogs, lord Rawdon sleeps !
Tir'd with long acting on this bloody stage,
Sick of the follies of a wrangling age,
Come with your fleet, and help me to retire
To Britain's coast, the land of my desire—
For, me the foe their certain captive deem,
And every school boy takes me for his theme—
Long, much too long in this hard service try'd,
Bespatter'd still, be-devil'd, and bely'd ;
With the first chance that favouring fortune sends
I'll fly, converted, from this land of fiends :
Convinc'd, for me, she has no gems in store,
Nor leaves one triumph, even to hope for, more.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

IN youth, gay scenes attract our eyes,
And not suspecting their decay
Life's flow'ry fields before us rise,
Regardless of its winter day.

But vain pursuits, and joys as vain,
Convince us life is but a dream.
Death is to wake to rise again
To that true life I best esteem.

So nightly on the flowing tide,
Oft have I seen a raree-show ;
Reflected stars on either side,
And glittering moons were seen below.

But when the tide had ebb'd away,
The scene fantastic with it fled,
A bank of mud around me lay,
And sea-weed on the river's bed.

ON THE FALL OF GENERAL EARL
CORNWALLIS,

WHO, WITH ABOVE SEVEN THOUSAND MEN, SURRENDERED
THEMSELVES PRISONERS OF WAR, TO THE
RENOWNED AND ILLUSTRIOUS
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF
THE ALLIED ARMIES OF FRANCE AND AMERICA,
ON THE MEMORABLE 19TH OF
OCTOBER, 1781.

" Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
" That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
" *Ad manes frutrum* sacrifice his flesh,
" Before this earthly prison of their bones;
" That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
" Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Titus Andronicus*, Act. i. Sc. ii.

A CHIEFTAIN join'd with Howe, Burgoyne, and
Gage,

Once more, nor this the last, provokes my rage—
Who saw these Nimrods first for conquest burn !
Who has not seen them to the dust return ?
This ruffian next, who scour'd our ravag'd fields,
Foe to the human race, Cornwallis yields !—
None e'er before essay'd such desperate crimes,
Alone he stood, arch-butcher of the times,
Rov'd uncontroll'd this wasted country o'er,
Strew'd plains with dead, and bath'd his jaws with gore ?
'Twas thus the wolf, who sought by night his prey,
And plunder'd all he met with on his way,
Stole what he could, and murder'd as he pass'd,
Chanc'd on a trap, and lost his head at last.

What pen can write, what human tongue can tell
The endless murders of this man of hell !

Nature in him disgrac'd the form divine;
Nature mistook, she meant him for a—swine:
That eye his forehead to her shame adorns;
Blush! nature, blush—bestow him tail and horns!—
By him the orphans mourn—the widow'd dame
Saw ruin spreading in the wasteful flame;
Gash'd o'er with wounds beheld with streaming eye
A son, a brother, or a consort, die!—
Through ruin'd realms bones lie without a tomb,
And souls he sped to their eternal doom,
Who else had liv'd, and seen their toils again
Bless'd by the genius of the rural reign.

But turn your eyes, and see the murderer fall,
Then say—"Cornwallis has atchiev'd it all."—
Yet he preserves the honour and the fame
That vanquish'd heroes only ought to claim—
Is he a hero!—Read, and you will find
Heroes are beings of a different kind:—
Compassion to the worst of men is due,
And mercy heaven's first attribute, 'tis true;
Yet most presume it was *too nobly* done
To grant mild terms to *Satan's first-born son*.

Convinc'd we are, no foreign spot of earth
But Britain only, gave this reptile birth.
That white-cliff'd isle, the vengeful dragon's den,
Has sent us monsters where we look'd for men.
When memory paints their horrid deeds anew,
And brings these murdering miscreants to your view,
Then ask the leaders of these bloody bands,
Can they expect compassion at our hands?—

But may this year, the glorious eighty-one,
Conclude successful, as it first begun;
This brilliant year their total downfall see,
And what Cornwallis *is*, may Clinton *be*.

O come the time, nor distant be the day,
When our bold navy shall its wings display;

Mann'd by our sons, to seek that barbarous shore,
 The wrongs revenging that their fathers bore :
 As Samuel hew'd the tyrant Agag down,
 So hew the wearer of the British crown ;
 Unpitying, next his hated offspring slay,
 Or into foreign lands the fiends convey :
 Give them their turn to pine and die in chains,
 'Till not one monster of the race remains.

Thou, who resid'st on those thrice happy shores,
 Where white rob'd peace her envied blessings pours,
 Stay, and enjoy the pleasures that she yields ;
 But come not, stranger, to our wasted fields,
 For warlike hosts on every plain appear,
 War damps the beauties of the rising year :
 In vain the groves their blooming sweets display ;
 War's clouded winter chills the charms of May :
 Here human blood the trampled harvest stains ;
 Here bones of men yet whiten all the plains ;
 Seas teem with dead ; and our unhappy shore
 Forever blushes with its children's gore.

But turn your eyes—behold the tyrant fall,
 And think—Cornwallis has atchiev'd it all.—

All mean revenge Americans disdain,
 Oft have they prov'd it, and now prove again ;
 With nobler fires their generous bosoms glow ;
 Still in the captive they forget the foe :—
 But when a *nation* takes a wrongful cause,
 And hostile turns to heaven's and nature's laws ;
 When, sacrificing at ambition's shrine,
 Kings slight the mandates of the power divine,
 And devastation spread on every side,
 To gratify their malice or their pride,
 And send their slaves their projects to fulfil,
 To wrest our freedom, or our blood to spill :—
 Such to forgive, is virtue too sublime ;
 For even compassion has been found a crime.

A prophet once, for miracles renown'd,
 Bade *Joash* smite the arrows on the ground—
 Taking the mystic shafts, the prince obey'd,
 Thrice smote them on the earth—and then he stay'd—
 Griev'd when he saw full victory deny'd,
 "Six times you should have smote," the prophet cry'd,
 "Then had proud *Syria* sunk beneath thy power;
 "Now thrice you smite her—but shall smite no more."

Cornwallis! thou art rank'd among the great;
 Such was the will of all-controuling fate.
 As mighty men, who liv'd in days of yore,
 Were figur'd out some centuries before;
 So you with them in equal honour join,
 Your great precursor's name was Jack Burgoyne!
 Like you was he, a man in arms renown'd,
 Who, hot for conquest, sail'd the ocean round;
 This, this was he, who scour'd the woods for praise,
 And burnt down cities* to describe the blaze!

So, while on fire, his harp Rome's tyrant strung,
 And as the buildings flam'd, old Nero sung.

Who would have guess'd the purpose of the fates,
 When that *proud boaster* bow'd to conquering Gates!—
 Then sung the sisters† as the wheel went round,
 (Could we have heard the invigorating sound)
 Thus surely did the fatal sisters sing—
 "When just four years do this same season bring,
 "And in his annual journey, when the sun
 "Four times completely shall his circuit run,
 "An *angel* then shall rid you of your fears,
 "By binding *Satan* for a thousand years,
 "Shall lash the serpent to the infernal shore,
 "To waste the nations, and deceive no more,
 "Make wars and blood, and tyranny to cease,

* Charlestown, near Boston. See his letter on that occasion.

† The *Parcæ*, or *Fates*, who, according to the Heathen mythology, were three in number.

" And hush the fiends of Britain into peace."

Joy to your lordship, and your high descent,
 You are the Satan that the *sisters* meant.
 Too soon you found your race of ruin run,
 Your conquests ended, and your battles done !
 But that to live is better than to die,
 And life you chose, though life with infamy,
 You should have climb'd your loftiest vessel's deck,
 And hung a millstone round your halter'd neck—
 Then plung'd forever to the wat'ry bed,
 Hell in your heart, and vengeance on your head.

All must confess, that in regard to you,
 'Twas wrong to rob the devil of his due—
 For Hayne, for Hayne ! no death but thine atones ;
 For thee, Cornwallis, how the gallows groans !
 That injur'd man's, and all the blood you've shed,
 That blood shall rest on your devoted head ;
 Asham'd to live, and yet afraid to die,
 Your courage slacken'd as the foe drew nigh—
 Ungrateful wretch, to yield your *favourite band*
 To chains and prisons in a hostile land :
 To the wide world your *Negro friends* to cast,
 And leave your *Tories* to be hang'd at last !—
 You should have fought with horror and amaze,
 'Till scorch'd to cinders in the cannon blaze,
 'Till all your host of Beelzebubs was slain,
 Doom'd to disgrace no human shape again—
 As if from hell this horned host he drew,
 Swift from the South the embodied ruffians flew ;
 Destruction follow'd at their *cloven* feet,
 'Till you, Fayette, constrain'd them to retreat,
 And held them close, 'till thy fam'd squadron came,
 De Grasse, completing their eternal shame.

When the loud cannon's unremitting glare
 And red hot balls compell'd *you* to despair,
 How could you stand to meet your generous foe ?

Did not the sight confound your soul with woe?—
 In thy great soul what god-like virtues shine,
 What inborn greatness, WASHINGTON, is thine!—
 Else had no prisoner trod these lands to-day,
 All, with his lordship, had been swept away,
 All doom'd alike death's vermin to regale,
 Nor one been left to tell the dreadful tale!
 But his own terms the vanquish'd murderer nam'd—
 He nobly gave the miscreant all he claim'd,
 And bade Cornwallis, the conquer'd and distress'd,
 Bear all his torments in his tortur'd breast.

Now curs'd with life, a *foe* to man and God,
 Like *Cain*, I drive you to the land of *Nod*.
 He with a brother's blood his hands did stain,
 One brother he, you have a thousand slain.
 And, O! may heaven affix some public *mark*
 To know Cornwallis—may he *howl* and *bark*!—
 On eagle's wings explore your downward flight
 To the deep horrors of the darkest night,
 Where, wrapt in shade on ocean's utmost bound,
 No longer sun, nor moon, nor stars are found;
 Where never light her kindling radiance shed,
 But the dark comets rove with all their *dead*,*
 Doom'd through the tracks of endless space to run
 No more revolving to confound the sun.

Such horrid deeds your spotted soul defame
 We grieve to think your shape and ours the same!
 Enjoy what comfort in this life you can,
 The form you have, not feelings of a man;
 Haste to the rocks, thou curse to human kind,
 There thou may'st wolves and brother tygers find;
 Eternal exile be your righteous doom
 And gnash your dragon's teeth in some sequester'd gloom;
 Such be the end of each relentless foe

* See Whiston's Hypothesis.

Who feels no pity for another's woe—
 So may they fall—even you, though much too late,
 Shall curse the day you languish'd to be great;
 Haste from the torments of the present life—
 Quick, let the halter end thee or the knife;
 So may destruction rush with speedy wing,
 Low as yourself to drag your cruel king,
 His head torn off, his hands, his feet, and all,
 Deep in the dust may Dagon's image fall;
 His stump alone escape the vengeful steel,
 Sav'd but to grace the gibbet or the wheel.

TO THE
 MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS,
 UNDER GENERAL GREENE, WHO FELL IN THE
 ACTION OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1781.

AT Eutaw springs the valiant died:
 Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er—
 Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
 How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they
 Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
 O smite thy gentle breast, and say
 The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
 If goodness rules thy generous breast,
 Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
 Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble groves adorn ;
 You too may fall, and ask a tear :
 'Tis not the beauty of the morn
 That proves the evening shall be clear—

They saw their injur'd country's woe ;
 The flaming town, the wasted field ;
 Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe ;
 They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, GREENE,
 The Britons they compell'd to fly :
 None distant view'd the fatal plain,
 None griev'd in such a cause to die—

But, like the Parthian, fam'd of old,
 Who, flying, still their arrows threw ;
 These routed Britons, full as bold,
 Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band ;
 Though far from nature's limits thrown,
 We trust they find a happier land,
 A brighter Phœbus of their own.

PLATO, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO HIS
FRIEND THEON.

Semel omnibus calcanda via Lethi.—HOR.

WHY, Theon, wouldst thou longer groan
Beneath a weight of years and woe,
Thy youth is lost, thy pleasures flown,
And time proclaims, "'Tis time to go."

To willows sad and weeping yews
With me a while, dear friend, repair,
Nor to the vault thy steps refuse,
Thy constant home shall soon be there.

To summer suns and winter moons
Prepare to bid a long adieu,
Autumnal seasons shall return
And spring shall bloom, but not for you.

Why so perplexed with cares and toil
To rest upon this darksome road,
'Tis but a thin, a thirsty soil,
A barren and a bleak abode.

Constrain'd to dwell with pain and care,
These dregs of life are bought too dear,
'Tis better far to die than bear
The torments of another year.

Subjected to perpetual ills
A thousand deaths around us grow,

*It's only natural
(as if that were
a positive value)*

The frost the tender blossom kills,
And roses wither as they blow.

Cold nipping winds thy fruits assail,
The infant apple seeks the ground,
The peaches fall, the cherries fail,
The grape receives a fatal wound.

The breeze that gently ought to blow
Swells to a storm and rends the main,
The sun that charm'd the grass to grow
Turns hostile and consumes the plain;

*God concept serves
to counter nature's
agenda—the
final arbiter in
matters that concern
the mortal world*

The mountains waste, the shores decay,
Once purling streams are dead and dry—
'Twas nature's work—'tis nature's play,
And nature says, that all must die.

Yon' flaming lamp, the source of light,
In chaos dark shall shroud his beam
And leave the world to mother night,
A farce, a phantom, or a dream.

What now is young must soon be old,
Whate'er we love, we soon must leave,
'Tis now too hot, 'tis now too cold—
To live is nothing but to grieve.

How bright the morn her course begun,
No mists bedimm'd the solar sphere—
The clouds arise—they shade the sun,
For nothing can be constant here.

Now hope the longing soul employs,
In expectation we are blest;
But soon the airy phantom flies,
For, lo! the treasure is possess.

Those monarchs proud that havoc spread,
 (While pensive nature dropt a tear)
Those monarchs have to darkness fled
 And ruin bounds their mad career.


The grandeur of this earthly round,
 Where Theon would forever be,
Is but a name, is but a sound—
 Mere emptiness and vanity.

Give me the stars, give me the skies,
 Give me the heaven's remotest sphere,
Above these gloomy scenes to rise
 Of desolation and despair.

Those native fires that warm'd the mind
 Now languid grown too dimly glow,
Joy has to grief the heart resign'd
 And love itself is chang'd to woe.

The joys of wine are all you boast,
 These for a moment damp thy pain ;
The gleam is o'er, the charm is lost—
 And darkness clouds the soul again.

Then seek no more for bliss below
 Where real bliss can ne'er be found,
Aspire where sweeter blossoms blow
 And fairer flowers bedeck the ground ;

Where plants of life the plains invest
 And green eternal crowns the year,
The little god within thy breast
 Is weary of his mansion here. 

Like Phosphor clad in bright array
 His height meridian to regain

He can, nor will no longer stay
To shiver on a frozen plain.

accepting our fates &
making us
God-like:
resignation

Life's journey past, for death prepare,
'Tis but the freedom of the mind,
Jove made us mortal—his we are,
— To Jove, dear Theon, be resign'd.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN TO A THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN
PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 1781.

WARS, bloody wars and hostile Britain's rage
Have banish'd long the pleasures of the stage;
From the gay painted scene compell'd to part,
(Forgot the melting language of the heart)
Constrain'd to shun the bold theatric show,
To act long tragedies of real woe,
Heroes, once more attend the comic muse;
Forget our failings, and our faults excuse.

In that fine language is our fable drest
Which still unrivall'd reigns o'er all the rest;
Of foreign courts the study and the pride,
Who to know *this* abandon all beside;
Bold, though polite, and ever sure to please;
Correct with grace, and elegant with ease;
Soft from the lips its easy accents roll,
Form'd to delight and captivate the soul:
In this Eugenia tells her easy lay,
The brilliant work of courtly Beaumarchais:
In this Racine, Voltaire, and Boileau sung,
The noblest poets in the noblest tongue.

If the soft story in our play express'd
 Can give a moment's pleasure to your breast,
 To you, GREAT SIR ! * we must be proud to say
 That moment's pleasure shall our pains repay :
 Return'd from conquest and from glorious toils,
 From armies captur'd and unnumber'd spoils ;
 Ere yet again, with generous France ally'd,
 You rush to battle, humbling British pride ;
 While arts of peace thy kind protection share,
 O let the Muses claim an equal care.
 You bade us first our future greatness see,
 Inspir'd by you, we languish'd to be free ;
 Even here where freedom lately sat distrest,
 See, a new Athens rising in the west !
 Fair science blooms where tyrants reign'd before,
 Red war reluctant leaves our ravag'd shore—
 Illustrious hero, may you live to see
 These new republics powerful, great, and free ;
 Peace, heaven born peace, o'er spacious regions spread,
 While discord, sinking, veils her ghastly head.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY INN,
 UNROOFED AND BLOWN DOWN
 IN A STORM.

WHERE now these mingled ruins ly
 A temple once to Bacchus rose,
 Beneath whose roof, aspiring high,
 Full many a guest forgot his woes :

* Addressed to his excellency General Washington.

No more this dome, by tempests torn,
Affords a social safe retreat ;
But ravens here, with eye forlorn,
And clustering bats henceforth shall meet.

The Priestess of this ruin'd shrine,
Unable to survive the stroke,
Presents no more the ruddy wine,
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand
Accosted strangers at the door,
Has left at length his wonted stand,
And greets the weary guest no more.

'Old creeping time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spar'd these mouldering walls,
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A temple or a tavern falls.

Is this the place where mirth and joy,
Coy nymphs and sprightly lads were found ?
Alas ! no more the nymphs are coy,
No more the flowing bowls go round.

Is this the place where festive song
Deceiv'd the wint'ry hours away ?
No more the swains the tune prolong,
No more the maidens join the lay.

Is this the place where Chloe slept
In downy beds of blue and green ?
Dame Nature here no vigils kept,
No cold unfeeling guards were seen.

'Tis gone !—and Chloe tempts no more,
Deep, unrelenting silence reigns ;

Of all that pleas'd, that charm'd before,
The tott'ring chimney scarce remains !

Ye tyrant winds ! whose ruffian blast
From locks and hinges rent the door,
And all the roof to ruin cast,
The roof that shelter'd us before,

Your wrath appeas'd, I pray be kind
If Mopsus should the dome renew ;
That we again may quaff his wine,
Again collect our jovial crew.

THE ROYAL ADVENTURER.

PRINCE William of the Brunswick race,
To witness George's sad disgrace
The Royal Lad came over
Rebels to kill by *Right Divine*—
Deriv'd from that illustrious line
The beggars of Hanover.

So many chiefs got broken pates
In vanquishing the rebel States,
So many nobles fell,
That George the Third in passion cry'd,
" Our royal blood must now be try'd ;
" 'Tis that must break the spell :

" To you (the fat pot-valiant SWINE
" To Digby said) dear friend of mine,
" To you I trust my boy.

" The rebel tribes shall quake with fears,
 " Rebellion die when he appears ;
 " My Tories leap with joy."

So said, so done—the boy was sent,
 But never reach'd the continent,
 An island held him fast—
 Yet there his friends danc'd rigadoons,
 The Hessians sung in High Dutch tunes,
 " Prince William's come at last."

" Prince William comes !"—the Briton cry'd—
 " The glory of our empire wide
 " Shall now be soon restor'd—
 " Our monarch is in William seen,
 " He is the image of our queen,
 " Let William be ador'd !"

The Tories came with long address,
 With poems groan'd the *Royal press*,
 And all in William's praise—
 The boy astonish'd look'd about
 To find their *vast dominions* out,
 Then answer'd in amaze,

" Where all your *empire wide* can be,
 " Friends, for my soul I cannot see :
 " 'Tis but an empty name ;
 " Three wasted islands and a town
 " In rubbish bury'd—half burnt down,
 " Is all that we can claim :

" I am of royal birth, 'tis true,
 " But what, alas ! can princes do,
 " No armies to command ?

“ Cornwallis conquer’d and distress—

“ Sir Henry Clinton grown a jest—

“ I curse—and leave the land.”

LORD DUNMORE’S PETITION TO THE
LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT a silly old fellow, much noted of yore,
And known by the name of John, earl of Dunmore,
Has again ventur’d over to visit your shore.

The reason of this he begs leave to explain—
In England they said you were conquer’d and slain,
(But the devil take him that believes them again)—

So, hearing that most of you rebels were dead,
That some had submitted, and others had fled,
I muster’d my tories, myself at their head,

And over we scudded, our hearts full of glee,
As merry as ever poor devils could be,
Our *ancient dominion*, Virginia to see;

Our shoe boys, and tars, and the very cook’s mate
Already conceiv’d he possess’d an estate,
And the tories no longer were cursing their fate.

Myself, the don Quixote, and each of the crew,
Like Sancho, had islands and empires in view—
They were captains and knights, and the devil knows
who :

But now, to our sorrow, disgrace, and surprise,
 No longer deceiv'd by the Father of Lies,*
 We hear with our ears, and we see with our eyes :—

I have therefore to make you a modest request,
 (And I'm sure in my mind it will be for the best)
 Admit me again to your mansions of rest.

There are Eden, and Martin, and Franklin and Tryon,
 All waiting to see you submit to the Lion,
 And may wait till the devil is king of Mount Sion :—

Though a brute and a dunce, like the rest of the clan,
 I can govern as well as most Englishmen can ;
 And if I'm a drunkard, I still am a man :

I miss'd it some how in comparing my notes,
 Or six years ago I had join'd with your votes ;
 Not aided the negroes in cutting your throats. [1775

Altho' with so many hard names I was branded,
 I hope you'll believe, (as you will if you're candid)
 That I only perform'd what my master commanded.

Give me lands, whores and dice, and you still may be
 free ;
 Let who will be master, we sha'nt disagree ;
 If King or if Congress—no matter to me ;—

I hope you will send me an answer straightway,
 For 'tis plain that at Charleston we cannot long stay—
 And your humble petitioner ever shall pray.

DUNMORE.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 6, 1782.

* The Printer of the Royal Gazette.

EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE TITLE
OF RIVINGTON'S ROYAL GAZETTE
BEING SCARCELY LEGIBLE.

SAYS Satan to Jemmy, " I hold you a bet
" That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette,
" Or, between you and me, you wou'd manage things
better
" Than the Title to print on so damned a Letter.

" Now, being connected so long in the art,
" It would not be prudent at present to part ;
" And people perhaps would be frighten'd, and fret
" If the devil alone carry'd on the Gazette."

Says Jemmy to Satan (by way of a wipe),
" Who gives me the matter should furnish the type ;
" And why you find fault I can scarcely divine,
" For the types, like the printer, are certainly thine.

" 'Tis yours to deceive with the semblance of truth,
" Thou friend of my age, and thou guide of my youth !
" But to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,
" A sett of new Types, and a sett of new Lies."

February 13.

LINES OCCASIONED BY MR. RIVINGTON'S
NEW TITULAR TYPES TO HIS ROYAL
GAZETTE, OF FEBRUARY 27, 1782.

WELL—now (said the devil) it looks something better!

Your title is struck on a *charming* new *Letter* :
Last night in the dark, as I gave it a squint,
I saw my dear partner had taken the hint.

I ever surmised (though 'twas doubted by some)
That the old types were shadows of substance to come :
But if the NEW LETTER is pregnant with charms,
It grieves me to think of those cursed King's Arms !
The *Dieu et mon droit* (his God and his right)
Is so dim that I hardly know what is meant by 't ;
The paws of the Lion can scarcely be seen,
And the Unicorn's guts are most shamefully lean !
The *Crown* is so worn of your master the Despot,
That I hardly know whether 'tis a crown or a pisspot :
When I rub up my day-lights, and look very sharp
I just can distinguish the Irishman's Harp :
Another device appears rather silly,
Alas ! it is only the shade of the LILLY !
For the honour of George, and the fame of our nation,
Pray give his escutcheons a rectification—
Or I know what I know, (and I'm a queer shaver)
Of HIM and his Arms I'll be the *In-grave-r*.

ON MR. RIVINGTON'S NEW ENGRAVED
KING'S ARMS TO HIS ROYAL
GAZETTE.

FROM the regions of night, with his head in a sack,
Ascended a person accoutred in black,
And upward directing his circular eyewhites,
(Like the Jure-divino political Levites)
And leaning his elbow on Rivington's shelf,
While the printer was busy, thus mus'd with himself,
" My mandates are fully complied with at last,
" New ARMS are engrav'd and new letters are cast ;
" I therefore determine and freely accord,
" This servant of mine shall receive his reward."
Then turning about, to the printer he said,
" Who late was my *servant* shall now be my *Aid* ;
" Since under my banners so bravely you fight,
" Kneel down !—for your merits I dubb you a KNIGHT,
" From a passive *subaltern* I bid you to rise
" The INVENTOR as well as the PRINTER of LIES."

A SPEECH

THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE KING OF
THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN TO HIS
PARLIAMENT.

MY lords, I can hardly from weeping refrain,
When I think of this year and its cursed campaign ;
But still it is folly to whine and to grieve,
For things will yet alter, I hope and believe.

Of the four southern States we again are bereav'd,
 They were just in our grasp (or I'm sadly deceiv'd):
 There are wizards and witches that dwell in those *lands*,
 For the moment we gain *them*, *they* slip from our hands.

Our prospects at present most gloomy appear;
 Cornwallis returns with a flea in his ear,
 Sir Henry is sick of his station we know—
 And Amherst, though press'd, is unwilling to go.

The HERO* that steer'd for the cape of Good Hope
 With Monsieur Suffrein was unable to cope—
 Many months are elaps'd, yet his task is to do—
 To conquer the cape, and to conquer Peru:

When his squadron at Portsmouth he went to equip
 He promis'd great things from his FIFTY-GUN SHIP;
 But let him alone—while he knows which is which,
 He'll not be so ready "*to die in a ditch.*"

This session, I thought to have told you thus much,
 "A treaty concluded, and peace with the Dutch"—
 But as stubborn as ever, they vapour and brag,
 And sail by my nose with the Prussian flag.

The empress refuses to join on our side,
 As yet with the Indians we're only ally'd:
 (Though such an alliance is rather improper,
 For we English are white, but their colour is copper.)

The Irish, I fear, have some mischief in view;
 They ever have been a most troublesome crew—
 If a truce or a treaty hereafter be made,
 They shall pay very dear for their present free trade.

* Johnstone.

Dame Fortune I think has our standards forsaken,
For Tobago, they say, by Frenchmen is taken ;
Minorca's besieg'd—and as to Gibraltar,
By Jove if it's taken I'll take to the halter.

It makes me so wroth, I could scold like Xantippe
When I think of our losses along Mississippi—
And see in the Indies that horrible Hyder
His conquests extending still wider and wider.

'Twixt Washington, Hyder, Don Galvez, De Grasse,
By my soul we are brought to a very fine pass—
When we've reason to hope new battles are won
A packet arrives—and an army's undone !—

In the midst of this scene of dismay and distress
What is best to be done, is not easy to guess,
For things may go wrong though we plan them aright,
And blows they must look for, whose trade is to fight.

In regard to the rebels, it is my decree
That dependent on Britain they ever shall be ;
Or I've captains and hosts that will fly at my nod
And slaughter them all—by the blessing of God.

But if they succeed, as they're likely to do,
Our neighbours must part with their colonies too :
Let them laugh and be merry, and make us their jest,
When La Plata revolts, we shall laugh with the rest—

'Tis true that the journey to castle St. Juan
Was a project that brought the projectors to ruin ;
But still, my dear lords, I would have you reflect
Who nothing do venture can nothing expect.

If the Commons agree to afford me new treasures,
My sentence once more is for vigorous measures :
Accustom'd so long to head winds and bad weather,
Let us conquer or go to the devil together.

RIVINGTON'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

[A TRUE COPY FROM THE RECORDS.]

SINCE life is uncertain, and no one can say,
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,
And settles in season his worldly affairs :

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avoid crying,
And think when they're making their wills they are
dying ;

'Tis surely a serious employment—but still,
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will ?

Let others be sad when their lives they review,
But I know *whom* I've serv'd—and *him* faithfully too ;
And though it may seem a fanatical story
He often has show'd me a glimpse of his glory.

IMPRIMIS, my carcase I give and devise
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,
To nourish those tories whose spirits may droop,
And serve the king's army with Portable Soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read
That “ worms on the dead shall deliciously feed,”
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,
For what are our tories and soldiers but vermin ?—

This soup of soups can't be call'd that of beef,
And this may to some be a matter of grief :
But I'm certain the BULL would occasion a laugh,
That beef Portable Soup should be made of a CALF.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full sett
 (In volumes bound up) of the Royal Gazette,
 In which he will find the vast record contain'd
 Of provinces conquer'd and victories gain'd.

As to Arnold the traitor and Satan his brother
 I beg they will also accept of another ;
 And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,
 Provided they'll read it like brothers together.

But if Arnold should die, 'tis another affair,
 Then Satan surviving shall be the sole heir ;
 He often has told me he thought it quite clever,
 So to him and his heirs I bequeath it forever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought wise)
 Who say my Gazette is the record of lies ;
 In answer to this, I shall only reply—
 All the choice that I had was to starve or to lie.

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guittars
 I leave to our heroes now weary of wars—
 To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,
 The captains shall play and the soldiers shall dance.

To Sir Henry Clinton, his use and behoof,
 I leave my French brandy of very high proof ;
 It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter
 And make him feel bolder by land and by water :

Yet I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong
 'Tis *avant la viande et apres le poisson**—
 It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turning,
 And digest the affront of his effigy burning.

* Before flesh and after fish—See the *Royal Gazette*.

To Baron Knyphausen, his heirs and assigns,
I bequeath my *old hock*, and my Burgundy wines,
To a true Hessian drunkard no liquors are sweeter,
And I know the old man is no foe to the *creature*.

To a general, my namesake,* I give and dispose
Of a purse full of clipp'd, light, sweated half joes ;
I hereby desire him to take back his trash,
And return me my HANNAY'S infallible WASH.†

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels
I give to Cornwallis renowned in battles :
By moving of these (not tracing the map)
He'll explain to the king how he got in the TRAP.

To good David Mathews (among other slops)
I give my whole cargo of Maredant's drops,
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart :

Provided, however, and nevertheless,
That what other estate I enjoy and possess
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)
Shall remain to the Tories TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

As I thus have bequeath'd them both carcase and fleece,
The least they can do is to wait my decease ;
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

In WITNESS whereof (though no ailment I feel)
Hereunto I set both my hand and my seal ;
(As the law says) in presence of witnesses twain,
'Squire *John Coghill Knap*,‡ and brother *Hugh Gaine*.

JAMES RIVINGTON, (L. S.)

NEW-YORK, Feb. 20, 1782.

* General James Robertson. † Used in the venereal disease.

‡ A Notary Public in New-York.

A PROPHECY.

[WRITTEN 1782.]

WHEN a certain great king, whose initial is G,
Shall force stamps upon paper, and folks to drink
tea ;

When these folks burn his tea, and stampd paper, like
stubble,

You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a petition he treads under his feet,

And sends over the ocean an army and fleet ;

When that army, half-starved, and frantic with rage,

Shall be coop'd up with a leader whose name rhymes to
cage,

When that leader goes home dejected and sad,

You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad :

But when B and C with their armies are taken,

This king will do well if he saves his own bacon.

In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two,

A stroke he shall get that will make him look blue ;

In the years eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five,

You hardly shall know that the king is alive ;

In the year eighty-six the affair will be over,

And he shall eat turnips that grow in Hanover.

The face of the lion shall then become pale,

He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheer'd of his tail.

O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,

The Stars and the Lilly shall run you on shore,

And your lion shall growl, but never bite more. }

THE POLITICAL BALANCE;
OR, THE FATES OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA
COMPARED.

A TALE.

Deciding Fates, in Homer's stile, I shew,
And bring contending Gods once more to view.

AS Jove the Olympian (who both I and you know,
Was brother to Neptune, and husband to Juno)
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,
He happen'd to light on the records of Fate :

In Alphabet order this volume was written—
So he open'd at B for the article Britain—
She struggles so well, said the god, I will see
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions decree.

And first on the top of a column he read,
“ Of a king with a mighty soft place in his head,
“ Who should join in his temper the ass and the mule,
“ The third of his name, and by far the worst fool :

“ His reign shall be famous for multiplication,
“ The sire and the king of a *whelp* generation :
“ But such is the will and the purpose of fate,
“ For each child he begets he shall forfeit a *state* :

“ In the course of events, he shall find to his cost
“ That he cannot regain what he foolishly lost ;
“ Of the nations around he shall be the derision,
“ And know by experience the Rule of Division.”

So Jupiter read—a god of first rank—
And still had read on—but he came to a blank :
For the Fates had neglected the rest to reveal—
They either forgot it or chose to conceal :

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a page
That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage—
So, curious to know what the Fates would say next,
No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was vext.

But still as true genius not frequently fails,
He glanc'd at the *Virgin*, and thought of the *Scales* ;
And said, “ To determine the will of the fates,
“ One scale shall weigh *Britain*, the other the *States*.”

Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of thunder,
Said he, “ My dear Vulcan, I pray you look yonder,
“ Those *creatures* are tearing each other to pieces,
“ And instead of abating, the carnage increases.

“ Now, as you are a blacksmith, and lusty stout ham-eater,
“ You must make me a globe of a shorter diameter ;
“ The world in abridgment, and just as it stands
“ With all its proportions of waters and lands ;

“ But its various divisions must so be design'd,
“ That I can unhinge it whene'er I've a mind—
“ How else should I know what the portions will weigh,
“ Or which of the combatants carry the day ?”

Old Vulcan comply'd, (we've no reason to doubt it)
So he put on his apron and strait went about it—
Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,
And here the Pacific, and there the Atlantic.

An axis he hammer'd, whose ends were the poles,
(On which the whole body perpetually rolls)
A brazen meridian he added to these,
On which were engraven twice ninety degrees :

I am sure you had laugh'd to have seen his droll attitude,
 When he bent round the surface the circles of latitude,
 The zones and the tropics, meridians, equator,
 And other fine things that are drawn on salt water.

Away to the southward (instructed by Pallas)
 He plac'd in the ocean the Terra Australis,
 New Holland, New Guinea, and so of the rest—
 America lay by herself in the west :

From the regions where winter eternally reigns,
 To the climes of Peru he extended her plains ;
 Dark groves, and the zones did her bosom adorn,
 And the *Crosiers*,* new burnish'd, he hung at cape Horn.

The weight of two oceans she bore on her sides,
 With all their convulsions of tempests and tides ;
 Vast lakes on her surface did fearfully roll,
 And the ice from her rivers surrounded the pole.

Then Europe and Asia he northward extended,
 Where under the Arctic with Zembla they ended ;
 The length of these regions he took with his garters,
 (Including Siberia, the land of the Tartars.)

In the African clime (where the cocoa nut tree grows)
 He laid down the desarts, and even the Negroes,
 The shores by the waves of four oceans embrac'd,
 And elephants strolling about in the waste.

In forming East India, he had a wide scope,
 Beginning his work at the cape of Good Hope ;
 Then eastward of that he continued his plan,
 'Till he came to the empire and isles of Japan.

Adjacent to Europe he struck up an island,
 (One part of it low, but the other was high land)

* Stars, in the form of a cross, which mark the South Pole in southern latitudes.

With many a comical creature upon it,
And one wore a hat, and another a bonnet.

Like emmets or ants in a fine summer's day,
They ever were marching in battle array,
Or skipping about on the face of the brine,
Like witches in egg-shells (their ships of the line).

These poor little creatures were all in a flame,
To the lands of America urging their claim,
Still biting, or stinging, or spreading their sails;
(For Vulcan had form'd them with stings in their tails).

So poor and so lean, you might count all their ribs,*
Yet were so enraptured with crackers and squibs,
That Vulcan with laughter almost split asunder,
“ Because they imagin'd their crackers were thunder.”

Due westward from these, with a channel between,
A servant to slaves Hibernia was seen,
Once crowded with monarchs, and high in renown,
But all she retain'd was the Harp and the Crown !

Her genius, a female, reclin'd in the shade,
And, merely for music, so mournfully play'd,
That Jove was uneasy to hear her complain,
And order'd his blacksmith to loosen her chain :

Then tipt her a wink, saying, “ Now is your time,
“ (To *rebel* is the sin, to *revolt* is no crime)
“ When your fetters are off, if you will not be free,
“ Be a slave if you will, but complain not to me.”

But finding her timid, he cry'd in a rage—
“ Tho' the doors are flung open, she stays in the cage !
“ Subservient to Britain then let her remain,
“ And her freedom shall be, *but the length of her chain.*”

* Their national debt being above £200,000,000 sterling.

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,
 Jove look'd at the globe, and approv'd its dimensions,
 And cry'd in a transport—"Why! what have we here!
 "Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere!

"Now while I am busy in taking apart
 "This globe that is form'd with such exquisite art,
 "Go, Hermes, to Libra, (you're one of her gallants)
 "And ask, in my name, for the loan of her Balance."

Away posted Hermes as swift as the gales,
 And as swiftly return'd with the ponderous Scales,
 And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,
 So equally pois'd they had turn'd with a hair.

Now Jove to COLUMBIA his shoulders apply'd,
 But aiming to lift her, his strength she defy'd—
 Then turning about to their godships, he says—
 "A BODY SO VAST is not easy to raise;

"But if you assist me, I still have a notion
 "Our *forces united* can put her in motion,
 "And swing her aloft, (tho' alone I might fail)
 "And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale;

"If six years together the Congress have strove,
 "And more than * *divided the empire with Jove*; †
 "With a JOVE like myself, who am ten times as great,
 "You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this
 weight."

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,
 And upward she sprung, with her mountains and rivers!
 Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,
 Ships, armies, and forests, high heads and fine fellows:

* "Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."—*Virg.*

† George III.

“ Stick to it !” cries Jove—“ now heave one and all !
 “ At least we are lifting ‘ *one eighth of the ball* !’
 “ If backward she tumbles—then trouble begins,
 “ And then have a care, my dear boys, of your shins !”

When gods are determin’d what project can fail ?
 So they gave a fresh shove and she mounted the scale ;
 Suspended aloft, Jove view’d her with awe—
 And the *gods*,* for their *pay*, had a hearty—huzza !

But Neptune† bawl’d out—“ Why Jove you’re a noddy,
 “ Is Britain sufficient to poise that vast body ?
 “ ’Tis nonsense such castles to build in the air—
 “ As well might an oyster with Britain compare.”

“ Away to your waters, you blustering bully,”
 Said Jove, “ or I’ll make you repent of your folly,
 “ Is Jupiter, sir, to be tutor’d by you ?—
 “ Get out of my sight, for I know what I do !”—

Then searching about with his fingers for Britain,
 Thought he, “ This same island I cannot well hit on ;
 “ The devil take him who first call’d her the GREAT :
 “ If she was—she is *vastly* diminish’d of late !”

Like a man that is searching his thigh for a flea,
 He peep’d and he fumbled, but nothing could see ;
 At last he exclaim’d—“ I am surely upon it—
 “ I think I have hold of a highlander’s bonnet.”

But finding his error he said with a sigh,
 “ This bonnet is only the island of Skie !”†
 So away to his *namesake* the PLANET he goes,
 And borrow’d *two moons* to hang on his nose.

* American soldiers.

† Minority in Parliament.

‡ An Island on the north-west of Scotland.

Thro' these, as thro' glasses, he saw her quite clear,
And in raptures cry'd out—"I have found her—she's
here!

"If this be not Britain, then call me an ass,

"She looks like a gem in an ocean of glass.

"But, faith, she's so small I must mind how I shake her;

"In a box I'll inclose her, for fear I should break her:

"Though a god, I might suffer for being aggressor,

"Since scorpions and vipers and hornets possess her;

"The white cliffs of Albion are full in my view—

"And the hills of Plinlimmon I think I could shew—

"But, Vulcan, inform me what creatures are these,

"That smell so of onions and garlick and cheese?"

Old Vulcan reply'd—"Odds splutter a nails!

"Why, these are the Welsh, and the country is Wales!

"When Taffy is vext, no devil is ruder—

"Take care how you handle the offspring of Tudor!

"On the crags of the mountains hur living hur seeks,

"Hur country is planted with garlick and leeks;

"So great is hur choler, beware how you teize hur,

"For these are the Britons—unconquer'd—by Cesar."

Jove peep'd thro' his moons, and examin'd their features,

And said, "By my truth, they are wonderful creatures,

"The beards are so long that encircle their throats,

"That (unless they are Welchmen) I swear they are
goats :

"But now, my dear Juno, pray give me my mittens,

"(The insects I am going to handle are Britons)

"I'll draw up their isle with a finger and thumb,

"As the doctor extracts an old tooth from your gum."

Then he rais'd her aloft—but, to shorten our tale,
She look'd like a *CLON* in the opposite scale—
Britannia so small, and Columbia so large—
A ship of first rate, and a ferryman's barge !

Cry'd Pallas to Vulcan, " Why, Jove's in a dream—
" Observe how he watches the turn of the beam !
" Was ever a mountain outweigh'd by a grain ?
" Or what is a drop when compar'd to the main ?"

But Momus alledg'd—" In my humble opinion,
" You should add to Great Britain her foreign dominion,
" When this is appended, perhaps she will rise,
" And equal her rival in weight and in size."

" Alas !" said the monarch, " your project is vain,
" But little is left of her foreign domain ;
" And, scatter'd about in the liquid expanse,
" That little is left to the mercy of France ;

" However, we'll lift them, and give her fair play"—
And soon in the scale with their mistress they lay ;
But the gods were confounded and struck with surprise,
And Vulcan could hardly believe his own eyes !

For (such was the purpose and guidance of fate)
Her foreign dominions diminish'd her weight—
By which it appear'd, to Britain's disaster,
Her foreign possessions were changing their master.

Then as he replac'd them, said Jove with a smile—
" Columbia shall never be rul'd by an isle—
" But vapours and darkness around her shall rise,
" And tempests conceal her a-while from our eyes ;

" So locusts in Egypt their squadrons display,
" And rising disfigure the face of the day ;
" So the moon at her full has a frequent eclipse,
" And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

232 THE POLITICAL BALANCE.

“ Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin of Britain—
“ (And here in derision their island he spit on)
“ ’Tis madness to seek what you never can find,
“ Or think of uniting what nature disjoin’d ;
“ But still you may flutter a-while with your wings
“ And spit out your venom, and brandish your stings,
“ Your hearts are as black, and as bitter as gall,
“ A curse to yourselves, and a blot on the BALL.”

SIR HARRY’S CALL.

COME gentlemen Tories, firm, loyal and true,
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do !
For the sake of our king,
Come, labour and sing ;
You left all you had for his honour and glory,
And he will remember the suffering Tory :
We have, it is true,
Some small work to do ;
But here’s for your pay
Twelve coppers a-day,
And never regard what the rebels may say,
But throw off your jerkins and labour away.
To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,
To pull down old houses and dig the canal,
To build and destroy—
Be this your employ,
In the day time to work at our fortifications,
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations :
The king wants your aid
Not empty parade ;
Advance to your places
Ye men of *long faces*,

Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces,
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend, at the call of the fifer and drummer,

The French and the rebels are coming next summer,
And forts we must build
Though Tories are kill'd—

Then courage, my jockies, and work for your king,
For if you are taken no doubt you will swing—

If York we can hold

I'll have you enroll'd ;

And after you're dead

Your names shall be read

As who for their monarch both labour'd and bled,

And ventur'd their necks for their *beef* and their *bread*.

'Tis an honour to serve the bravest of nations,

And be left to be hang'd in their capitulations—

Then scour up your mortars

And stand to your quarters,

'Tis nonsense for Tories in battle to run,

They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun ;

Their hearts should not fail 'em,

No balls will assail 'em,

Forget your disgraces

And *shorten* your *faces*,

For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,

Who are born to be hang'd will never be shot.

A DIALOGUE, AT HYDE-PARK CORNER.

Burgoyne.

LET those who will, be proud and sneer,
And call you an unwelcome peer,
But I am glad to see you here :

The prince that fills the British throne,
Unless successful, honours none ;
Poor Jack Burgoyne !—you're not alone.

Cornwallis.

Thy ships, De Grasse, have caus'd my grief—
To rebel shores and their relief
There never came a happier chief :

In fame's *black* page it shall be read,
By Gallic arms *my* soldiers bled—
The rebels *thine* in triumph led.

Burgoyne.

Our fortunes various forms assume,
Had I been blest with *elbow-room*,
I might have found a different doom ;

But you, that conquer'd far and wide,
In little York thought fit to hide,
The *subject ocean* at your side.

Cornwallis.

And yet no force had gain'd the post—
Not Washington, his country's boast,
Nor Rochambeau with all his host,

Nor all the Gallic fleet's parade—
Had Clinton struggled in my aid,
And Sammy Graves been not afraid.

Burgoyne.

For head knock'd off, or broken bones,
Or mangled corpse, no price atones ;
Nor all that prattling rumour says,
Nor all the piles that art can raise,
The poet's or the parson's praise.

Cornwallis.

Though I am brave, as well as you,
Yet still I think your notion true :
 Dear brother Jack, our toils are o'er—
 With foreign conquests plagu'd no more,
 We'll stay and watch our native shore.

ON THE LATE ROYAL SLOOP OF WAR,
GEN. MONK,

(FORMERLY THE WASHINGTON)

MOUNTING SIX QUARTER DECK WOODEN GUNS.

[APRIL 24, 1782]

WHEN the Washington ship by the English was
beat,

They sent her to England to shew their great feat,
And Sandwich straightway, as a proof of his spunk,
Dash'd out her old name, and call'd her the Monk.

“ This Monk hated rebels, said Sandy—’od rot them—
“ So heave her down quickly, and copper her bottom ;
“ With the sloops of our navy we’ll have her enroll’d,
“ And mann’d with pick’d sailors to make her feel bold.

“ To show that our king is both valiant and good,
“ Some guns shall be iron, and others be wood,
“ And in truth (tho’ I wish not the secret to spread)
“ Her guns should be wooden, as well as his head.”

TRUTH ANTICIPATED.

[WRITTEN APRIL, 1782.]

WHAT weighty events have of late come to pass,
No less than the capture of Monsieur de Grasse!
His majesty's Printer has told it for true,
As we had it from him, so we give it to you.

Many folks of discernment the story believ'd,
And the devil himself it at first had deceiv'd,
Had it not been that Satan imported the stuff,
And sign'd it *George Rodney*, for that was enough.

Said *Satan* to *Jemmy*, "Let's give them the *whoppers*—
" Some news I have got that will bring in the coppers,
" And *truth* it shall be, though I pass it for *lies*,
" And making a page of your Newspaper size.

" A wide field is open to favour my plan,
" And the rebels may prove that I lie—if they can ;
" Since they jested and laugh'd at our lying before,
" Let it pass for a lie, to torment them the more.—

" My wings are yet wet with the *West India* dew,
" And *Rodney* I left, to come hither to you,
" I left *him* bedevil'd with brimstone and smoke,
" The *French* in distress, and their armament broke.

" For news so delightful, with heart and with voice
" The Tories of every degree shall rejoice ;
" With charcoal and sulphur shall utter their joy
" 'Till they all get as black as they paint the *old Boy*."

Thus, pleas'd with the motion, each cutting a caper,
Down they sat at the table, with pen, ink, and paper ;
In less than five minutes the matter was stated,
And Jemmy turn'd scribe, while Satan dictated.

" Begin (said the devil) in the form of a *Letter*,
" (If you call it *true copy*, 'tis so much the better)
" Make Rodney assert that he met the French fleet,
" Engag'd 'em, and gave 'em a *total defeat*.

" But the better to vamp up a show of reality,
" The tale must be told with circumstantiality,
" What vessels were conquer'd by Britain's bold sons,
" Their quotas of men, and their number of guns.

" There's the *Ville de Paris*—one hundred and ten—
" Write down, that Geo. Rodney has kill'd half her men,
" That her hull and her rigging are shatter'd and shaken,
" Her flag humbled down, and her admiral taken.

" *Le Cesar*, 'tis true, is a seventy-four,
" But *Le Ville de Paris* was thirty-six more ;
" With a grey goose's quill if that ship we did seize on,
" *Le Cesar* must fall, or I'll know what's the reason.

" The next that I fix on to take is *Le Hector*,
" (Her name may be Trojan, but shall not protect her)
" Don't faulter, dear comrade, and look like a goose,
" If we've taken these three, we can take *Glorieuse*.

" The last mentioned ship runs their loss up to four,
" *Le Diadem* sunk, shall make it one more ;
" And now, for the sake of round numbers, dear cousin,
" Write *Ardent*, and then we have just half-a-dozen !"

Jemmy smil'd at the notion, and whisper'd, " O fy !

" Indeed 'tis a shame to persuade one to lie"—

But Satan replied—" Consider, my son,

" I am prince of the winds, and have seen what is done :

“ With a conquest, like this, how bright we shall shine !

“ That Rodney has taken *six ships of the Line*

“ Will be in your paper a brilliant affair ;

“ How the *tories* will laugh, and the *rebels* will swear !

“ But farther, dear Jemmy, make Rodney to say,

“ *If the sun two hours longer had held out the day,*

“ *The rest were so beaten, so baisted, so tore,*

“ *He had taken them ALL, and he knew not but MORE.*”

So the *partners* broke up as good friends as they met,

And soon it was all in the *Royal Gazette* ;

The Tories rejoic'd at the very good news,

And said, *There's no fear we shall die in our shoes.*

Now let us give credit to Jemmy, forsooth,

Since once in a way he has hit on the truth,

If again he returns to his practice of lies,

He hardly reflects where he'll go when he dies.

But still, when he dies, let it never be said

That he rests in his grave with no verse at his head ;

But furnish, ye poets, some short epitaph,

And something like this, that the reader may laugh :

HERE *lies* a King's Printer, we needn't say who :

There is reason to think that he tells what is true ;

But if he *lies* here, 'tis not over-strange,

His present position is but a small change,

So, reader, pass on—'tis a folly to sigh,

For all his life long he did little but *lie*.

THE SAILOR'S INVITATION.

COME, all ye lads that know no fear,
To wealth and honour we will steer
In the Hyder Ally privateer,
Commanded by bold Barney.

She's new and true, and tight and sound,
Well rigg'd aloft, and all well found—
Come and be with laurel crown'd,
Away—and leave your lasses.

Accept our terms without delay,
And make your fortunes while you may,
Such offers are not every day
In the power of the jolly sailor.

Success and fame attend the brave,
But death the coward and the slave,
Who fears to plough the Atlantic wave,
To seek out bold invaders.

Come, then, and take a cruising bout,
Our ship sails well, there is no doubt,
She has been try'd both in and out,
And answers expectation.

Let no proud foes that Britain bore
Distress our trade, insult our shore—
Teach them to know their reign is o'er,
Bold Philadelphia sailors!

We'll teach them how to sail so near,
Or to venture on the Delaware,
When we in warlike trim appear,
 And cruise without Henlopen.

Who cannot wounds and battles dare
Shall never clasp the blooming fair ;
The brave alone their charms shall share,
 The brave are their protectors.

With hand and heart united all,
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall,
Attend, my lads, to honour's call,
 Embark in our Hyder Ally.

From an eastern prince she takes her name,
Who, smit with freedom's sacred flame,
Usurping Britons brought to shame,
 His country's wrongs avenging ;

See, on her stern the waving stars—
Inur'd to blood, inur'd to wars,
Come, enter quick, my jolly tars,
 To scourge these haughty Britons.

Here's grog enough—then drink about,
I know your hearts are firm and stout ;
American blood will ne'er give out,
 And often we have prov'd it.

Though stormy oceans round us roll,
We'll keep a firm undaunted soul,
Befriended by the cheering bowl,
 Sworn foes to melancholy :

While timorous landsmen lurk on shore,
'Tis ours to go where cannons roar—
On a coasting cruise we'll go once more,
 Despisers of all danger ;

And Fortune still that crowns the brave
Shall guard us o'er the gloomy wave—
A fearful heart betrays a knave ;
Success to the Hyder Ally.

SONG, ON CAPTAIN BARNEY'S VICTORY
OVER THE SHIP GENERAL MONK.

[APRIL 26, 1782.]

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
Long the General Monk had reign'd ;
All subduing, all reducing,
None her lawless rage restrain'd :
Many a brave and hearty fellow
Yielding to this warlike foe,
When her guns began to bellow
Struck his humbled colours low.

But grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide wat'ry way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May :
“ Now we soon (said captain Rogers)
“ Shall their men of commerce meet ;
“ In our hold we'll have them lodgers,
“ We shall capture half their fleet.

“ Lo ! I see their van appearing—
“ Back our topsails to the mast—
“ They toward us full are steering
“ With a gentle western blast :

" I've a list of all their cargoes,
 " All their guns, and all their men :
 " I am sure these modern Argo's
 " Can't escape us one in ten :

" Yonder comes the Charming Sally
 " Sailing with the General Greene—
 " First we'll fight the HYDER ALLY,
 " Taking her is taking them :
 " She intends to give us battle,
 " Bearing down with all her sail—
 " Now, boys, let our cannon rattle !
 " To take her we cannot fail.

" Our eighteen guns, each a nine pounder,
 " Soon shall terrify this foe ;
 " We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
 " Bringing rebel colours low."—
 While he thus anticipated
 Conquests that he could not gain,
 He in the Cape May channel waited
 For the ship that caus'd his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
 Thus address'd his gallant crew—
 " Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,
 " Let your hearts be firm and true ;
 " This is a proud English cruiser,
 " Roving up and down the main,
 " We must fight her—must reduce her,
 " Tho' our decks be strew'd with slain.

" Let who will be the survivor,
 " We must conquer or must die,
 " We must take her up the river,
 " Whate'er comes of you or I :

- “ Tho’ she shows most formidable
“ With her eighteen pointed nines,
“ And her quarters clad in sable,
“ Let us baulk her proud designs.
- “ With four nine pounders, and twelve sixes
“ We will face that daring band ;
“ Let no dangers damp your courage,
“ Nothing can the brave withstand.
“ Fighting for your country’s honour,
“ Now to gallant deeds aspire ;
“ Helmsman, bear us down upon her,
“ Gunner, give the word to fire !”

Then yard arm and yard arm meeting,
Strait began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,
Belch’d their smoky flames away :
Soon the langrage, grape and chain shot,
That from Barney’s cannons flew,
Swept the Monk, and clear’d each round top,
Kill’d and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally
His men, from their quarters fled,
While the roaring Hyder Ally
Cover’d o’er his decks with dead.
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave inferior foe.

All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarters call.

Then the Monk's proud flag descended,
 And her cannon ceas'd to roar ;
 By her crew no more defended,
 She confess'd the contest o'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,
 You have humbled one proud foe,
 No brave action this surpasses,
 Fame shall tell the nations so—
 Thus be Britain's woes completed,
 Thus abridg'd her cruel reign,
 'Till she ever, thus defeated,
 Yields the sceptre of the main.

ON SIR HENRY CLINTON'S RECALL.

THE *dog that is beat has a right to complain*—
 Sir Harry returns a disconsolate swain
 To the face of his master, the devil's anointed,
 To the country provided for thieves disappointed.

Our FREEDOM, he thought, to a tyrant must fall,
 He concluded the weakest must go to the wall ;
 The more he was flatter'd the bolder he grew—
 He quitted the old world to conquer the new.

But in spite of the deeds he has done in his garrison,
 (And they have been curious beyond all comparison)
 He now must go home, at the call of his king,
 To answer the charges that Arnold may bring.

But what are the acts that this chief has atchiev'd?—
 If good, it is hard he should now be aggriev'd,
 And the more, as he fought for his national glory,
 Nor valued a farthing the RIGHT of the story.

This famous great man, and two birds* of his feather,
 In the Cerberus frigate came over together ;
 But of all the bold chiefs that re-measure the trip,
 Not two have been known to return in one ship.

Like children that wrestle and scuffle in sport,
 They are very well pleas'd as long as unhurt,
 But a thump on the nose, or a blow in the eye,
 Ends the fray—and they go to their *daddy* and cry.

Sir Clinton, thy deeds have been mighty and many,
 You said all our *paper* was not worth a penny,
 ('Tis nothing but rags,† quoth honest Will. Tryon,
 Are *rags* to discourage the *Sons of the Lion*?)

But Clinton thought thus—" It is folly to fight,
 " When things may by easier methods come right,
 " There is such an art as counterfeit-ation—
 " And I'll do my utmost to honour our nation ;

" I'll shew this damn'd country that I can enslave her,
 " And that by the help of a skilful engraver,
 " And then let the rebels take care of their bacon,
 " We'll play them a trick, or I'm vastly mistaken."

But the project succeeded not quite to your liking,
 So you paid off your *artist* and gave up BILL STRIKING ;
 But 'tis an affair I am glad you are quit on,
 You had surely been hang'd had you try'd it in Britain.

At the taking of Charleston you cut a great figure,
 The terms you propounded were terms full of rigour,
 Yet could not foresee poor CHARLY'S‡ disgrace,
 Nor how soon your own COLOURS would go in the CASE.

* Generals Howe and Burgoyne.

† See his Letter to Gen. Parsons.

‡ Cornwallis.

When the town had surrender'd, the more to disgrace ye,
 (Like another *true Briton* that did it at 'Statia)
 You broke all the terms yourself had extended,
 Because you suppos'd the rebellion was ended ;

Whoever the tories mark'd out as a whig,
 If gentle, or simple, or little, or big,
 No matter to you—to kill 'em and spite 'em,
 You soon had 'em up where the dogs could n't bite 'em.

Then thinking these rebels were snug and secure,
 You left them to Rawdon and Nesbit Balfour :
 (The face of the latter no mask need be draw'd on,
 And to fish for the Devil my bait should be *Rawdon*.)

Returning to York with your ships and your plunder,
 And boasting that rebels must shortly knock under,
 The first thing that struck you as soon as you landed
 Was the fortress at West Point, where Arnold commanded.

Thought you, " If friend Arnold this fort will deliver,
 " We then shall be masters of all Hudson's river,
 " The *east* and the *south* losing communication,
 " The Yankies will die by the act of *starvation*."

So off you sent André, (not guided by Pallas)
 Who soon purchas'd Arnold, and with him the gallows ;
 Your *loss* I conceive than your *gain* was far greater,
 You lost a good fellow and got a damn'd traitor.

Now Carleton comes over to give you relief,
 A knight like yourself, and commander in *chief*,
 But the *chief* he will get, you may tell the *dear honey*,
 Will be a black eye, hard knocks, and *no* money.

Now with—" Britons, strike home !" your sorrows
 dispel,
 Away to your master, and honestly tell

That his *arms* and his *artists* can nothing avail,
His men are too few, and his tricks are too stale :

Advise him at length to be just and sincere ;
Of which not a symptom as yet doth appear,
As we plainly perceive from his sending Sir Guy,
Commission'd to steal, and commission'd to lie.

SIR GUY CARLETON'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICANS.

FROM Britain's fam'd island once more I come over,
(No island on earth is in prowess above her)
With powers and commissions your hearts to recover !

Our king, I must tell you, is plagu'd with a phantom
(Independence they call it) that hourly doth haunt him,
And relief, my dear rebels, you only can grant him.

Tom Gage and Sir Harry, Sir William, (our boast)
Lord Howe, and the rest that have scouted the coast,
All fail'd in their projects of laying this ghost :

So unless the damn'd spectre myself can expel
It will yet kill our monarch, I know very well,
And gallop him off on his Lion to hell.

But I heartily wish, that, instead of sir Guy,
They had sent out a seer from the island of Skie,
Who rebels and devils and ghosts may defy :

So great is our prospect of failing at last,
When I look at the present, and think of the past,
I wish with our heroes I had not been class'd ;

For though, to a man, we are bullies and bruisers,
And cover'd with laurels, we still are the losers,
'Till each is recall'd with his tory accusers :

But the war now is alter'd, and on a new plan ;
By negociation we'll do what we can—
And I am an honest, well-meaning old man ;

Too proud to retreat, and too weak to advance,
We must stay where we are, at the mercy of chance,
'Till Fortune shall help us to lead you a dance.

Then lay down your arms, dear rebels—O hone !
Our king is the best man that ever was known,
And the greatest that ever was stuck on a throne :

His love and affection by all ranks are sought ;
Here take him, my honies, and each pay a groat—
Was ever a monarch more easily bought ?

In pretty good case and very well found
By night and by day we carry him round ;
He must go for a groat, if we can't get a pound.

Break the treaties you made with LOUIS BOURBON ;
Abandon the Congress, no matter how soon,
And then, all together, we'll play a new tune.

'Tis strange that they always would manage the roast,
And force you their healths and the Dauphin's to toast ;
Repent, my dear fellows, and each get a *post* ;

Or if you object that *one post* is too few,
We generous Britons will help you to *two*,
With a beam laid across—that will certainly do.

The folks that rebell'd in the year forty-five,
We us'd them so well, that we left few alive,
But sent them to heaven in swarms from their hive.

Your noble resistance we cannot forget,
'Tis nothing but right we should honour you yet ;
If you are not rewarded, we die in your debt.

So, quickly submit and our mercy implore,
Be as loyal to George as you once were before,
Or I'll slaughter you all—and probably more.

What puzzled Sir Harry, Sir Will. and his brother,
Perhaps may be done by the son of my mother,
With the *Sword* in one hand and the *Branch* in the other.

My bold predecessors (as fitting their station)
At their first coming out all spoke PROCLAMATION ;
'Tis the custom with us, and the way of our nation.

Then Kil-la-la-loo !—Shelaly, I say ;—
If we cannot all fight, we can all run away—
And further at present I choose not to say.

THE ENGLISH QUIXOTE OF 1778 ;

OR, MODERN IDOLATRY.

MY native shades delight no more,
I haste to meet the ocean's roar,
I seek a wild rebellious shore
Beyond the Atlantic main :

'Tis honour calls !—I must away !—
Nor ease nor pleasure tempts my stay,
Nor all that Love himself can say,
A moment shall detain.

To meet those hosts that dare disown
Allegiance to Britannia's throne
I draw the sword that pities none,
I draw their rebel blood ;

Amazement shall their troops confound
 When gasping, prostrate on the ground,
 My sword shall drink from every wound
 A life-destroying flood !

The swarthy Indian, yet unbroke,
 Shall bend his neck to Britain's yoke,
 Or flee from her avenging stroke
 To deserts all unknown ;

The Atlantic isles shall own her sway,
 Peru and Mexico obey,
 And those* who yet to Satan pray
 Beyond the southern zone.

For George the third I dare to go
 Through Etna's fire and Greenland's snow,
 Where'er our kindred waters flow,
 The vast unbounded main ;

In him true glory shines complete,
 In him a thousand virtues meet—
 'Twere heaven to die at George's feet,
 Could I that blessing gain !

For George the third I dare to fall,
 Since he to me is all in all—
 May he subdue this earthly ball,
 And nations tribute bring :—

Yon' rebel States shall wear his chain
 Where traitors now with tyrants reign—
 And subject shall be all the main
 To George our potent king.

* The inhabitants of New Holland in the south seas.

When honour calls to guard his throne
My life I dare not call my own—
My life I yield without a groan
For him whom I adore :

In endless glory he shall reign—
'Tis he shall conquer France and Spain—
Though I perhaps may ne'er again
Behold my native shore !

['Tis so well known 'tis hardly worth relating
That men have worshipp'd gods, tho' of their own
creating ;
Art's handy work they thought they might adore,
And bow'd to gods that were but logs before.

Idols, of old, were made of clay or wood,
And in themselves did neither harm nor good,
Acted as though they knew the good old rule,
“ Friend, hold thy peace and you'll be thought no fool.”

Britons ! their case is yours—and link'd in fate
You, like your Indian allies—good and great—
Bow to the frowning block yourselves did rear,
And worship SATAN'S IMAGE—out of fear—]

THE PROJECTORS.

BEFORE the brazen age began,
And things were yet on Saturn's plan,
None knew what sovereign bliss there lay
In ruling, were it but a day.
Each with spontaneous food content,
His life in simple affluence spent ;

The sun was mild, serene and clear,
And walk'd in Libra all the year ;
No tempests did the heaven deform,
'Twas not too cold nor yet too warm ;
People were then at small expence,
They dug no ditch, and made no fence,
No patentees by slight or chance
For Indian lands got ample grants,
Not for their wants, but just to say,
“ If you come here, expect to pay.”

Base grasping souls, your pride repress ;
Beyond your wants must you possess ?
If ten poor acres will supply
A rustic and his family,
Why, grumblers, would you have ten score,
Ten thousand and ten thousand more ?

It is a truth well understood,
“ All would be tyrants if they cou'd.”
The love of sway has been confess'd
The ruling passion of the breast :
Those who aspire to govern states,
If baulk'd by disapproving fates,
Resolve their purpose to fulfil,
And scheme for *tenants at their will*.

“ Ten thousand acres, fit for toil,
“ In Indiana's fertile soil—
“ Ten thousand acres ! let's agree—
“ Let me become the patentee,
“ And while the longing stomach craves,
“ I'll honour fools and flatter knaves.”

If Rome of old to greatness rose
Triumphant over all her foes,
None need believe that people then
Were more in strength than modern men ;
If o'er the world her eagles wav'd,
'Twas policy the world enslav'd ;

From lands not shar'd amongst the few,
An independent spirit grew :
Each on a small and scanty spot,
With much ado his living got,
Great as a monarch on the throne
BY HAVING SOMETHING OF HIS OWN.

ON A LADY'S SINGING BIRD,

A NATIVE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS, CONFINED IN A
VERY SMALL CAGE.

[WRITTEN IN BERMUDA, 1778.]

HAPPY in my native grove,
I from spray to spray did rove,
Full of music, full of love.

Drest as fine as bird could be,
Every thing that I did see,
Every thing was mirth to me.

There had I been happy still,
With my mate to coo and bill
In the vale or on the hill ;

But the cruel tyrant man,
Tyrant since the world began,
Soon abridg'd my little span :

How shall I the wrong forget !—
Over me he threw a net,
And I am his captive yet.

To this rough and rocky shore,
Ocean I was wafted o'er,
Ne'er to see my country more.

To a narrow cage confin'd
I, who once so gaily shin'd,
Sing to please the human kind.

I so fond, so full of play,
I so innocently gay,
Sing my little life away.

Thus to pine and flutter here,
Thus to grieve from year to year,
This is usage too severe ;

Gentle shepherds of the plain,
Who so fondly hear my strain,
Help me to be free again ;

'Tis a blessing to be free,
Fair Belinda, pity me,
Pity that which sings for thee :

But if cruel, you deny
That your captive bird should fly,
Here detain'd so wrongfully,

Full of anguish, full of woe,
I must with my music go
To the cypress groves below.

LINES, OCCASIONED BY GEN. ROBERT-
SON'S PROCLAMATION.

[NEW-YORK, JUNE 22, 1782.]

OLD Judas the traitor (nor need we much wonder)
Falling down from the gallows his paunch split
asunder,

Affording, 'tis likely, a horrible scent
Rather worse than the sulphur of hell, where he went.

So now this bra' chieftain, who long has suspended
And kept out of view, what his master intended,
Bursts out all at once, and an inside discloses,
Disgusting the tories, who stop up their noses.

The short of the matter is thus, as I take it—
New-York of true Britons is plainly left naked,
And their conduct amounts to an honest confession,
That they cannot depend on the run-a-way Hessian.

In such a dilemma pray what should they do?
Hearts loyal, to whom should they look but to you?—
You know pretty well how to handle the spade,
To dig their canals and to make a parade;

The city is left to your valiant defence,
And of course it will be but of little expence,
Since there is an old fellow that looks somewhat sooty
Who *gratis* will help you in doing your duty—

“ In doing our duty!—’tis duty indeed
“ (Says a Tory) if this be the way that we speed;
“ We never lov’d fighting: the matter is clear—
“ If we had, I am sure we had never come here.

- “ George we own’d for our king, as his true loyal sons,
“ But why will he force us to manage his guns?—
“ Who ’list in the army or cruise on the wave,
“ Let them do as they will—’tis their trade to be brave.
- “ Gun bullets in boxes we easily face,
“ But when they’re in motion—it alters the case;
“ To skirmish with HUDDIES is all our desire—
“ *For though we can murder we cannot stand fire.*
- “ To the standards of Britain we fled for protection,
“ And here we are gather’d, a goodly collection;
“ And most of us think it is rather too hard
“ For refusing to arm to be put under guard;
- “ Who knows *under guard* what ills we may feel!—
“ It is an expression that means a great deal—
“ ’Mongst the rebels they fine ’em who will not turn out,
“ But here we are left in a sorrowful doubt—
- “ These Britons were always so sharp and so shifty—
“ The rebels excuse you from serving when fifty,
“ But here we are counted such wonderful men
“ We are kept in the ranks, tho’ we’re five score and ten.
- “ Provided the clergy but preach *non-resistance*
“ And *passive obedience*—they wave their assistance;
“ But we—tho’ we’re sick and have death in our faces,
“ Must purchase a proxy to serve in our places.
- “ If matters go thus, it is easy to see
“ That as blockheads we’ve been, so slaves we shall be;
“ And what will become of that peaceable train
“ Whose tenets enjoin them from war to abstain?
- “ Our city commandant must be an odd shaver,
“ Not a single exception to make in their favour!—
“ Come let us turn round and *rebelliously* sing,
“ Huzza for the Congress!—the de’il take the king.”

THE TENTH ODE OF HORACE'S BOOK OF
EPODES, IMITATED.

[WRITTEN in *December* 1781, upon the departure of Gen. Arnold
from New-York.]

WITH evil omens from the harbour sails
The ill-fated ship that hated Arnold bears,
God of the southern wind, call up thy gales
And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,
And may the east wind on a leeward shore
Her cables snap, while she in tumult rides,
And shatter into fragments every oar ;

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,
With such a rage as when from mountains high
He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast
And ruin spreads where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen
Where sad Orion darts his parting ray,
Nor may she ride on oceans more serene
Than Greece triumphant found that stormy day,

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more
On vanquish'd Ilium then in ashes laid,
But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,*
Avenging thus her temple and the maid.

* Ajax the younger, son of Oileus, king of the Locrians. He debauched Cassandra in the temple of Pallas, which was the cause of his misfortune, on his return from the siege of Troy.

When tost upon the vast Atlantic main
 Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,
 How will your sailors sweat, and you complain
 And meanly howl to Jove that will not hear!

But if at last upon some winding shore
 A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,
 A wanton goat to every stormy power,*
 And a fat lamb in sacrifice shall die.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS.

STILL round the world triumphant discord flies,
 Still angry kings to bloody contest rise;
 Hosts bright with steel in dreadful order plac'd,
 And ships contending on the wat'ry waste;
 Distracting demons every breast engage,
 Unwearied nations glow with mutual rage;
 Still to the charge the routed Briton turns,
 The war still rages and the battle burns;
 See, man with man in deadly combat join,
 See, the black navy form the flaming line;
 Death smiles alike at battles lost or won—
 Art does for him what nature would have done.

Can scenes like these delight the human breast?—
 Who sees with joy humanity distress?
 Such tragic scenes fierce passions might prolong,
 But slighted Reason says, they must be wrong.

Curs'd be the day, how bright soe'er it shin'd,
 That first made kings the masters of mankind;
 And curs'd the wretch who first with regal pride
 Their equal rights to equal men deny'd;

* The *Tempests* were goddesses amongst the Romans.

But curs'd, o'er all, who first to slav'ry broke
 Submissive bow'd and own'd a monarch's yoke,
 Their servile souls his arrogance ador'd
 And basely own'd a brother for a lord ;
 Hence wrath and blood, and feuds and wars began,
 And man turn'd monster to his fellow man.

Not so that age of innocence and ease
 When men, yet social, knew no ills like these ;
 Then dormant yet, ambition (half unknown)
 No rival murder'd to possess a throne ;
 No seas to guard, no empires to defend—
 Of some small tribe the father and the friend.
 The hoary sage beneath his sylvan shade
 Impos'd no laws but those which reason made ;
 On peace not war, on good not ill intent,
 He judg'd his brethren by their own consent ;
 Untaught to spurn those brethren to the dust ;
 In virtue firm, and obstinately just,
 For him no navies rov'd from shore to shore,
 No slaves were doom'd to dig the glitt'ring ore ;
 Remote from all the vain parade of state,
 No slaves in diamonds saunter'd at his gate,
 Nor did his breast the guilty passions tear,
 He knew no murder and he felt no fear.

Was this the patriarch sage?—Then turn thine eyes
 And view the contrast that our age supplies ;
 Touch'd from the life, I trace no ages fled,
 I draw no curtain that conceals the dead ;
 To distant Britain let thy view be cast,
 And say the present far exceeds the past ;
 Of all the plagues that e'er the world have curs'd,
 Name George the tyrant, and you name the worst !

What demon, hostile to the human kind,
 Planted these fierce disorders in the mind ?
 All urg'd alike, one phantom we pursue,
 But what has war with HAPPINESS to do ?

In death's black shroud this gem can ne'er be found ;
 Who deals for that the life-destroying wound,
 Or pines with grief to see a brother live,
 That life dissolving which he cannot give ?

'Tis thine, Ambition !—Thee these horrors suit :
 Lost to the human, she assumes the brute ;
 She proudly vain or insolently bold,
 Her heart revenge, her eye intent on gold,
 Sway'd by the madness of the present hour
 Mistakes for happiness EXTENT OF POWER ;
 That shining bait which dropt in folly's way
 Tempts the weak mind, and leads the heart astray !

Thou happiness ! still sought but never found,
 We, in a circle, chase thy shadow round ;
 Meant all mankind in different forms to bless,
 Which yet possessing, we no more possess :—
 Thus far remov'd and painted on the eye
 Smooth verdant fields seem blended with the sky,
 But where they both in fancied contact join
 In vain we trace the visionary line ;
 Still as we chase, the empty circle flies,
 Emerge new mountains or new oceans rise.

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY'S SOLILOQUY.

[OCCASIONED BY PUBLIC REJOICINGS IN
 PHILADELPHIA FOR THE BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN OF
 FRANCE, SON TO LOUIS XVI.]

PEOPLE are mad thus to adore the Dauphin—
 Heaven grant the brat may soon be in his coffin—
 The honours here to this young Frenchman shown,
 Of right should be prince George's, or my own ;
 And all those wreathes that bloom on Louis now,
 Should hang, unfading, on my father's brow.

To these far shores with longing hopes I came,
(By birth a Briton, not unknown to fame)
Pleasures to share that loyalty imparts,
Subdue the rebels, and regain their hearts.

Weak, stupid expectation—all is done !
Few are the prayers that rise for George's son ;
Nought through the waste of these wide realms I trace,
But rage, contempt, and curses on our race,
Hosts with their chiefs by bold usurpers won,
And not a blessing left for George's son !

Here on these isles (my terrors not a few)
I walk attended by the Tory crew :
These from the first have done their best to please,
But who would herd with sycophants like these ?
This exil'd race, who their lost shores bemoan,
Would bow to Satan, if he held our throne—
Rul'd by their fears—and what is meaner far,
Have worshipp'd William only for his *STAR* !
To touch my hand their thronging thousands strove,
And tir'd my patience with unceasing love—
In fame's fair annals told me I should live,
But they, poor creatures, had no fame to give :
Must Digby's royal pupil walk the streets,
And smile on every ruffian that he meets ;
Or teach them, as he has done—he knows when—
That kings and princes are no more than men ?

Must I alas disclose, to our disgrace,
That Britain is too small for George's race ?
Here in the west, where all did once obey,
Three islands only, now, confess our sway ;
And in the east we have not much to boast,
For Hyder Ali drives us from the coast :
Yield, rebels, yield—or I must go once more
Back to the white cliffs of my native shore ;
(Where, in process of time, shall go sir Guy,
And where sir Harry has returned to sigh,

Whose hands grew weak when things began to cross,
 Nor made one effort to retrieve our loss)
 Oatmeal and Scottish kale pots round me rise,
 And Hanoverian turnips greet mine eyes ;—
 Welch goats and naked rocks my bosom swell,
 And Teague ! dear Teague !—to thee I bid farewell—
 Curse on the Dauphin and his friends, I say,
 He steals our honours and our rights away.
 Digby—our anchors !—weigh them to the bow,
 And eastward through the wild waves let us plough :
 Such dire resentments in my bosom burn,
 That to these shores I never will return,
 'Till fruits and flowers on Zembla's coast are known,
 And seas congeal beneath the torrid zone.

THE FLAGELLATORS.

“ THE exemplary punishment of the grand pensionary, Van
 “ Berkel, must be the preliminary article of any treaty of
 “ pacification entered into with Holland.”—*English Ministry.*

FULL three long years has haughty Britain try'd
 By Dutchmen's hands to thresh Van Berkel's hide,
 'Till this should be, she gave no hopes of peace,
 For only *this* could make her anger cease.

What rais'd the droll conceit is hard to say,
 “ That poor Van Berkel's back for peace should pay,”
 Long, very long, our heads were kept in doubt
 Yet fail'd to find the stubborn secret out.

But lately reading of La Mancha's knight
 And Sancho Pança, that ill-fated wight,
 Sudden the clouds from my rack'd brains withdrew
 And all the mighty secret rose to view.

Enchanted long fair Dulcinea lay
In a dark cave secluded from the day,
Chang'd to a country wench with haggard face—
Lost her imperial charms and every winning grace,
While sad Don Quixote through the wide world stray'd
And mourn'd the hard fate of the peerless maid.

At length from hell's dark chambers Merlin came
And told him how he might release the dame,
And get her up from her dull situation
By Sancho's hide enduring flagellation.

“ He on his back (said Merlin) though he grieve
“ Three thousand stinging lashes must receive,
“ (Even his own hand the scourging must inflict
“ Or else my lady will at last be trick'd)
“ And when to these he adds just fifteen score
“ Then Dulcinea comes, and not before.”

“ De'il take her, said the squire, and all her crew !
“ What has her freedom with my back to do ?—
“ Ere my back basting shall her beauty save
“ Faith she may go enchanted to her grave.”

Britain, 'tis plain, has took the hint from hence
And peace, Van Berkel, seeks at thy expence :
Convince her now that you can hold your place,
And, arm'd with scorpions, lash her bull-dog race.

SATAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

[OCCASIONED BY MR. RIVINGTON'S LATE APOLOGY
FOR LYING.]

YOUR golden dreams, your flattering schemes,
Alas ! where are they fled, Sir ?
Your plans derang'd, your prospects chang'd,
You now may go to bed, Sir.—

How could you thus, my partner dear,
Give up the hopes of many a year ?—
Your fame retriev'd, and soaring high
In TRUTH's resemblance seem'd to fly ;
But now you grow so wondrous wise,
You turn, and own that all is lies.

A fabric that from hell we rais'd,
On which astonish'd rebels gaz'd,
And which the world shall ne'er forget,
No less than RIVINGTON'S GAZETTE,
Demolish'd at a single stroke—
The angel Gabriel might provoke.

“ That all was lies,” might well be true,
But why must this be told by you ?
Great master of the wooden head,
Where is thy wonted cunning fled ?
It was a folly to engage
That truth henceforth should fill your page,
When you must know, as well as I,
Your only mission is to LIE.

Such are the plans which folly draws—
 We now, like bears, may suck our paws ;—
 Brought up in lying from your youth,
 You should have dy'd a foe to truth,
 Since none but fools in this accord,
 That VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

Your fortune was as good as made,
 Great artist in the lying trade !
 But now I see with grief and pain
 Your credit cannot rise again :
 No more the favourite of my heart,
 No more will I my gifts impart.

Yet something shall you gain at last
 For lies contriv'd in seasons past—
 When pressing to the *narrow gate*
 I'll show the portal mark'd by Fate,
 Where all mankind (as parsons say)
 Are apt to take the wider way,
 And, though the ROYAL Printer swear,
 Will bolt him in, and keep him there !

TO A WRITER WHO SUBSCRIBES HIMSELF

“ A FOE TO TYRANTS.”

WHEN round the *barque* the howling tempest raves,
 Toss'd in the conflict of a thousand waves,
 The lubber landsmen weep, complain and sigh,
 And on the pilot's skill, or heaven rely,
 Lurk in their holds, astonish'd and aghast,
 Dreading the moment that must be their last—

The tempest o'er—their terror also ceases,
 And up they come and show their shameless faces,
 At once grow brave, and tell the pilot too,
 "He did no more than they themselves could do."

"A FOE TO TYRANTS!"—*One* thy heart restores—
 There is a *Tyrant* that thy soul adores,
 And every stupid line too plainly shows
 Your heart is hostile to that tyrant's foes.

What mighty malice urg'd this Genius dull
 With CHURCHILL's wreathes to shade his barren scull?
 So utter darkness union claims with light,
 So oil and water in one mass unite:
 No more thy rage in borrow'd rhimes repeat;
 Sneak into prose—the dunce's last retreat!
 REED's patriot fame to distant times shall last,
 When these base reptiles to the dogs are cast,
 Or, when Oblivion spreads her dreary wings,
 Lost in the lumber of forgotten things,
 And none shall ask, nor wish to know, nor care
 Who—what their names—or when they liv'd, or where.

TO THE "FOE TO TYRANTS."

VILE as they are, this lukewarm Tory crew
 Seem viler still, when they are prais'd by you;
 By you adorn'd, in *yellow* robes they shine,
 Sweat through your verse, and stink in every line.

True child of Dullness—eldest of her tribe—
 How couldst thou dream that thou wast worth a bribe?
 Ill-fated scribbler, with thy clumsy quill
 Retract the *threat* you dare not to fulfil,
 And round your neck the *withe* or halter twine,
 And be the office of the hangman thine.

Have I from you purloin'd one shred of wit,
 Or did I imitate one line you writ?
 Peace to your works—'twere base to rob the dead,
 The clay cold offspring of your empty head.

Scribbler, retire—what madness would it be
 To point a cannon at a mite like thee!
 Such noxious vermin crawling from the shell,
 By squibs and crackers might be kill'd as well.

But if you must torment the world with rhimes,
 (Since thou wert sent to scourge us for our crimes)
 In stupid odes indulge thy smoky wit,
 Dull lyrics would thy happy genius fit;
 With thy coarse *white wash* daub some scoundrel's face,
 Blockheads in power, or traitors in disgrace:
 To gain immortal praise I leave you free;
 Go—scratch and scribble unchastis'd by me.
 Haste to the realms of nonsense and despair,
 The ghosts of murder'd rhimes shall meet you there,
 Like rattling chains provoke incessant fears,
 And with eternal jinglings stun your ears.

A FOE TO MALICK.

TO THE "FOE TO TYRANTS," ON HIS FAREWELL.

SINCE ink, thank heaven, is all the blood you spill,
 Health to the driver of the true *goose* quill;
 Such war shall leave no widow in despair,
 Nor curse one orphan with the public care.

'Tis the worst wound the heart of man can feel,
 Thus to be wounded by an ass's heel:
 With generous satire give me all my due,

Nay, give me more, and call me scoundrel too,
 Make me as black as hell's remotest gloom,
 But still to genius let me owe my doom :
 By Jove's red light'nings 'tis no shame to bleed,
 But by a grovelling swine—is death indeed.

Now, by the laurels of your *yellow* crew,
 I felt no shame 'till I engag'd with you ;
 But such an odour scented from your song,
 I stopt my nose, and quickly pass'd along,
 Blush'd for the wretch that could such filth display,
 His guts disgorging in the public way.

Arm'd as I stand, unusual tumults rise,
 And all my soul comes swelling through my eyes,
 To think that in the skirmish of a day
 This bard must perish, and his fame decay,
 So quick retire to black oblivion's clime,
 Turn'd, chas'd, and routed by the power of rhyme !

I wish'd him still *unhandled* and unhurt,
 I wish'd no evils to this man of dirt ;
 I thought to leave him swelt'ring in his den,
 Not with such rotten trash to stain my pen,
 But his base labours wrought his utter woe,
 And his own efforts now shall lay him low :—
 Before his eyes the sexton's spade appears,
 And bells unceasing ring within his ears,
 Already is his span of being fled,
 Sense, wit, and reason—all proclaim him *dead* ;
 In his own lines he toll'd his funeral knell,
 And when he could not *sing* he *stunk* FAREWELL.

THE NEW-YORK REFUGEES' PETITION
TO SIR GUY CARLETON.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners, Tories by trade,
From the first of the war have lent Britain their aid,
And done all they could both in country and town
In support of the king and the rights of his crown ;
But now to their grief and confusion they find
" The de'il may take them who are farthest behind."

In the rear of all rascals they still have been plac'd
And halter and gibbets full often have fac'd,
Have been in the midst of distresses and doubt
Whene'er they came in or whene'er they went out ;
Have supported the king and defended *his church*
And now in the end—must be left in the lurch.

Though often, too often, his arms were disgrac'd,
We still were in hopes he would conquer at last,
And restore us again to our sweethearts and wives
The pride of our hearts and the joy of our lives,
But he promis'd *too far*, and we trusted *too much*,
And who could have look'd for a war with the Dutch ?

Our *board* broken up, and discharg'd from our stations,
Sir Guy, it is cruel to cut off our *rations* ;
Of a project like that whoe'er was the mover
It is, we must tell you, a cursed manœuvre,
A plan to destroy us—the basest of tricks
To get us away to the shallows of Styx.

270 *THE REFUGEES' PETITION.*

If a peace be intended, as people surmise,
(Though we hope from our souls it is nothing but lies)
Inform us at once what we have to expect,
Nor treat us, as usual, with surly neglect ;
Or else, by the *mass* and the will of the *fates*,
We'll go to the rebels—and get our estates.

SIR GUY'S ANSWER.

WE have reason to think there will soon be a peace,
And that war with the rebels will certainly cease ;
But, be that as it will, I would have you to know
That as matters are changing we soon may change too ;
In short, I would say, (since I have it at heart)
Though the war should continue, yet *we* may depart.

Four offers in season I therefore propose,
(As much as I can do in reason, God knows)
In which, though there be not too plentiful carving,
There still is sufficient to keep you from starving ;

And, first, of the first, it would mightily charm me
To see you, my children, *enlist in the army*,
Or *enter the navy*, and get for your pay,
A *farthing* an hour, which is *sixpence* per day—
There Hector M'Lean and Arthur O'Gregor
And Donald M'Donald shall rule you with vigour ;

If these do not suit you, then take your new plan,
Make your peace with the rebels (that is, if you can)
There rank and distinction perhaps you may find
And rise into offices fit to your mind—
But if still you object—to be all on a level,
Burn up your red coats and go off to the Devil.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE sage that took the wrong sow by the ears,
And independence claim'd for Vermonteers,
Who from twelve numbers down to eight decreas'd,
Is now your scribbler, and may serve for priest,
To him apply, dear Timon, in distress,
From him ask favours and to him *confess*,
He'll pardon all your sins—ay, more than once,
And will forgive you, even for being a dunce.

When first that slave of slaves began to write,
Truth curs'd his pen, and reason took her flight,
Dullness on him her choicest opiates shed,
Black as his heart and empty as his head:
Him on her soil Hibernia could not bear,
The viper sicken'd in his native air.
Then rush'd abroad, a Jesuit in disguise,
Borne on the wings of malice, rage, and lies,
To this new world a nuisance and a pest
To curse his betters and abuse the best.

Thou base born lump of impudence and dirt,
With all the *will* but not the *power* to hurt;
Whose barren soul each empty line reveals—
Come, let me tie thee to my chariot wheels,
And o'er the surface of this prickly ground
Drag thy vile carrion carcase round and round,
Or like a FELON, hang'd to after time,
Be one more victim to the power of rhyme!

Bear me, ye gods, to some sequester'd place
Where never rascal show'd his brazen face;
Remove me far from all the rascal kind
(Dullness with insolence forever join'd)

To some retreat of solitude and rest—
 Nor let another pang disturb my breast,
 When I have wept to think the world shall know
 I had to combat with so mean a foe.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

SHOULD Timon's scribblers call you all that's base,
 Abuse your stature and blaspheme your face,
 Make you the worst and vilest of your kind,
 With not one spark of reason in your mind,
 Who would to Timon's rancorous page reply,
 So fam'd for scandal, and so prone to lie?

Still may those bagpipes of sedition play,
 For fools must prate, and dogs must have their day;
 Still from that page let hoarse mouth'd whelps defame,
 And madness rave and malice take her aim,
 May scribes on scribes in verse and prose combine,
 And one dark chaos gloom through every line!
 Long may they write unquestiō'd and unhurt,
 And all their rage discharge, and all their dirt:
 Night owls must screech, by heaven's severe decree,
 And wolves must howl, or wolves they would not be.

From empty froth these scribbling insects rose;
 What honest man but counts them for his foes?
 When they are lash'd, may dunce with dunce condole,
 And bellow nonsense from the tortur'd soul!
 When they are dead, and in some dungeon cramm'd,
 (For die they will, and all their works be damn'd)
 When they shall belch their last departing groans,
 May dogs and doctors barbecue their bones,
 And the last horrors of their souls to calm,
 Fallon, the priest, console them with a psalm!

THE PROPHECY OF KING TAMMANY.

THE Indian chief who, fam'd of yore,
Saw Europe's sons advent'ring here,
Look'd sorrowing to the crowded shore,
And sighing dropt a tear !
He saw them half his world explore,
He saw them draw the shining blade,
He saw their hostile ranks display'd,
And cannons blazing through that shade
Where only peace was known before.

“ Ah, what unequal arms !” he cry'd,
“ How art thou fallen, my country's pride,
“ The rural, sylvan reign !
“ Far from our pleasing shores to go
“ To western rivers, winding slow,
“ Is this the boon the gods bestow !
“ What have we done, great patrons, say,
“ That strangers seize our woods away,
“ And drive us naked from our native plain.

“ Rage and revenge inspire my soul,
“ And passion burns without controul ;
“ Hence, strangers, to your native shore !
“ Far from our Indian shades retire,
“ Remove these *gods* that vomit fire,
“ And stain with blood these ravag'd glades no more.

“ Invain I weep, invain I sigh,
“ These strangers all our arms defy,
“ As they advance our chieftains die !—
“ What can their hosts oppose !

" The bow has lost its wonted spring,
 " The arrow falters on the wing,
 " Nor carries ruin from the string
 " To end their being and our woes.

" Yes, yes,—I see our nation bends ;
 " The gods no longer are our friends,
 " But why these weak complaints and sighs ?
 " Are there not gardens in the west,
 " Where all our far fam'd Sachems rest ?—
 " I'll go, an unexpected guest,
 " And the dark horrors of the way despise.

" Ev'n now the thundering peal draws nigh,
 " 'Tis theirs to triumph, ours to die !
 " But mark me, Christian, ere I go—
 " Thou, too, shalt have thy share of woe,
 " The time rolls on, not moving slow,
 " When hostile squadrons for your blood shall come,
 " And ravage all your shore !
 " Your warriors and your children slay,
 " And some in dismal dungeons lay,
 " Or lead them captive far away,
 " To climes unknown, thro' seas untry'd before.

" When struggling long, at last with pain
 " You break a cruel tyrant's chain,
 " That never shall be join'd again,
 " When half your foes are homeward fled,
 " And hosts on hosts in triumph led,
 " And hundreds maim'd and thousands dead,
 " A timid race shall then succeed,
 " Shall slight the virtues of the firmer race,
 " That brought your tyrant to disgrace,
 " Shall give your honours to an odious train,
 " Who shunn'd all conflicts on the main

“ And dar’d no battles on the bloody plain,
 “ Whose little souls sunk in the gloomy day
 “ When VIRTUE ONLY could support the fray
 “ And sunshine friends kept off—or ran away.”

So spoke the chief, and rais’d his funeral pyre—

Around him soon the crackling flames ascend ;
 He smil’d amid the fervours of the fire

To think his troubles were so near their end,
 ’Till the freed soul, her debt to nature paid,
 Rose from the ashes that her prison made,
 And sought the world unknown, and dark oblivion’s shade.

RIVINGTON’S REFLECTIONS.

[DECEMBER, 1782.]

“ *Inclusus poenam expectat.*”—Virg.

THE more I reflect, the more plain it appears,
 If I stay, I must stay at the risque of my ears,
 I have so be-pepper’d the foes of *our* throne,
 Be-rebel’d, be-devil’d, and told them their own,
 That if we give up to these rebels at last,
 ’Tis a chance if my ears will atone for the past.

’Tis always the best to provide for the worst—
 So evacuation I’ll mention the first :
 If Carleton should sail for our dear native shore
 (As Clinton, Cornwallis, and Howe did before)
 And take off the soldiers that serve for our guard,
 (A step that the Tories would think rather hard)
 Yet still I surmise, for aught I can see,
 No Congress or *Senates* would meddle with me.

For what have I done, when we come to consider,
 But sold my commodities to the best bidder ?

If I offer'd to lie for the sake of a post,
 Was I to be blam'd if the king offer'd most ?
 The King's Royal Printer !—Five hundred a year !
 Between you and me 'twas a handsome affair :
 Who would not for *that* give matters a stretch
 And lie backward and forward, and carry and fetch,
 May have some pretensions to *honour* and *fame* :
 But what are they both but the sound of a name,
 Mere words to deceive us, as I have found long since,
 Live on them a week, and you'll find they're but nonsense.

The late news from Charleston my mind has perplexed,
 If that is abandon'd, I know what goes next :
 This city of York is a place of great note,
 And that we should hold it I now give my vote ;
 But what are our votes against Shelburne's decrees ?
 These people at helm steer us just where they please,
 So often they've had us all hands on the brink,
 They'll steer us at last to the devil, I think :
 And though in the danger themselves have a share,
 It will do us small good that they also go there.

It is true that the Tories, their children and wives
 Have offer'd to stay at the risque of their lives,
 And gain to themselves an immortal renown
 By ALL turning soldiers, and keeping the town :
 Whoe'er was the Tory that struck out the plan,
 In my humble conceit, was a very good man ;
 But our words on this subject need be very few—
 Already I see that it never will do :
 For, suppose a few ships should be left us by Britain,
 With Tories to man them, and everything fitting,
 In truth we should be in a very fine box,
 As well they might guard us with ships on the stocks,
 And when I beheld them aboard and afloat,
 I am sure I should think of *the bear in the boat*.*

On the faith of a Printer, things look very black—

* See Gay's Fables.

And what shall we do, alas ! and alack !
 Shall we quit our young princes and full blooded peers,
 And bow down to Viscounts and French Chevaliers ?
 Perhaps you will say, " As the very last shift
 " We'll go to New Scotland, and take the king's gift."

Good folks, do your will—but I vow and I swear,
 I'll be boil'd into soup before I'll live there :
 Is it thus that our monarch his subjects degrades ?—
 Let him go and be d—'d, with his axes and spades,
 Of all the vile countries that ever were known
 In the frigid or torrid or temperate zone,
 (From accounts that I've had) there is not such another ;
 It neither belongs to this world or the other :
 A favour they think it to send us there *gratis*
 To sing like the Jews at the river Euphrates,
 And, after surmounting the rage of the billows,
 Hang ourselves up at last with our harps on the willows :
 Ere I sail for that shore may I take my last nap—
 Why, it gives me the palsy to look on its map !
 And he that goes there (though I mean to be civil)
 May fairly be said to have gone to the Devil.

Shall I push for Old England, and whine at the
 throne ?

Alas, they have JEMMIES enough of their own !
 Besides, such a name I have got from my trade,
 They would think I was lying, whatever I said ;
 Thus scheme as I will, or contrive as I may,
 Continual difficulties rise in the way :
 In short, if they let me remain in this realm,
 What is it to Jemmy who stands at the helm ?
 I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken)
 For a place in their Zion which ne'er shall be shaken ;
 I am sure they'll be clever : it seems their whole study :
 They hung not young ASGILL for old captain HUDDY,
 And it must be a truth that admits no denying,
 If they spare us for MURDER they'll spare us for LYING.

RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS.

(CONTINUED.)

"*Incertus quo fata ferant, quo sistere detur.*"—Virg.

FOLKS may think as they please, but to me it would
seem, [dream:
That our great men at home have done nothing but
Such trimming and twisting and shifting about,
And some getting in, and others turn'd out;
And yet, with their bragging and looking so big,
All they did was to dance a theatrical jig:
Seven years now, and more, we have try'd every plan,
And are just as near conquering as when we began,
Great things were expected from Clinton and Howe,
But what have they done, or where are they now?
Sir Guy was sent over to kick up a dust,
Who already prepares to return in *disgust*—
The object delusive we wish to attain
Has been in our reach, and may be so again—
But so oddly does heaven its bounties dispense,
And has granted our king such a small share of sense
That, let Fortune favour or smile as she will,
We are doom'd to drive on like a horse in a mill,
And though we may seem to advance on our rout,
'Tis but to return to where we sat out.

From hence I infer (by way of improvement)
That nothing is got by this circular movement;
And I plainly perceive, from this fatal delay,
We are going to ruin the round-about way!
Some nations, like ships, give up to the gale,
And are hurry'd ashore with a full flowing sail;
So Sweden submitted to absolute power,
And freemen were chang'd to be slaves in an hour;

Thus Theodore soon from his grandeur came down,
 Forsaking his subjects and Corsican crown ;
 But we—'tis our fate, without ally or friend,
 To go to perdition *close haul'd* to the wind.

The case is too plain, that if I stay here
 I have something to hope and somewhat to fear :
 In regard to my carcase, I should n't mind that—
 I can say " I have liv'd," and have grown very fat ;
 Have been in my day remarkably shifty,
 And soon, very soon, will be verging on fifty.
 'Tis time for the state of the dead to prepare,
 'Tis time to consider how things will go there ;
 Some few are admitted to Jupiter's hall,
 But the kitchen of Pluto is open to all—
 The day is approaching as fast as it can
 When Jemmy shall be a mere moderate man,
 Shall sleep under ground both summer and winter,
 The husk of a man, and the shell of a printer,
 And care not a farthing for George, or his line
 What empires start up, or what kingdoms decline.

Our parson last Sunday brought tears from my eyes,
 When he told us of heaven, I thought of my lies—
 To his flock he describ'd it, and laid it before 'em,
 (As if he had been in its *Sanctum Sanctorum*)
 Recounted its beauties that never shall fade,
 And quoted John Bunyan to prove what he said ;
 Debarr'd from the gate who the truth should deny,
 Or " whosoe'er loveth or maketh a lie."

Thro' the course of my life it has still been my lot
 In spite of myself to say " things that are not,"
 And therefore suspect that upon my decease
 Not a poet will leave me to slumber in peace,
 But at least once a week be-scribble the stone
 Where Jemmy, poor Jemmy, lies sleeping alone !

Howe'er in the long run these matters may be,
 If the scripture is true it has bad news for me—

And yet, when I come to examine the text,
 And the learn'd annotations that POOLE has annex'd,
 Throughout the black list of the people that sin
 I cannot once find that I'm mention'd therein ;
 Whoremongers, idolaters, all are left out,
 And wizzards and dogs (which is proper, no doubt)
 But he who says I'm there, mistakes or forgets—
 It mentions no PRINTERS of ROYAL GAZETTES !

In truth, I have need of a mansion of rest,
 And *here* to remain might suit me the best—
 Philadelphia in some things would answer as well,
 (Some Tories are there, and my papers might sell)
 But then I should live amongst wrangling and strife,
 And be forc'd to say *credo* the rest of my life :
 For their sudden conversion I'm much at a loss—
 I am told that they bow to the wood of the cross,
 And worship the *reliques* transported from Rome,
 St. Peter's toe-nails and St. Anthony's comb.—
 If thus the true faith they no longer defend
 I scarcely can think where the madness will end—
 If the greatest among them submit to the Pope,
 What reason have I for indulgence to hope ?
 If the Congress themselves to the CHAPEL did pass,*
 Ye may swear that poor JEMMY would have to sing mass.

* " On the 4th of November last, the clergy and select men of
 " Boston paraded through the streets after a crucifix, and joined
 " in a procession in praying for a departed soul out of Purgatory ;
 " and for this they gave the example of Congress, and other
 " American leaders, on a former occasion at Philadelphia, some
 " of whom, it is said, even went so far as to sprinkle themselves
 " with what they call *holy water*."

Royal Gazette, of Decem. 11. inst.

CITY OF NEW-YORK, JAN. 1, 1783.

TO the *Senate* of York, with all due submission,
Of honest HUGH GAINÉ the humble *Petition* ;
An *Account of his Life* he will also prefix,
And some trifles that happened in seventy-six ;
He hopes that your Honours will take no offence,
If he sends you some groans of contrition from hence,
And further to prove that he's truly sincere,
He wishes you all a *happy new year*.

AND, first, he informs, in his representation,
That he once was a printer of some reputation,
And dwelt in the street call'd Hanover Square,
(You'll know where it is if you ever was there)
Next door to the drug shop of doctor Brownejohn,
(Who now to the dog-house of Pluto is gone)
But what do I talk—who e'er came to town,
And knew not HUGH GAINÉ at the *Bible* and *Crown*.

Now, if I were ever so given to lie,
My dear native country I would n't deny ;
(I know you love Teagues) and I shall not conceal
That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale
And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,
And walk'd in the clover fields up to their knees :
Full early in youth, without basket or burden,
With a staff in my hand I pass'd over Jordan,
(I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,
And many strange things on the waters we saw,
Sharks, dolphins, and sea-dogs, bonettas, and whales,
And birds at the tropic with quills in their tails)
And came to your city and government seat,
And found it was true you had something to eat ;
When thus I wrote home—" The country is good,
" They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood :
" The people are kind, and, whate'er they may think,
" I shall make it appear I can swim where they'll sink ;

“ And yet they’re so brisk, and so full of good cheer, }
 “ By my soul I suspect they have always new year, }
 “ And therefore conceive it is good to be here.” }

So said, and so acted—I put up a press,
 And printed away with amazing success ;
 Neglected my person, and look’d like a fright,
 Was bother’d all day, and was busy all night,
 Saw money come in as the papers went out,
 While Parker and Weyman* were driving about,
 And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cud,
 And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the suds,
 (Old Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,
 And thought he had got all the world in a string,
 Though riches not always attend on a throne)
 For he swore I had found the philosopher’s stone,
 And call’d me a rogue and a son of a bitch,
 Because I knew better than him to get rich.

To malice like that ’twas invain to reply—
 You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.

Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—
 Ah ! these were the happiest days I had seen !
 But the saying of Jacob I know to be true,
 “ The days of thy servant are evil and few !”
 The days that to me were joyous and glad,
 Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad !

The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul weather,
 And war and vexation all coming together ;
 Those days were the days of riots and mobs,
 Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobs—
 Priests preaching up war for *the good of our souls*,
 And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poles,
 From which, when some whimsical colours you wav’d,
 We had nothing to do, but look up and be sav’d—
 (You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—
 Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten*)

* New-York Printers.

I knew it would bring an eternal reproach,
When I saw you a-burning Cadwallader's* coach;
I knew you would suffer for what you had done,
When I saw you lampooning poor Sawny his son,
And bringing him down to so wretched a level,
As to ride him about in a cart with the devil.

Well, as I predicted that matters would be—
To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea* :
Whatchest-fulls werescatter'd and trampled and drown'd,
And yet the whole tax was but threepence *per* pound !
May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,
And Satan torment me to time without end,
If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,
And feuds that have ruin'd *our* manners and morals ;
A parson himself might have sworn round the compass,
That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus*,
Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,
Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain engage,
While the Emperor, the Swede, the Russ, and the Dane,
All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his gain.

But this was the season that I must lament—
I first was a whig with an honest intent ;
Not a fellow among them talk'd louder or bolder,
With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder ;
Yes, I was a whig, and a whig from my heart,
But still was unwilling with Britain to part—
I knew to oppose her was foolish and vain,
I knew she would turn and embrace us again,
And make us as happy as happy could be,
By renewing the æra of mild SIXTY-THREE :
And yet, like a cruel undutiful son,
Who evil returns for the good *to be done*,
To gain a mere trifle, a shilling or so,
I printed some treason for Philip F—neau,
Some damnable poems reflecting on GAGE,

* Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden.

The KING and his COUNCIL, and writ with such rage,
 So full of invective, and loaded with spleen,
 So pointedly sharp, and so hellishly keen,
 That, at least in the judgment of half our wise men,
 ALECTO herself made the nib to his pen.

At this time arose a certain king SEARS,
 Who made it his study to banish our fears:
 He was, without doubt, a person of merit,
 Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit;
 Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,
 And threaten'd perdition to all that drank TEA.
 Ah! don't you remember what a vigorous hand he put
 To drag off the great guns, and plague captain *Vandeput*.^{*}
 That *night*† when the HERO (his patience worn out)
 Put fire to his cannons and folks to the rout,
 And drew up his ship with a *spring on her cable*,
 And gave us a second confusion of *Babel*,
 And (what was more *solid* than *scurrilous language*)
 Pour'd on us a tempest of *round shot* and *langrage*;
 Scarce a broadside was ended 'till another began again—
 By Jove! it was nothing but *Fire away Flannagan!*‡
 At first we suppos'd it was only a sham,
 'Till he drove a *round ball* thro' the roof of *black Sam*;§
 The town by their flashes was fairly enlighten'd,
 The women miscarry'd, the beaus were all frighten'd;
 For my part, I hid in a cellar (as sages
 And Christians were wont in the *primitive ages*:
 Thus the *Prophet of old* that was rapt to the sky,
 Lay snug in a cave 'till the tempest went by,
 But, as soon as the comforting spirit had spoke,
 He rose and came out with his mystical cloak)
 Yet I hardly could boast of a moment of *rest*,

* Captain of the Asia man of war

† August, 1775.

‡ A cant phrase among privateers men.

§ A noted tavern-keeper in New-York.

The dogs were a-howling, the town was distrest!—
But our terrors soon vanish'd, for suddenly SEARS
Renew'd our lost courage and dried up our tears.

Our memories, indeed, must have strangely decay'd
If we cannot remember what SPEECHES he made,
What handsome *harangues* upon every occasion,
How he laugh'd at the whim of a *British Invasion*!

“P—x take 'em (said he) do ye think they will come?
“If they shou'd—we have only to beat on *our drum*,
“And *run up the flag of American freedom*,
“And people will *muster* by millions to *bleed 'em*!
“What *freeman* need value such blackguards as these?
“Let us sink in our channel some *Chevaux de frise*—
“And then let 'em come—and we'll show 'em fair play—
“But they are not madmen—I tell you—not they!”

From this very day 'till the *British* came in,
We liv'd, I may say, in the *Desart of Sin*;—
Such beating and bruising and *scratching and tearing*;
Such kicking and cuffing and *cursing and swearing*!
But when *they* advanc'd with *their numerous fleet*,
And WASHINGTON made his *nocturnal retreat*,
(And which *they* permitted, I say, to *their shame*,
Or else *your NEW EMPIRE* had been but a name)
We townsmen, like women, of *Britons in dread*,
Mistrusted *their* meaning, and foolishly fled;
Like the *rest* of the dunces I mounted my steed,
And gallop'd away with *incredible speed*,
To NEWARK I hasten'd, but *trouble and care*
Got up on the *crupper* and follow'd me there!
There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,
And scarcely found spirits to *weather the storm*;
And was quickly convinc'd I had little to do,
(The *Whigs* were in arms, and my *readers* were few)
So after remaining one cold winter season,
And stuffing my *papers* with something like treason,
And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,

And forc'd to submit to a hundred *new masters*,
I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one*—
And (after repenting for what I had done,
And cursing my folly and idle pursuits)
Return'd to the city, and hung up my boots.

As matters have gone, it was plainly a blunder,
But *then* I expected the Whigs must knock under,
And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,
And stick to the party that's like to be strongest:
That you have succeeded is merely a chance,
I never once dreamt of the conduct of France!—
If alliance with her you were promis'd—at least
You ought to have show'd me your *STAR in the East*,
Not let me go off uninform'd as a beast. }

When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,
Or victuals—or *money* to pay them their dues,
(Excepting your wretched Congressional *paper*,
That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,
A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,
That damnable bubble the *old continental*,
That *took* people *in* at this wonderful crisis,
With its *mottos* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices* ;
Which, bad as it was, you were forc'd to admire,
And which was, in fact, the *pillar of fire*,
To which you directed your wandering noses,
Like the Jews in the desert conducted by *MOSES*)
When I saw them attended with *famine* and *fear*,
Distress in their front and *Howe* in their rear ;
When I saw them for debt incessantly dunn'd,
Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund ;
Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—
When this was apparent, (and need I say more ?)
I *handled* my cane, and I *look'd* at my hat,
And cry'd—" G—d have mercy on armies like that !"
I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,
And said—" Here's a health to the *Vicar of Bray*," }
And cock'd up my beaver, and—strutted away.

Asham'd of my conduct, I sneak'd into town,
(Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down)
It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,
And the stars in the firmament glitter'd as bright
As if (to assume a poetical stile)
Old Vulcan had lent them a rub with his file.

'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,
I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day;
Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap
E'er was so asham'd of his nightly mishap—
I could n't help thinking what ills might befall me,
What rebels and rascals the British would call me,
And how I might suffer in credit and purse,
If not in my person, which still had been worse:
At length I resolv'd (as was surely my duty)
To go for advice to parson AUCHMUTY:
(The parson, who now I hope is in glory,
Was then upon earth, and a moderate Tory,
Not COOPER himself, of ideas perplexed,
So nicely could handle and torture a text,
When bloated with lies, thro' his trumpet he sounded
The damnable sin of resisting a crown'd head)
Like a penitent sinner, and dreading my fate,
In the grey of the morning I knock'd at his gate;
(No doubt he was vex'd that I rous'd him so soon,
For his worship was often in blankets till noon.)

At length he approach'd in his *vestments of black*—
(Alas, my poor heart! it was then on the rack,
Like a man in an ague, or one to be *try'd*;
I shook—and recanted, and snivell'd, and sigh'd)
His gown of itself was amazingly big,
Besides, he had on his canonical wig,
And frown'd at a distance; but when he came near
Look'd pleasant and said—*What, Hugh, are you here!*

*Your heart, I am certain, is horribly harden'd,
But if you confess—your sin will be pardon'd;
In spite of my preachments, and all I could say,*

*Like the prodigal son, you wander'd away,
Now tell me, dear penitent, which is the best,
To be with the rebels, pursu'd and distress,
Devoid of all comfort, all hopes of relief,
Or else to be here, and eat the king's beef?*

*More people resemble the snake than the dove,
And more are converted by terror than love:
Like a sheep on the mountains, or rather a swine,
You wander'd away from the ninety and nine:
Awhile at the offers of mercy you spurn'd,
But your error you saw, and at length have return'd:
Our Master will therefore consider your case,
And restore you again to favour and grace,
Great light shall arise from utter confusion,
And rebels shall live to lament their delusion.*

"Ah, rebels! (said I) they are rebels indeed—

"Chastisement, I hope, by the king is decreed:

*"They have hung up his subjects with bed-cords and
halters,*

"And banish'd his prophets, and thrown down his altars,

"And I—even I—while I ventur'd to stay,

"They sought for my life—to take it away!

"I therefore propose to come under your wing,

"A foe to REBELLION—a slave to the KING."

*Such pitiful whining in scriptural style
Work'd out my salvation, at least for a while;
The parson pronounc'd me deserving of grace,
And so they restor'd me to profit and place.*

*But days such as these were too happy to last:
The sand of felicity settled too fast!*

*When I swore and protested I honour'd the throne
The least they could do was to let me alone;
Though George I compar'd to an angel above,
They wanted some solider proofs of my love;
And so they oblig'd me each morning to come
And turn in the ranks at the beat of the drum,*

While often, too often (I tell it with pain)
They menac'd my head with a hickory cane,
While others my betters as much were oppress—
But shame and confusion shall cover the rest.

You doubtless will think I am dealing in fable
When I tell you I *guard an officer's stable*—
With usage like this my feelings are stung ;
The next thing will be, I must heave out the dung !
Six hours in the day is duty too hard,
And Rivington sneers whene'er I mount guard,
And laughs till his sides are ready to split
With his jests, and his satires and sayings of wit :
Because he's excus'd on account of his post
He cannot go by without making his boast,
As if I was all that is servile and mean—
But Fortune perhaps may alter the scene,
And give him his turn to stand in the street,
Burnt brandy supporting his radical heat—

With his paunch of a hog, and his brains of an oyster,
Whence the mischief came he with his radical moisture,
Or what for the king or the cause has he done
That we must be toiling while he can look on ?

From hence you may guess I do nothing but grieve,
And where we are going I cannot conceive—
The wisest among us a change are expecting ;
It is not for nothing these ships are collecting,
It is not for nothing that MATTHEWS the may'r
And legions of Tories for sailing prepare ;
It is not for nothing that JOHN COGHILL KNAP
Is filing his papers and plugging his tap ;
See SKINNER himself, the fighting attorney,
Is boiling potatoes to serve a long journey ;
But where they are going or meaning to travel
Would puzzle John Faustus himself to unravel,
Perhaps to Penobscot to starve in the barrens,
Perhaps to St. John's, in the gulph of St. Lawrence ;

Perhaps to New Scotland to perish with cold,
 Perhaps to Jamaica, like slaves to be sold,
 Where scorch'd by the summer all nature repines,
 Where Phœbus, great Phœbus, too glaringly shines;
 And fierce from the zenith diverging his ray
 Distresses the isle with a torrent of day.

Since matters are thus, with proper submission
 Permit me to offer my humble PETITION ;
 (Though the *form* is uncommon, and lawyers may sneer,
 With truth I can tell you the scribe is sincere.)

THAT, since it is plain we are going away,
 You will suffer *Hugh Gaine* unmolested to stay,
 His sand is near run (life itself is a span)
 So leave him to manage as well as he can :
 Whoe'er are his masters, or monarchs, or regents,
 For the future he'll promise to swear them allegiance ;
 If the Turk with his turban should set up at last here
 While he gives him protection he'll own him his master,
 And yield due obedience (when Britain is gone)
 Though rul'd by the sceptre of PRESBYTER JOHN.

My press, that has call'd you (as tyranny drove her)
 Rogues, rebels and rascals, a thousand times over,
 Shall be at your service by day and by night,
 To publish whate'er you think proper to write :
 Those *types* which have rais'd George the third to a level
 With angels—shall prove him as black as the devil,
 To him that contriv'd him a shame and disgrace,
 Nor blest with one virtue to honour his race !

Who knows but, in time, I may rise to be great,
 And have the good fortune to *manage* a state ?
 Great noise among people great changes denotes,
 And I shall have money to purchase their votes—
 The time is approaching, I'll venture to say,
 When folks of my stamp shall come into play,
 When the false-hearted Tory shall give himself airs,

And rise to take hold of the helm of affairs,
While the honest bold soldier that sought your renown,
Like a dog in the dirt shall be crush'd and held down.

Of honours and profits allow me a share !
I frequently dream of a president's chair !
And visions full often intrude on my brain,
That for me to interpret, would rather be vain.

Blest seasons advance, when *Tories* shall find
That they can be happy, and *Whigs* can be kind,
When Rebels no longer at Traitors shall spurn,
When ARNOLD himself shall in triumph return !

But my *paper* informs me it's time to conclude ;
I fear my address has been rather too rude—
If it has—for my boldness your pardon I pray,
And further, at present, presume not to say,
Except that (for form's sake) in *haste* I remain
Your humble petitioner—honest—HUGH GAINES.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH FROM
CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 14, 1782.

HIS triumphs of a moment done,
His race of desolation run,
The Briton, yielding to his fears,
To other shores with sorrow steers :
To other shores—and coarser climes
He goes, reflecting on his crimes,
His broken oaths, a murder'd HAYNE,
And blood of thousands, spilt in vain.
To *Cooper's* stream, advancing slow,
Ashley no longer tells his woe,

No longer mourns his limpid flood
Discolour'd deep with human blood.
Lo ! where those social streams combine
Again the friends of Freedom join ;
And, while they stray where once they bled,
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.
Since memory paints that dismal day
When British squadrons held the sway,
And circling close on every side,
By sea and land retreat deny'd—
Shall she recall that mournful scene,
And not the virtues of a GREENE,
Who great in war—in danger try'd,
Has won the day, and crush'd their pride.
Through barren wastes and ravag'd lands
He led his bold undaunted bands,
Through sickly climes his standard bore
Where never army march'd before :
By fortitude, with patience join'd,
(The virtues of a noble mind)
He spread, where'er our wars are known,
His country's honour and his own.
Like Hercules, his generous plan
Was to redress the wrongs of men ;
Like him, accustomed to subdue,
He freed the world from *monsters* too,
Through every want and every ill
We saw him persevering still,
Through Autumn's damps and Summer's heat,
'Till his great purpose was complete.
Like the bold eagle, from the skies,
That stoops to seize his trembling prize,
He darted on the slaves of kings
At Camden plains and Eutaw Springs.
Ah ! had our friends that led the fray
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,

We should not damp our joy with pain,
 Nor sympathizing now complain.
 Strange ! that of those who nobly dare
 Death always claims so large a share,
 That those of feelings most refin'd
 Are soonest to the grave consign'd.
 But fame is theirs—and future days
 On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise ;
 Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—
 “ *These* for their country fought and bled.”

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY THE KING'S SPEECH, RECOMMENDING

PEACE WITH THE AMERICAN STATES—

MARCH, 1783.

GROWN sick of war, and war's alarms,
 Good GEORGE has chang'd his note at last—
 Conquest and Death have lost their charms ;
 He and his nation stand aghast
 To see what horrid lengths they've gone,
 And what a brink they stand upon.

Old BUTE and NORTH ! twin sons of hell,
 If you advis'd him to retreat
 Before our humbled thousands fell
 And lay submissive at his feet,
 Awake once more his latent fire,
 And feed with hope his heart's desire :

The Macedonian wept and sigh'd
 Because no other world was found
 Where he might glut his rage and pride,
 And by its ruin be renown'd;
 The *world* that *Saamy* wish'd to view
 George fairly had and lost it too!

Let jarring powers make war or peace,
 Monster!—no peace shall greet thy breast:
 Our murder'd friends shall never cease
 To hover round and break thy rest!
 The Furies shall thy bosom tear,
 Remorse, distraction and despair
 And hell with all its fiends be there!

Curs'd be the ship that e'er sets sail
Hence, freighted for thy odious shore;
 May tempests o'er her strength prevail,
 Destruction round her roar!
 May Nature all her *aids* deny,
 The sun refuse his light,
 The needle from its object fly,
 No star appear by night;
 'Till the base pilot, conscious of his crime,
 Directs the prow to some more grateful clime.

Genius! that first our race design'd,
 To other kings impart
 The finer feelings of the mind,
 The virtues of the heart;
 Whene'er the honours of a throne
 Fall to the bloody and the base,
 Like Britain's monster pull them down,
 Like his be their disgrace!

Hibernia, seize each native right!
 Neptune, exclude him from the main;

Like *her* that sunk with all her freight,
 The *Royal George*, take all his fleet,
 And never let them rise again :
 Confine him to his gloomy isle,
 Let Scotland rule her half,
 Spare him to curse his fate awhile,
 And WHITEHEAD,* thou to write his Epitaph.

A NEW-YORK TORY'S EPISTLE

TO ONE OF HIS FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—WRITTEN
 PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR
 NOVA SCOTIA.

[MAY, 1783.]

DARK glooms the day that sees me leave this shore,
 To which fate whispers I must come no more :
 From civil broils what dire disasters flow—
 Those broils condemn me to a land of woe
 Where barren pine trees shade the dreary steep,
 Frown o'er the soil or murmur to the deep,
 Where sullen fogs their heavy wings expand,
 And nine months' winter chills the dismal land !
 Could no kind stars have mark'd a different way,
 Stars that presided on my natal day ?—
 Why is not man endued with power to know
 The ends and upshots of events below ?
 Why did not heaven (some other gift deny'd)
 Teach me to take the true-born BUCKSKIN side,
 Show me the balance of the wavering fates
 And fortune smiling on these new-born STATES !
 Friend of my heart !—my refuge and relief,

* *William Whitehead*, Poet Laureat to his majesty—author of the execrable birth-day Odes.

Who help'd me on through seven long years of grief,
Whose better genius taught you to remain
In the soft quiet of your rural reign,
Who still despis'd the *Rebels* and their cause,
And, while you paid the taxes, damn'd their laws,
And wisely stood spectator of the fray
Nor trusted GEORGE, whate'er he chose to say ;
Thrice happy thou, who wore a double face,
And as the balance turn'd could *each* embrace ;
Too happy JANUS ! had I shar'd thy art,
To speak a language foreign to my heart,
And stoop'd from pomp and dreams of regal state,
To court the friendship of the *men* I hate,
These strains of woe had not been penn'd to-day,
Nor I to foreign climes been forc'd away :
Ah ! GEORGE—that name provokes my keenest rage,
Did he not swear, and promise, and engage
His loyal sons to nurture and defend,
To be their God, their father and their friend—
Yet basely quits us on a hostile coast,
And leaves us wretched where we need him most :
His is the part to promise and deceive,
By him we wander and by him we grieve ;
Since the first day that these dissensions grew,
When Gage to Boston brought his blackguard crew,
From place to place we urge our vagrant flight
To follow still this vapour of the night,
From town to town have run our various race,
And acted all that's mean and all that's base—
Yes—from that day until this hour we roam,
Vagrants forever from our native home !

And yet, perhaps, fate sees the golden hour
When happier hands shall crush rebellious power,
When hostile tribes their plighted faith shall own
And swear subjection to the British throne,
When *George the fourth* shall their petitions spurn,

And banish'd Tories to their fields return.

From dreams of conquest, worlds and empires won
Britain awaking, mourns her setting sun,
No rays of joy her evening hour illume,
'Tis one sad chaos, one unmingled gloom !
Too soon she sinks unheeded to the grave,
No eye to pity and no hand to save :
What are her crimes that she alone must bend ?
Where are her hosts to conquer and defend—
Must she alone with these new regions part,
These realms that lay the nearest to her heart,
But soar'd at once to independent power,
Not sunk like Scotland in the trying hour ?—
See slothful Spaniards golden empires keep,
And rule vast realms beyond the Atlantic deep ;
Must *we* alone surrender half *our* reign,
And they their empires and their worlds retain ?
Britannia, rise—send JOHNSTONE to PERU,
Seize thy bold thunders and the war renew,
Conquest or *ruin*—one must be thy doom,
Strike—and secure a triumph or a tomb !

But we, sad outcasts from our native reign,
Driven from these shores, a poor deluded train,
In distant wilds, conducted by despair,
Seek, vainly seek, a hiding place from care !
Even now yon' tribes, the foremost of the band,
Croud to the ships and cover all the strand :
Forc'd from their friends, their country, and their God,
I see the unhappy miscreants leave the sod !
Matrons and men walk sorrowing side by side
And virgin grief, and poverty, and pride,
All, all with aching hearts prepare to sail
And late repentance that has no avail !
While yet I stand on this forbidden ground
I hear the death-bell of destruction sound,
And threat'ning hosts with vengeance on their brow

Cry, "Where are Britain's base adherents now?"
These, hot for vengeance, by resentment led,
Blame on our hearts the failings of the head;
To us no peace, no favours they extend,
Their rage no bounds, their hatred knows no end;
In one firm league I see them all combin'd,
We, like the damn'd, can no forgiveness find—
As soon might Satan from perdition rise,
And the lost angels gain their vanish'd skies
As malice cease in their dark souls to burn,
Or we, once fled, be suffer'd to return.

Curs'd be the union that was form'd with France,
I see their *lillies* and the *stars* advance!
Did they not turn our triumphs to retreats,
And prove our conquests nothing but defeats?—
My heart misgives me as their chiefs draw near,
I feel the influence of all potent fear,
Henceforth must I, abandon'd and distrest,
Knock at the door of pride, a beggar guest,
And learn from years of misery and pain
Not to oppose fair Freedom's cause again!—
One truth is clear from changes such as these,
Kings cannot always conquer when they please,
Nor are they *rebels* who mere *freedom* claim,
Conquest alone can ratify the name—
But great the task, their efforts to controul
When genuine virtue fires the stubborn soul;
The warlike beast in Lybian deserts plac'd
To reign the master of the sun-burnt waste
Not tamely yields to bear a servile chain,
Force may attempt it, and attempt in vain,
Nervous and bold, by native valour led,
His prowess strikes the proud invader dead,
By force nor fraud from freedom's charms beguil'd
He reigns secure the monarch of the wild.

TANTALUS.

RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

PART I.

ADDRESSED TO THE WHIGS OF NEW-YORK.

[DECEMBER 31, 1783.]

LONG life and low spirits were never my choice,
As long as I live I intend to rejoice :
When life is worn out, and no wine's to be had
'Tis time enough then to be serious and sad.

'Tis time enough then to reflect and repent
When our liquor is gone, and our money is spent,
But I cannot endure what is practis'd by some
This anticipating of evils to come :

A debt must be paid, I am sorry to say,
Alike, in their turns, by the grave and the gay,
And due to a despot that none can deceive
Who grants us no respite and signs no reprieve.

Thrice happy is he that from care can retreat,
And its plagues and vexations put under his feet ;
Blow the storm as it may, he is always in trim,
And the sun's in the zenith forever to him.

Since the world then in earnest is nothing but care,
(And the world will allow I have also my share)
Yet, toss'd as I am in the stormy expanse,
The best way, I find, is to leave it to chance.

Look round, if you please, and survey the wide ball
And chance, you will find, has direction of all :
'Twas owing to *chance* that I first saw the light,
And chance may destroy me before it is night !

'Twas a chance, a mere chance, that your arms gain'd
the day,

'Twas a chance that the Britens so soon went away,
To chance by their leaders the nation is cast
And chance to perdition will send them at last.

Now because I remain when the puppies are gone
You would willingly see me hang'd, quarter'd, and drawn,
Though I think I have logic sufficient to prove
That the *chance* of my stay—is a proof of my love.

For deeds of destruction some hundreds are ripe,
But the worst of my foes are your lads of the type :
Because they have nothing to put on their shelves
They are striving to make me as poor as themselves.

There's **LOUDON** and **KOLLOCK**, these strong bulls of
Bashan,
Are striving to *book* me away from my station,
And **HOLT**, all at once, is as wonderful great
As if none but himself was to print for the **STATE**.

Ye all are convinc'd I'd a right to expect
That a sinner returning you would not reject—
Quite sick of the scarlet and slaves of the throne,
'Tis now at your option to make me your own.

Suppose I had gone with the Tories and rabble
To starve, or be drown'd on the shoals of cape *Sable*,
I had suffer'd, 'tis true—but I'll have you to know,
You nothing had gain'd by the voice of my woe.

You say that with grief and dejection of heart
I pack'd up my awls with a view to depart,
That my shelves were dismantled, my cellars unstor'd,
My boxes afloat, and my hampers on board :

And hence you infer (I am sure without reason)
That a right you possess to entangle my weazon—
Yet your barns I ne'er burnt, nor your blood have I spilt,
And my *terror* alone was no proof of my guilt.

The charge may be true—for I found it in vain
To lean on a staff that was broken in twain,
And ere I had gone at Port Roseway to fix,
I had chose to sell drams on the margin of Styx.

I confess, that, with shame and contrition opprest,
I sign'd an agreement to go with the rest,
But ere they weigh'd anchor to sail their last trip,
I saw they were vermin, and gave them the slip.

Now, why you should call me the worst man alive,
On the word of a convert, I cannot contrive,
Though turn'd a plain honest republican, still
You own me no proselyte, do what I will.

My paper is alter'd—good people, don't fret;
I call it no longer the *ROYAL GAZETTE*:
To me a great monarch has lost all his charms,
I have pull'd down his *LION*, and trampled his *ARMS*.

While fate was propitious, I thought they might stand,
You know I was zealous for George's command,
But since he disgrac'd it, and left us behind,
If I thought him an angel—I've alter'd my mind.

On the very same day that his army went hence
I ceas'd to tell lies for the sake of his pence;
And what was the reason—the true one is best—
I worship no suns when they move to the west:

In this I resemble a Turk or a Moor,
Bright Phœbus ascending, I prostrate adore;
And, therefore, excuse me for printing some lays,
An ode or a sonnet in Washington's praise.

302 *RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.*

His prudence alone has preserv'd your dominions,
This bravest and boldest of all the Virginians !
And when he is gone—I pronounce it with pain—
We scarcely shall meet with his equal again.

Old Plato asserted that life is a dream
And man but a shadow, (whate'er he may seem)
By which it is plain he intended to say
That man, like a shadow, must vanish away :

If this be the fact, in relation to man,
And if each one is striving to get what he can,
I hope, while I live, you will all think it best,
To allow me to bustle along with the rest.

A view of my life, though some parts might be solemn,
Would make, on the whole, a ridiculous volume :
In the life that's hereafter (to speak with submission)
I hope I shall publish a better edition :

Even swine you permit to subsist in the street ;—
You pity a dog that lies down to be beat—
Then forget what is past—for the year's at a close—
And men of my age have some need of repose.

NEW - YORK.

[SEPTEMBER, 1783.]

THOU mistress of a warlike State,
What crime of thine deserves this fate ;
While other towns to freedom rise,
In thee that flame of honour dies.

With wars and horrors overspread,
Seven years and more, we fought and bled,
Seiz'd British hosts and Hessian bands,
And all—to leave thee in their hands.

While Tory tribes forsake our plains,
In you a motley crew remains—
Must vipers through thy streets prepare,
Must poison taint thy purer air?

Ah! what a scene afflicts mine eye,
In thee what putrid monsters lie!
What dirt and mud, and mouldering walls,
Burnt domes, dead dogs, and funerals!

Those grassy banks where oft I stood,
And fondly view'd the passing flood,
There owls obscene, that day light shun,
Pollute the waters as they run.

Thus in the east—once Asia's queen,
Palmyra's tottering towers are seen;
While through her streets the serpent feeds,
Thus she puts on her mourning weeds.

Lo! *Skinner* there collects a crew,
(Their temples brush'd with Stygian dew)
While to receive the ghastly freight
A thousand sable gallies wait.

Had he been born in days of old,
When men with gods their beasts enroll'd,
Like Nero's horse, he had been made
A consul for some Nero's aid:

O chief, that wrangled at the bar,
Grown old in less successful war,
What crouds of miscreants round then stand,
What vagrants bow to thy command!

Long, much too long, in York reside
A race that mortifies our pride—
A race that all the world defames,
And Nova Scotia only claims.

When Jove from darkness smote the sun,
And nature *earth* from *chaos* won,
One part to polish she forgot,
And Nova Scotia was the spot.

Jove saw her vile neglect, and cry'd,
"What madness did thy fancy guide!
"Why hast thou left so large a place
"With winter brooding o'er its face!

"No trees of stately growth ascend,
"Eternal fogs their wings expand—
"My favourite, MAN, I place not here,
"But phantoms of a darker sphere:

"If Nature's self forgets her trade,
"What strange confusion will be made—
"Such scenes as *this* had been no crime,
"In Saturn's cold, unsocial clime;

"But such a blemish *here* to see,
"How can it else but anger me?
"Where chilling winds forever freeze,
"What fool will fix in climes like these?"

Nature, half timorous, dar'd reply,
"When earth I form'd, I don't deny
"Some parts I portion'd out for care,
"And Nova Scotia has her share;

"Mankind are form'd of different souls,
"Some will be suited near the poles,
"Some pleas'd beneath the burning line,
"And some, New Scotland, will be thine:

" Yet, in due time, my plastic hand
 " Shall mould it o'er, if you command ;
 " By you I act—if you stand still,
 " The world comes tumbling down the hill."

" Untouch'd (said Jove) remain the place ;—
 " In days to come, I'll form a race
 " Born to commit the basest crime,
 " With souls congenial to the clime.

" When traitors to their country die,
 " To realms like this their phantoms fly,
 " But when the brave by death decay,
 " The soul finds out a diff'rent way :

" Then nature cease, at my command—
 " As matters are, let matters stand,
 " While this degenerate work of thine
 " To thieves and traitors I resign."

RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

PART II.

ADDRESSED TO THE WHIGS OF NEW-YORK.

BUT as to the Tories that yet may remain,
 They scarcely need give you a moment of pain :
 What dare they attempt when their masters are fled ;—
 When the soul is departed who wars with the dead ?

Poor souls ! for the love of the king and his nation
 They have had their full quota of mortification ;
 Wherever they fought, or whatever they won
 The dream's at an end—the delusion is done.

306 RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

The TEMPLE you rais'd was so wonderful large
Not one of them thought you could answer the charge,
It seem'd a mere castle constructed of vapour,
Surrounded with gibbets and founded on PAPER.

On the basis of freedom you built it too strong !
And CLINTON confess'd, when you held it so long,
That if any thing human the fabric could shatter
The ROYAL GAZETTE must accomplish the matter.*

An engine like that, in such hands as my own
Had shaken king CODJOE† himself from his throne,
In another rebellion had ruin'd the Scot,
While the Pope and Pretender had both gone to pot.

If you stood my attacks, I have nothing to say—
I fought, like the Swiss, for the sake of my pay ;
But while I was proving your fabric unsound
Our vessel *miss'd stay*, and we all went aground.

Thus ended in ruin what madness begun,
And thus was our nation disgrac'd and undone,
Renown'd as we were, and the lords of the deep,
If our outset was folly, our exit was sleep.

A dominion like THIS, that some millions had cost !—
The king might have wept when he saw it was lost ;—
This jewel—whose value I cannot describe ;
This pearl—that *was richer than all his Dutch tribe*.

When the war came upon us, you very well knew
My income was small and my riches were few—
If your money was scarce, and your prospects were bad,
Why hinder me printing for people that had ?

* Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
Virg.

† The Negro king in Jamaica, whom the English declared independent in 1739.

"Twould have pleas'd you, no doubt, had I gone with a
few setts

Of books, to exist in your cold Massachusetts ;
Or to wander at *Newark*, like ill-fated HUGH,
Not a shirt to my back, nor a soal to my shoe.

Now, if we mistook (as we did, it is plain)
Our error was owing to wicked HUGH GAINÉ,
For he gave us such scenes of your starving and strife
As prov'd that his pictures were drawn from the life.

On the waves of the Styx had he rode quarantine,
He could not have look'd more infernally lean
Than the day, when returning dismay'd and distrest,
Like the doves to their windows, he flew to his nest.

The part that he acted, by some men of sense
Was wrongfully held to be malice propense,
When to all the world it was perfectly plain,
One principle rul'd him—a passion for gain.

You pretend I have suffer'd no loss in the cause,
And have, therefore, no right to partake of your laws :
Some people love talking—I find to my cost,
I too am a loser—my character's lost !

Nay, did not your printers repeatedly stoop
To descant and reflect on my PORTABLE SOUP ?
At me have your porcupines darted the quill,
You have plunder'd my Office,* and publish'd my *Will*.†

Resolv'd upon mischief, you held it no crime
To steal my *Reflections*,‡ and print them in rhyme,
When all the world knew, or at least they might guess,
That the time to reflect was no time to confess ;

* November, 1775.

† See Page 220, &c.

‡ See Pages 275, 278, &c.

You never consider'd my children and wife,
 That my lot was to toil and to struggle through life ;
 My windows you broke—they are all on a jar,
 And my house you have made a mere old *man of war*.

And still you insist I've no right to complain !—
 Indeed if I do, I'm afraid it's in vain—
 Yet am willing to hope you're too learnedly read
 To hang up a printer for being misled.

If this be your aim, I must think of a flight—
 In less than a month I must bid you good-night,
 And hurry away to that *whelp* ridden shore
 Where CLINTON and CARLETON retreated before.

From signs in the sky, and from tokens on land
 I'm inclin'd to suspect my departure's at hand :
 The man in the moon is unusually big,
 And INGLIS, they tell me, has grown a good Whig.

For many days past, as the town can attest,
 The tail of the weather-cock hung to the west—
 My shop, the last evening, seem'd all in a blaze,
 And a hen crow'd at midnight, my waiting man says ;
 Even then, as I lay with strange whims in my head,
 A ghost hove in sight, not a yard from my bed,
 It seem'd Gen'ral ROBERTSON, *brawly* array'd,
 But I grasp'd at the substance, and found him a shade !

He appear'd as of old, when, head of the throng,
 And loaded with laurels, he waddled along—
 He seem'd at the foot of my bedstead to stand
 And cry'd—" Jemmy Rivington, reach me your hand ;

" And Jemmy, (said he) I am sorry to find
 " Some demon advis'd you to loiter behind ;
 " The country is hostile—you had better get off it,
 " Here's nothing but squabbles, all plague, and no
 profit !

“ Since the day that Sir William came here with his
throng

“ He manag’d things so that they always went wrong,

“ And tho’ for his knighthood, he kept MESCHIANZA,

“ I think he was nothing but mere Sancho Pança.

“ That famous conductor of *moon-light* retreats,

“ Sir Harry, came next with his armies and fleets,

“ But, finding *the rebels were dying and dead*,

“ He grounded his arms and retreated to bed.

“ Other luck we had once at the battle of Boyne !

“ But here they have ruin’d Earl *Charles* and *Burgoyne*,

“ Here brave col’nel *Monckton* was thrown on his back,

“ And here lies poor *André* ! the best of the pack.”

So saying, he flitted away in a trice,

Just adding, “ he hop’d I would take his advice”—

Which I surely shall do if you push me too hard—

And so I remain, with eternal regard,

JAMES RIVINGTON, printer, of late, to the king,

But now a republican—under your wing—

Let him stand where he is—don’t push him down hill,

And he’ll turn a true *Blue-Skin*, or just what you
will.

THE DYING INDIAN,

OR LAST WORDS OF SHALUM.

[MARCH, 1784.]

Debemur morti nos, nostraque.

“ ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more !

Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—

Relentless demons urge me to that shore

On whose black forests all the dead are cast :

Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange, and all is new ;
Companion to the airy throng,
 What solitary streams,
 In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along !

To what strange lands must Shalum take his way !
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace ;
No deer along these gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chace,
But all are empty unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades ;
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
 But sickly orchards there
 Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage shew,
And wither'd hangs the hurtle-berry blue,
 Ah me ! what mischiefs on the dead attend.
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find ?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind !
 Fine tales, indeed, they tell
 Of shades and purling rills,
 Where our dead fathers dwell
 Beyond the western hills,
But when did ghost return his state to shew ;
Or who can promise half the tale is true ?
I too must be a fleeting ghost—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go ;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
 For emptier groves below !
 Ye charming solitudes,
 Ye tall ascending woods,

Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embrac'd you with his beams—
Adieu to all !

To all that charm'd me where I stray'd,
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade ;
Adieu all triumphs here !
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,
For some remoter sphere !

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortur'd with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?
Nature at least these ruins may repair,
When death's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to
weep ;

Some real world once more may be assign'd,
Some new born mansion for the immortal mind !—
Farewell, sweet lake ; farewell, surrounding woods,
To other groves through midnight glooms I stray,
Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay !

Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow, and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle, and the ven'son store ;
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep ;
Then clos'd his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep.

LINES, INTENDED FOR MR. PEALE'S

EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 10, 1784.

1.

TOWARD the skies
What columns rise
In Roman style, profusely great !
What lamps ascend,
What arches bend,
And swell with more than Roman state !

2.

High o'er the central arch display'd,
Old Janus shuts his temple door,
And shackles war in darkest shade—
Saturnian times in view once more.

3.

Pride of the human race, behold
In Gallia's king the virtues glow,
Whose conduct prov'd, whose goodness told
That kings can feel for human woe.
Thrice happy France, in Louis blest,
Thy genius droops her head no more ;
In the calm virtues of the mind
Equal to him no Titus shin'd—
No Trajan—whom mankind adore.

4.

Another scene too soon displays !
Griefs have their share, and claim their part,
They monuments to ruin raise,
And shed keen anguish o'er the heart :

Those heroes that in battle fell
Demand a sympathetic tear,
Who fought, our tyrants to repell—
Memory preserves their laurels here.

 In vernal skies
 Thus tempests rise,
And clouds obscure the brightest sun—
 Few wreathes are gain'd
 With blood unstain'd—
No honours without ruin won.

5.

The arms of France three lillies mark—
In honour's dome with these enroll'd
The plough, the sheaf, the gliding barque
The riches of our State unfold.

6.

Ally'd in heav'n, a sun and stars
Friendship and peace with France declare—
The *branch* succeeds the spear of Mars,
Commerce repairs the wastes of war ;
In ties of *concord* ancient foes engage,
Proving the day-spring of a brighter age.

7.

These STATES defended by the brave,
Their military trophies, see !
The virtue that of old did save
Shall still maintain them *great* and *free* ;
Arts shall pervade the western wild,
And savage hearts become more mild.

8.

Of science proud, the source of sway,
Lo ! emblematic figures shine ;
The arts their kindred forms display,
Manners to soften and refine :

A stately tree to heav'n its summit sends
And cluster'd fruit from thirteen boughs depends.

9.

With laurel crown'd
A chief renown'd
(His country sav'd) his faulchion sheaths ;
Neglects his spoils
For rural toils,
And crowns his plough with laurel wreaths ;
While we this Roman chief survey,
What apt resemblance strikes the eye !
Those features to the soul convey
A WASHINGTON, in fame as high,
Whose prudent, persevering mind
Patience with manly courage join'd,
And when disgrace and death were near,
Look'd through the black distressing shade,
Struck hostile Britons with unwonted fear,
And blasted their best hopes, and pride in ruin laid !

10.

Victorious virtue ! aid me to pursue
The tributary verse to triumphs due—
Behold the peasant leave his lowly shed,
Where tufted forests round him grow ;—
Though clouds the dark sky overspread,
War's dreadful art his arm essays,
He meets the hostile cannon's blaze,
And pours redoubled vengeance on the foe.

11.

Born to protect and guard our native land,
Victorious virtue ! still preserve us free ;
PLENTY—gay child of peace, thy horn expand,
And, CONCORD, teach us to agree !
May every virtue that adorns the soul

Be here advanc'd to heights unknown before ;
 Pacific ages in succession roll
 'Till nature blots the scene,
 Chaos resumes her reign
 And heav'n with pleasure views its works no more.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ARRIVAL IN
 PHILADELPHIA, ON HIS WAY TO HIS
 SEAT IN VIRGINIA.

[DECEMBER, 1783.]

1.

THE great, unequal conflict past,
 The Briton banish'd from our shore,
 Peace, heav'n-descended, comes at last,
 And hostile nations rage no more ;
 From fields of death the weary swain
 Returning, seeks his native plain.

2.

In every vale she smiles serene,
 Freedom's bright stars more radiant rise,
 New charms she adds to every scene,
 Her brighter sun illumines our skies ;
 Remotest realms admiring stand,
 And hail the *Hero* of our land :

3.

He comes !—the Genius of these lands—
 Fame's thousand tongues his worth confess,
 Who conquer'd with his suffering bands,
 And grew immortal by distress :

Thus calms succeed the stormy blast,
And valour is repaid at last.

4.

O WASHINGTON!—thrice glorious name,
What due rewards can man decree—
Empires are far below thy aim,
And sceptres have no charms for thee;
 Virtue alone has thy regard,
And she must be thy great reward.

5.

Encircled by extorted power,
Monarchs must envy thy *Retreat*,
Who cast, in some ill fated hour,
Their country's freedom at their feet;
 'Twas thine to act a nobler part
 For injur'd Freedom had thy heart.

6.

For ravag'd realms and conquer'd seas
Rome gave the great imperial prize,
And, swell'd with pride, for feats like these,
Transferr'd her heroes to the skies:—
 A brighter scene your deeds display,
 You gain those heights a different way.

7.

When *Faction* rear'd her snaky head,
And join'd with tyrants to destroy,
Where'er you march'd the monster fled,
Tim'rous her arrows to employ;
 Hosts catch'd from you a bolder flame,
 And despots trembled at your name.

8.

Ere war's dread horrors ceas'd to reign,
What leader could your place supply?—
Chiefs crowded to the embattled plain,
Prepar'd to conquer or to die—

Heroes arose—but none like you
Could save our lives and freedom too.

9.

In swelling verse let kings be read,
And princes shine in polish'd prose;
Without such aid your triumphs spread
Where'er the convex ocean flows,
To Indian worlds by seas embrac'd,
And Tartar, tyrant of the waste.

10.

Throughout the east you gain applause,
And soon the *Old World*, taught by you,
Shall blush to own her barbarous laws,
Shall learn instruction from the *New* :
Monarchs shall hear the humble plea,
Nor urge too far the proud decree.

11.

Despising pomp and vain parade,
At home you stay, while France and Spain
The secret, ardent wish convey'd,
And hail'd you to their shores in vain :
In *Vernon's* groves you shun the throne,
Admir'd by kings, but seen by none.

12.

Your fame, thus spread to distant lands,
May envy's fiercest blasts endure,
Like Egypt's pyramids it stands,
Built on a basis more secure ;
Time's latest age shall own in you
The patriot and the statesman too.

13.

Now hurrying from the busy scene,
Where thy *Potowmack's* waters flow,
May'st thou enjoy thy rural reign,
And every earthly blessing know ;

Thus *He** whom Rome's proud legions sway'd,
Return'd, and sought his sylvan shade.

14.

Not less in wisdom than in war
Freedom shall still employ your mind,
Slavery shall vanish, wide and far,
'Till not a trace is left behind ;
Your counsels not bestow'd in vain
Shall still protect this infant reign.

15.

So when the bright, all-cheering sun
From our contracted view retires,
Though fools may think his race is run,
On other worlds he lights his fires :
Cold climes beneath his influence glow,
And frozen rivers learn to flow.

16.

O say, thou great, exalted name !
What Muse can boast of equal lays,
Thy worth disdains all vulgar fame,
Transcends the noblest poet's praise,
Art soars, unequal to the flight,
And genius sickens at the height.

17.

For states redeem'd—our western reign
Restor'd by thee to milder sway,
Thy conscious glory shall remain
When this great globe is swept away,
And *all* is lost that pride admires,
And all the pageant scene expires.

* Cincinnatus.

HUMANITY AND INGRATITUDE ;

A COMMON CASE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

[DECEMBER, 1784.]

1.

BY the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,
There liv'd an old fellow nam'd Charlot Boncœur,
Who was free to his neighbour and good to the poor,
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said,
That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd,
To all *people* else he was candid and kind.

2.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,
Persuading the fishes their dinner to take,
(The last he intended they ever should make)
While his hooks he employ'd to their sorrow and woe,
A grunting he heard in the waters below,
And casting his eye to the bottom (for here
We'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear)
He saw on the bed of the liquid profound
An unfortunate wight who was drowning, or drown'd.

3.

That the man to the surface once more might ascend,
He took up his pole, with a hook at the end,
And to it he fell,
And manag'd so well,
That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn,
And who should it be but his old neighbour John !

4.

Now, some how or other, it popp'd in his head,
 That in spite of his drowning the man was not dead,
 And while he was thinking what means to devise
 That his friend might recover and open his eyes,
 He saw, with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
 That in lugging him up he had put one eye out—
 However, convinc'd, from what he had heard,
 That John might be living for aught that appear'd ;
 To his cottage he took him, and there had him bled,
 Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and then put to bed.
 So in less than a week (to his praise be it said)
 In less than a week the man was as sound
 (Excepting the loss of his eye, and the wound)
 As if in his life he had never been drown'd.

5.

But when John had begun to travel about,
 He was sadly chagrin'd that his eye was put out,
 And forgetting what service his neighbour had done him,
 Went off to a lawyer, and clapt a writ on him,
 Talk'd much of the value of what he had lost,
 That Charlot must pay all the damage and cost,
 And if with such sentence he would not comply,
 He swore he would have his identical eye.

6.

That Charlot was vex'd, we hardly need say,
 Yet he urg'd what he could in a moderate way,
 Declar'd to the judges, by way of defence,
 “ That the action was wrought without malice propense,
 That his conscience excus'd him for what he had done,
 That fortune was only to blame—and that John
 Might have thought himself happy (when death was so
 nigh)
 To purchase his life with the loss of an eye—
 That the loss of an eye was a serious affair

That the man who can shew but one eye in his head,
Is better by far than a man that is dead."

7.

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,
John said, " He had never yet found in his reading
A people, or nation, or senator sage,
Or a law, or a custom in whatever age,
Permitting (unpunish'd) by force or surprize
One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's eyes."

8.

The lawyers and judges were all at a stand
Which way to conclude on the matter in hand.
'Till a half-witted fellow, who chanc'd to be there,
Undertook to decide on this weighty affair,
And cry'd, " Can you doubt in a case that's so plain,
Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again :
The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this ;
In fishing him up he takes it amiss,
That Charlot manœuvred with so little skill,
So awkwardly fumbled and manag'd so ill
As thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,
And put out an eye with the point of his hook—
Well, now, my lord judges, attend my decree,
Straitway let the plaintiff be thrown in the sea,
And after reposing a while on the bottom,
If he get out alone from where Charlot got him,
Safe, sound, and undamag'd—why, then 'tis my sentence
That Charlot be punish'd and brought to repentance ;
But if, after gasping and flouncing about,
He drowns in the water, and never gets out,
Why, then, it is justice, it must be confest,
That Charlot forthwith be discharg'd from arrest,
Absolv'd from all punishment due to the wound,
And paid in the bargain, 'cause John was not drown'd."

9.

The audience were struck with a world of surprize,
To find that a fool could give counsel so wise.
The judges themselves the sentence espous'd,
And freely consented that John should be sous'd.—

John finding that matters had took a wrong turn,
Nor waiting to see if the court would adjourn,
Sneak'd out of the house, with a hiss of disgrace,
In dread, lest the sentence should quickly take place—
Grown pliant at last, his cause he withdrew—
His plea was so bad, and his friends were so few,
It was needless he thought on the cast of a die
To venture his life for the sake of an eye,
And concluded 'twas better to give up the suit,
Than risk the one left, and be drowned to boot.

PEWTER PLATTER ALLEY.

A POEM.

FROM Christ Church graves, across the way,
A dismal, horrid place is found,
Where rushing winds exert their sway,
And Greenland winter chills the ground:
No blossoms there are seen to bloom,
No sun pervades the dreary gloom!

The people of that stormy place
In penance for some ancient crime
Are held in a too narrow space,
Like those beyond the bounds of time,
Who darken'd still, perceive no day,
While seasons waste, and moons decay.

Cold as the shade that wraps them round,
 This icy region prompts our fear ;
 And he who treads this frozen ground
 Shall curse the chance that brought him here—
 The slippery mass predicts his fate,
 A broken arm, a wounded pate.

When August sheds his sultry beam,
 May Celia never find this place,
 Nor see, upon the muddy stream,
 And mourn the wrinkles on her face !
 And may I ne'er discover there
 The grey that mingles with my hair.

The watchman sad, whose drowsy call
 Proclaims the hour forever fled,
 Avoids this path to Pluto's hall ;
 For who would wish to wake the dead !—
 Still let them sleep—it is no crime—
 They pay no tax to know the time.

No coaches hence, in glittering pride,
 Convey their freight to take the air,
 No gods nor heroes here reside,
 Nor powder'd beau, nor lady fair—
 All, all to warmer regions flee,
 And leave these glooms to *Towne** and me.

VERSES MADE AT SEA, IN A HEAVY
 GALE.

HAPPY the man who, safe on shore,
 Now trims, at home, his evening fire ;
 Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,
 That on the tufted groves expire :

* Printer of the *Evening Post*.

Alas ! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
 Foredoom'd a stranger to repose,
 No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
Perhaps, whate'er the pilots say,
We saw the Sun descend in gloom,
No more to see his rising ray,
 But bury'd low, by far too deep,
 On coral beds, unpitied, sleep !

But what a strange, uncoasted strand
Is that, where death permits no day—
No charts have we to mark that land,
No compass to direct that way—
 What pilot shall explore that realm,
 What new Columbus take the helm.

While death and darkness both surround,
And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
 What friendship can in tempests be,
 What comfort on this angry sea ?

The barque, accustom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide,
Alone she gropes her trackless way,
While mountains burst on either side—
 Thus, skill and science both must fall,
 And ruin is the lot of all.

ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DEATH OF
A FAVOURITE DOG.

[1785.]

IF all the world mourn for the loss of a friend,
And even in stanza their virtues commend,
Why, JOLLY, shouldst thou by the green turf be prest,
And not have a stanza along with the rest?
The miser, that ne'er gave a farthing away,
Xantippe, that scolded throughout the long day,
The drunken young Quixote that died in his prime,
In their graves never fail to be flatter'd with rhyme.
There is an old adage our poets have read,
That *nothing but good should be spoke of the dead*,
Hence even your critics of *truth* we defy,
When we write of the dead—they allow us to lie.
But I, my dear dog, will a poem compose,
That shall break half the hearts of the belles and the beaux,
To the view of each reader your virtues shall shine
In verses, that Hannah shall fancy divine.
The Stoics of old were forbid to complain
At losses and crosses, vexation and pain—
When the day I recal that depriv'd me of you,
I find, my dear Jolly, I'm not of *their* crew.
How oft in the year shall I visit your grave
Amid the long forest that darkens the wave!
How often lament, when the day's at a close,
That this kitchen of death is your place of repose.
Ah here! (I will say) was the path where he run;—
My dog with his smellers, and I with my gun—
And here, in this spot, where the willow trees grow,
He brought out a rabbit that lurk'd in the snow!

If absent awhile on the ocean I stray'd,
 I still had in view to revisit this shade—
 But alas! you consider'd the prospect as vain,
 Or how could you die till I saw you again.
 A country there is, 'tis invain to deny,
 Where monkies and puppies are sent when they die,
 But you—and old MINOR shall grant you his pass—
 Must rank with the dogs of the gentleman class.
 The boatman of Styx shall a passage prepare,
 And the dog at the portal shall welcome you there,
 With the Cynics of hell you shall walk a *grave* pace,
 For *dogs* among *doctors* are no such disgrace.
 On the bark of this *maple*, that shadows your bones,
 I am proud to engrave these poetical groans,
 If a *tombstone* of *wood* serves a soldier—'tis clear,
 This tree may preserve all your fame for a year.
 For the squirrel you tree'd, and the duck from the lake,
 These stanzas are all the return I can make;
 But these, unaffected, my friendship will shew—
 And the world shall allow that I give you your due.

THE PROGRESS OF BALLOONS.

[1785.]

“ Perdomita tellus, tumida cesserunt freta,

“ Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus;

“ Immune cœlum est, dignus Alcidiæ labor,

“ In alta mundi spatia sublimes feremur.”

Senec. Herc. Furens.

ASSIST me, ye muses, (whose harps are in tune)
 To tell of the flight of the gallant balloon!
 As high as my subject permit me to soar
 To heights unattempted, unthought of before.
 Ye grave learned Doctors, whose trade is to sigh,
 Who labour to chalk out a road to the sky,

Improve on your plans—or I'll venture to say,
 A chymist, of Paris, will show us the way.
 The earth on its surface has all been survey'd,
 The sea has been travell'd—and deep in the shade
 The kingdom of Pluto has heard us at work,
 When we dig for his metals wherever they lurk.
 But who would have thought that invention could rise
 To find out a method to soar to the skies,
 And pierce the bright regions, which ages assign'd
 To spirits unbodied, and flights of the mind.
 Let the gods of Olympus their revels prepare—
 By the aid of some pounds of inflammable air
 We'll visit them soon—and forsake this dull ball
 With coat, shoes and stockings; fat carcase and all!
 How France is distinguish'd in Louis's reign!
 What cannet her genius and courage attain?
 Thro'out the wide world have her *arms* found the way,
 And *art* to the stars is extending her sway.
 At sea let the British their neighbours defy—
 The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky,
 In this navigation more fortunate prove,
 And cruise at their ease in the climates above.
 If the English should venture to sea with their fleet,
 A host of balloons in a trice they shall meet.
 The French from the zenith their wings shall display,
 And souse on these sea-dogs and bear them away.

Ye sages, who travel on mighty designs,
 To measure meridians and parallel lines—
 The task being tedious—take heed, if you please—
 Construct a balloon—and you'll do it with ease.
 And ye who the heav'n's broad concave survey,
 And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,
 Who gaze, the night through, at the wonderful scene
 Yet still are complaining of vapours between,
 Ah, seize the conveyance, and fearlessly rise
 To peep at the *lanthorns* that light up the skies,

And floating above, on our ocean of air,
 Inform us, by letter, what people are *there*.
 In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,
 And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;
 (Mars being willing) pray send us word, greeting,
 If his people are fonder of fighting than eating.
 That Venus has horns we've no reason to doubt,
 (I forget what they call him who first found it out)
 And you'll find, I'm afraid, if you venture too near,
 That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her sphere.
 Our folks of good morals it wofully grieves,
 That Mercury's people are villains and thieves,
 You'll see how it is—but I'll venture to shew
 For a dozen among them, twelve dozens below.
 From long observation one proof may be had
 That the men in the moon are incurably mad;
 However, compare us, and if they exceed
 They must be surprizingly crazy indeed.

But now, to have done with our planets and moons—
 Come, grant me a patent for making balloons—
 For I find that the time is approaching—the day
 When horses shall fail, and the horsemen decay.
 Post riders, at present (call'd Centaurs of old)
 Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and cold,
 In future shall leave their dull *poneys* behind
 And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of the wind.
 The stagemen, whose gallopers scarce have the power
 Through the dirt to convey you ten miles in an hour,
 When advanc'd to balloons shall so furiously drive
 You'll hardly know whether you're dead or alive.
 The man who at Boston sets out with the sun,
 If the wind should be fair, may be with us at one,
 At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at three
 And at six be at Edentown, ready for tea.
 (The machine shall be order'd, we hardly need say,
 To travel in darkness as well as by day).

At Charleston by ten he for sleep shall prepare,
And by twelve the next day be the devil knows where.
When the ladies grow sick of the city in June,
What a jaunt they shall have in the flying balloon !
Whole mornings shall see them at toilets preparing,
And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.

Yet more with its fitness for commerce I'm struck ;
What loads of tobacco shall fly from Kentuck,
What packs of best beaver—bar-iron and pig,
What budgets of leather from Conococheague !
If Britain should ever disturb us again,
(As they threaten to do in the next George's reign)
No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,
And pepper us well from their fighting balloons.
To market the farmers shall shortly repair
With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale, thro' the air,
Skim over the water as light as a feather,
Themselves and their turkies conversing together.

Such wonders as these from balloons shall arise—
And the giants of old, that assaulted the skies
With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely confess
That all they attempted was nothing to this.

L I N E S,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF GENERAL JOSEPH

REED—MARCH, 1785.

SWIFT to the dust descends each honour'd name
That rais'd their country to these heights of fame,
Sages that plann'd, and chiefs that led the way
To freedom's temple—all too soon decay ;
Alike submit to one unalter'd doom,
Their glories closing in perpetual gloom,

Like the dim splendours of the evening, fade,
While night advances to complete the shade.

REED! 'tis for thee we shed th' unpurchas'd tear,
Bend o'er thy tomb, and plant our laurels here,
Thy own brave deeds the noblest pile transcend,
And virtue, patriot virtue, mourns her friend,
Gone to those realms where worth may claim regard,
And gone where virtue meets her best reward.

No single art engag'd his manly mind,
In every scene his active genius shin'd,
Nature in him, in honour to our age;
At once compos'd the soldier and the sage;—
Firm to his purpose, vigilant, and bold,
Detesting traitors, and despising gold,
He scorn'd all bribes from Britain's hostile throne—
For all his country's wrongs were *thrice* his own.

REED, rest in peace, for time's impartial page
Shall blast the wrongs of this ungrateful age:
Long in these climes thy name shall flourish fair,
The statesman's pattern, and the poet's care;
Long on these plains thy memory shall remain,
And still new tributes from new ages gain,
Fair to the eye that injur'd honour rise—
Nor traitors triumph while the patriot dies.

THE FIVE AGES.

[1785.]

THE reign of old Saturn is highly renown'd
For many fine things that no longer are found,
Trees always in blossom, men free from all pains,
And shepherds, as mild as the sheep on their plains.

In the midland Equator, dispensing his sway,
The Sun, they pretended, pursu'd his bright way,
Not rambled, unsteady, to regions remote,
To talk, once a-year, with the *crab* and the *goat*.
From a motion like this, have the sages explain'd,
How summer for ever her empire maintain'd;
While the turf of the fields by the plough was unbroke,
And a house for the shepherd, the shade of the oak.

Yet some say there never was seen on this stage
What poets affirm of that innocent *age*,
When the brutal creation from bondage was free,
And men were exactly what mankind should be.
But why should they labour to prove it a dream?—
The poets of old were in love with the theme,
And, leaving to others mere truth to repeat,
In the regions of fancy they found it complete.

Three ages have been on this globe, they pretend;
And the fourth, some have thought, is to be without end;
The first was of Gold—But a fifth, *we* will say,
Has already begun, and is now on its way.
Since the days of Arcadia, if ever there shin'd
A ray of the first on the heads of mankind,
Let critics dispute—but with us it is clear,
That the æra of PAPER was realiz'd *here*.

Four ages, however, at least have been told;
The first is compar'd to the purest of *Gold*—
But, as bad luck would have it, its circles were few,
And the next was of *Silver*—if Ovid says true.
But this, like the former, did rapidly pass—
While that which came after was nothing but *Brass*—
An age of mere tinkers—and when it was lost,
Old *Iron* succeeded—we know to our cost.

And hence you may fairly infer, if you please,
That we're nothing but blacksmiths of various degrees,
Since each has a weapon, of one sort or other,
To stir up the coals, and to shake at his brother.

Should the Author of nature reverse his decree,
 And bring back the age we're so anxious to see,
 Agreement, alas!—you would look for invain,
 The *stuff* might be chang'd, but the *staff* would remain.
 The lawyer would still find a client to fleece,
 The doctor, a patient to pack off in peace,
 The parson, some hundreds of hearers prepar'd
 To measure his grace by the length of his beard.
 Old Momus would still have some cattle to lead,
 Who would hug his opinions, and swallow his creed—
 So it's best, I believe, that things are as they are—
 If *Iron's* the meanest—we've nothing to fear.

TO THE GREAT—THE WARLIKE—THE
 UNITED—THE INDEPENDENT
 AMERICANS!

[1785.]

WE Tories, who lately were frighten'd away,
 When you march'd into York all in battle array,
 Dear whigs, in our exile have somewhat to say.

From the clime of New Scotland we wish you to know
 We still are in being—mere spectres of woe,
 Our dignity high, but our spirits are low.

Great people we are, and are call'd the king's friends—
 But on friendships like these what advantage attends?
 We may starve and be damn'd when we've answer'd his
 ends!

The Indians themselves, whom no treaties can bind,
We have reason to think are perversely inclin'd—
And where we have friends is not easy to find.

From the day we arriv'd on this desolate shore
We still have been wishing to see you once more,
And your freedom enjoy, now the danger is o'er.

Although we be-rebel'd you up hill and down,
It was all for your good—and to honour a crown
Whose splendors have spoil'd better eyes than our own.

That villains we are, is no more than our due,
And so may remain for a century through,
Unless we return, and be doctor'd by you.

Although with the dregs of the world we are class'd,
We hope your resentment will soften at last,
Now your toils are repaid, and our triumphs are past.

When a matter is done, 'tis a folly to fret—
But your market-day mornings we cannot forget,
With your coaches to lend, and your horses to let,

Your dinners of beef, and your breakfasts of toast!
But we have no longer such blessings to boast,
No cattle to steal, and no turkies to roast.

Such enjoyments as these, we must tell you with pain,
'Tis odds we shall only be wishing in vain
Unless we return, and be brothers again.

We burnt up your mills and your meetings, 'tis true,
And many bold fellows we crippled and slew—
(Ay! we were the boys that had something to do!)

Old Huddy we hung on the Neversink shore—
But, Sirs, had we hung up a thousand men more,
They had all been aveng'd in the torments we bore.

When Asgill to Jersey you foolishly fetch'd,
And each of us fear'd that his neck would be stretch'd,
When you were be-rebel'd, and we were be-wretch'd.

In the book of destruction it seems to be written
That Tories must still be dependent on Britain—
The worst of dependence that ever was hit on.

Now their work is concluded—that pitiful job—
They send over convicts to strengthen our mob—
And so we do nothing but snivel and sob.

The worst of all countries has fell to our share,
Where winter and famine provoke our despair,
And fogs are for ever obscuring the air.

Although there be nothing but sea dogs to feed on,
Our friend Jemmy Rivington made it an Eden—
But, alas ! he had nothing but lies to proceed on.

Deceiv'd we were all by his damnable schemes—
When he colour'd it over with gardens and streams,
And grottoes and groves, and the rest of his dreams.

Our heads were so turn'd by that conjuror's spell,
We swallow'd the lies he was tutor'd to tell—
But his " happy retreats " were the visions of hell.

We feel so enrag'd we could rip up his weazon,
When we think of the soil he describ'd with its trees on,
And the plenty that reign'd, and the charms of each
season.

Like a parson that tells of the joys of the blest
To a man to be hang'd—he himself thought it best
To remain where he was, in his haven of rest.

Since he help'd us away by the means of his types,
His precepts should only have lighted our pipes,
His example was rather to honour your stripes.

Now, if we return, as we're bone of your bone,
We'll renounce all allegiance to George and his throne
And be the best subjects that ever were known.

In a ship, you have seen (where the duty is hard)
The cook and his scullion may claim some regard,
But it takes a good fellow to brace the main yard.

Howe'er you despise us because you are free,
The world's at a loss for such fellows as we,
Who can pillage on land and can plunder at sea.

So long for our rations they keep us in waiting—
The Lords and the Commons, perhaps, are debating
If Tories can live without drinking or eating.

So we think it is better to see you, by far—
And have hinted our meaning to governor Parr—
The worst that can happen is—*feathers and tar*.

STANZAS ON THE EMIGRATION TO
AMERICA, AND PEOPLING THE
WESTERN COUNTRY.

[1785.]

TO western woods, and lonely plains,
Palemon from the crowd departs,
Where nature's wildest genius reigns,
To tame the soil, and plant the arts—
What wonders there shall freedom show,
What mighty *States* successive grow !

From Europe's proud, despotic shores
Hither the stranger takes his way,
And in our new found world explores
A happier soil, a milder sway,
Where no proud despot holds him down,
No slaves insult him with a crown.

What charming scenes attract the eye,
On wild Ohio's savage stream !
Here nature reigns, whose works outvie
The boldest pattern art can frame ;
Here ages past have roll'd away,
And forests bloom'd—but to decay.

From these fair plains, these rural seats,
So long conceal'd, so lately known,
The unsocial Indian far retreats,
To make some other clime his own,
Where other streams, less pleasing, flow,
And darker forests round him grow.

Great Sire of floods ! whose varied wave [*Mississippi.*
Through climes and countries takes its way,
To whom creating nature gave
Ten thousand streams to swell thy sway !
No longer shall *they* useless prove,
Nor idly through the forests rove ;

Nor longer shall thy princely flood
From distant lakes be swell'd in vain,
Nor longer through a darksome wood
Advance, unnotic'd, to the main,
Far other ends the fates decree—
And commerce plans new freights for thee.

While virtue warms the generous breast,
Here heaven-born freedom shall reside,

Nor shall the voice of war molest,
 Nor Europe's all-aspiring pride—
 Here reason shall new laws devise,
 And order from confusion rise.

Forsaking kings and regal state,
 (A debt that reason deems amiss)
 The traveller owns, convinc'd though late,
 No realm so free, so blest as this—
 The *east* is half to slaves consign'd,
 And half to slavery more refin'd.

O come the time, and haste the day,
 When man shall man no longer crush,
 When reason shall enforce her sway,
 Nor these fair regions raise our blush,
 Where still the African complains,
 And mourns his yet unbroken chains.

Far brighter scenes, a future age,
 The muse predicts, these States shall hail,
 Whose genius shall the world engage,
 Whose deeds shall over death prevail,
 And happier systems bring to view
 Than all the eastern sages knew.

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

THEY who to warmer regions run,
 May bless the favour of the sun,
 But seek in vain what charms us here,
 Life's picture varying with the year.
 Spring and her wanton train advance
 Like *Youth* to lead the festive dance,

All, all her scenes are mirth and play,
 And blushing blossoms own her sway.
 The *Summer* next (those blossoms blown)
 Brings on the fruits that spring had sown,
Thus men advance, impell'd by time,
 And nature triumphs in her prime.
 Then *Autumn* crowns the beauteous year,
 The groves a sicklier aspect wear.
 And mournful she (*the lot of all*)
 Matures her fruits to make them fall.
 Clad in the vestments of a tomb,
 Old age is only *Winter's* gloom—
 Winter, alas! shall spring restore,
 But youth returns to man no more.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE BEEN
 PLEASED TO FAVOUR FRANCIS WREIGLEY, NEWS
 CARRIER, WITH THEIR CUSTOM.

[JANUARY 1, 1783.]

ACCORDING to custom, once more I appear
 With the verse you expect at the dawn of the year :
 For at length we have got into EIGHTY AND THREE ;
 And in spite of proud Britain, are happy and free.
 If the times have been hard, and our commerce gone
 wrong,
 We still have been able to struggle along.
 If some, through misfortunes, are slack in the purse,
 It is not so bad but it might have been worse.—

Great things, the year past, were reveal'd to our eyes :
The Dutch have confess'd us their friends and allies,
And humbled the pride of our haughty invaders,
By fighting their fleets and destroying their traders,
If the English succeeded in taking the Count,
To what, in the end, did their conquest amount ?
With their boasts, and their brags, and their shouts of
 applause,

It but sav'd them from ruin—not ruin'd our cause.

But leaving the weight of political cares
To those, who are plac'd at the helm of affairs,
To the humours of fortune in all things resign'd,
I mean by my visit to put you in mind,
That, as true as a clock, both early and late,
With the news of the day I have knock'd at your gate,
And gave you to know what the world was a doing,
What LOUIS intended, or GEORGE was a brewing.
If sometimes the papers were trifling and flat,
And the news went against us,—I cou'dn't help that ;
If parties were angry, and vented their spite,
I bro't you their wranglings—not help'd them to write.
I therefore presume (and not without reason)
You'll remember your NEWSMAN, and think of the
 season ;

The markets are high, and the weather is cold ;
No *party* I serve, and no *pension* I hold.
We Hawkers are men, and have children and wives
To comfort our hearts, and to solace our lives :
But if I say more, you'll think it is stuff ;
And a word to the wise is, in reason, enough.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
EVENING POST, BY THE PRINTER'S LAD
WHO CARRIES IT.

[JANUARY, 4, 1783.]

THROUGH wet and dry, and heat and cold,
By all mischances uncontroul'd,
Howe'er the winds blew high or low,
Through dirty streets, or streets of snow,
I *David*, with the EVENING POST,
Despising darkness, rain and frost,
Your doors have 'tended twice a week,
Lest you should have the news to seek,
And plague your friends for that which we
Bestow you for a trifling fee.

Thus months run on, and seasons pass'd,
The old Year has run out at last ;
Now once again, as *Hermes* true,
(Prostrate the old Year *eighty-two*)
I come to greet ye with the *New* :
I am a brisk and trusty Lad ;
The war is long, and times are bad ;
Not all attempts dame Fortune crowns,
On some she smiles, on others frowns,
Yet still beneficent to all,
Gives each his turn to rise and fall.
Though on the land our foes we beat,
And forc'd them early to retreat,
Drove them from *Beersheba* to *Dan*,
And made them quit their favourite *plan*,
By sea they still our coasts invade,
Distress our shores, obstruct our trade ;

This hurts us all, it is confest,
And *Towne* and *me* among the rest.

Since Fortune then so often wavers,
And grants so sparingly her favours,
'Tis in your power, good natur'd friends,
For her caprice to make amends,
And place us for at least a day
Beyond the limits of her sway,
Regardless of her whims and fancies,
Or whom she humbles or advances.

I might go on, God knows how long,
And plague you with my New Year song.
Harass you with unnumber'd rhymes,
And moralize upon the Times ;
Inform you as last year went round
That some were hang'd, and some were drown'd ;
That some grow rich, while others fail,
That some are free, and some in jail ;
Assert that things are scare and dear,
A Shilling for a Quart of Beer :—
But what would all our rhymes avail ?
Our *subject* is already stale,
Our last campaign has nothing done
That poets might descant upon,
And I have little else to say,
Except that *time* makes haste away,
And we are past the *New Year's* day :
As Time his circling path pursues
Perhaps I'll bring you better news,
Some new disgrace to British fleets,
Mishaps, disasters, and defeats ;
So pray be kind, and I'll be steady,
Our Press and Paper always ready,
And the EVENING POST advance with vigour
'Till it and I be something bigger.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE FREEMAN'S
JOURNAL, BY THE LAD WHO CARRIES IT.

[JANUARY 8, 1783.]

LET those who will, in hackney'd rhyme
And common cant, take up your time,
And even the muse's aid implore
To tell you what you knew before,
The days are *short* and nights are *long*,
The weather *cold* and hunger *strong*,
The markets *high*—and such like stuff—
I'm sure you know it well enough;—
Untaught by us, I dare to say,
You hit, exactly, *New Year's day*,
And knew at least as well as we
The present year is eighty-three;—
(Such simple things as these to tell
A mere drum head would do as well)—
All this I knew you knew before,
And therefore knock'd not at your door
Upon the individual day
When *eighty-three* came into play,
With verses for the purpose plann'd
Bidding you gravely *watch your sand*,
Since death is always near at hand; }
All this I left to those whose trade is
To threaten beaus and frighten ladies,
And brought my papers, (swiftly speeding)
The *Freeman's Journal*, for your reading.
Unhappy JOURNAL, doom'd by fate
To meet with unrelenting hate,

From those who can their venom spit,
 Yet condescend to steal your wit ;
 While *Timon*, with malicious spirit,
 Allows you not a grain of merit,
 While he an idle pomp assumes
 Let him return his borrow'd plumes,
 And you will find the insect creeping
 With not a feather worth the keeping.

But this is neither here nor there,
 May quarrels past dissolve in air ;
 In Stygian waves of sable hue
 Be all absorb'd with EIGHTY-TWO,
 Or, lost on Lethe's silent shore,
 Disgrace our rising State no more.

Another word I meant to say,
 (Kind customers, have patience, pray,
 My subject is the New Year's day)
 How came it that mistaken man
 Has thus inverted nature's plan,
 And contradicted common reason
 By making this the mirthful season,
 When all is dreary, dull, and dead,
 The sun to southern climates fled
 To dart his fierce and downright beams
 Intensely on Brazilian streams ;
 No daisies on the frozen plain,
 No daffodils to please the swain,
 The limpid wave compell'd to freeze,
 And not a leaf upon the trees !—
 'Tis wrong—the very birds will say,
 Their New Year is the bloom of May ;
 Then nature calls to soft delights,
 And they obey as she invites.

And yet this *happiness* below,
 Which all would gain but few know how,
 Is not to *time* or place confin'd,

'Tis seated only in the mind ;
 Let seasons vary as they will
 Contentment leaves us happy still,
 Makes life itself pass smooth away,
Makes every hour a New Year's day.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,

FOR THOSE WHO CARRY THE PENNSYLVANIA
 GAZETTE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

[JANUARY 1, 1784.]

HOW things are chang'd since last New Year,
 What dismal prospects then arose !
 Scarce at your doors I dar'd appear,
 So multifarious were our woes :
 But time at length has chang'd the scene,
 Our prospects now are more serene.

Bad news we brought you every day,
 Your seamen slain, your ships on shore,
 The army fretting for their pay—
 'Twas well they had not fretted more !
 'Twas wrong indeed to wear our shoes,
 To bring you nothing but bad news.

Now let's be joyful for the change—
 The folks that guard the *English* throne
 Have giv'n us ample room to range,
 And more, perhaps, than was their own ;
 To western lakes they stretch our bounds,
 And yield the *Indian* hunting grounds.

But pray read on another year,
 Remain the humble Newsman's friend ;
 And he'll engage to let you hear
 What *Europe's* princes next intend.—
 E'en now their brains are all at work,
 To rouse the *Russian* on the *Turk*.

Well—if they fight, then fight they must,
 They are a strange, contentious breed ;
 One good effect will be, I trust,
 The more that's kill'd, the more you'll read ;
 For past experience fully shews,
That WRANGLING is the LIFE of NEWS.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE FREEMAN'S
 JOURNAL, BY THE LAD WHO CARRIES IT.

[JANUARY 7, 1784.]

BLEST be the man who early prov'd
 And first contriv'd to make it clear
 That *TIME* upon a dial mov'd,
 And trac'd that circle call'd a year ;

Ere he arose, the savage, man,
 No bounds to years or seasons knew,
 On Nature's book his reckoning ran,
 And social festivals were few.

In after days, when folks grew wise
 New wonderments were daily found,
 Systems they built on pumpkin pies,
 And prov'd that every thing went round.

Experience shows they reason'd right,
(With laurels we their tombs should crown)
For half the world is in such plight
That one would swear it upside down.

Now I am one, (and pray attend)
Who, marching in a smaller sphere,
To set you right, my service lend,
By bringing Papers through the year,

Which to your Honours may impart
A thousand new invented schemes,
The works of wit, and toils of art,
News, commerce, politics, and dreams :

Though in a sheet, at random cast,
Our motley knowledge we dispose,
From such a mass, in ages past,
Have less substantial fabrics rose ;

The Sybil wise, as Virgil says,
Her writings to the *leaves* consign'd,
Which soon were borne a thousand ways,
Derang'd and scatter'd by the wind.

Not such neglect in me is seen—
Soon as my *leaves* have left the press
I haste to bring them, neat and clean,
At all times in a New Year's dress.

Though winds their ancient spite retain,
And strive to tear them from my hold,
I bear them safe through wind and rain,
Despising heat, despising cold.

While thus employ'd, from week to week,
You surely will not think it hard
If, with the rest, I come to seek
Some humble token of regard.

Nor will you deem my conduct strange
If what I long have thought be true—
That life itself is constant change,
And death, *the want of something new.*

NEW YEAR'S VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE FREEMAN'S
JOURNAL, BY THE LAD WHO CARRIES IT.

[JANUARY 1, 1785.]

“THE constant lapse of rolling years
“Awakes our hopes, provokes our fears
“Of something yet unknown ;
“We saw the last year pass away,
“But who, alas ! can truly say
“The next shall be his own ?”

So *Timon* cries—and thousands more
Will preach their moral doctrines o'er ;
And when the preaching's done,
Each goes his various, wonted way,
To labour some, and some to play—
So moves the circle on.

How swift the vagrant seasons fly ;
They're hardly born before they die,
Yet in their wild career,
Like atoms round the rapid wheel,
We seem the same, though changing still,
Mere reptiles of a year.

Some run to seek a charming *bride*,
Some, rhimes to make on *one* that died ;
And millions curse the day.

When first in Hymen's *silken* bands
 The parson join'd mistaken hands,
 And bade the bride obey.

While sad Emelia vents her sighs,
 In epitaphs and elegies,
 For her departed *dear*,
 Who would suppose yon' muffled bell,
 And mourning gowns, were meant to tell,
 Her grief will last—a year?

In folly's path how many meet—
 What hosts shall live to *lie* and *cheat*—
 How many empty pates
 Shall, in this wise, discerning year,
 In native dignity appear
 To manage rising states!

'Tis vain to sigh!—the wheel must on—
 And straws are to the whirlpool drawn,
 With ships of gallant mien—
 What has been once, shall time restore;
 What now exists, has been before—
 Years only change the scene.

In endless circles all things move,
 Below, about, far off, above,
 This motion all attain—
 If Folly's self should flit away,
 She would return some New Year's day,
 With millions in her train.

Sun, moon, and stars, are each a sphere,
 The earth the same, or very near,
 Sir Isaac has defin'd—
 In circles every coin is cast,
 And hence our cash departs so fast,
 Cash—that no charm can bind.

From you to me—from me it rolls
To comfort other cloudy souls:—

 If once we make it square,
Perhaps the uneasy guest will stay
To cheer us in some wint'ry day,
 And smooth the brow of care.

But now, to hint my meaning plain—
This day I come to seek again,

What all the worldly wise,
What lord, and prince, and knight, and squire,
And I—as well as they—admire.
 With equal ardour prize.

THE LITERARY PLUNDERERS.

[1785.]

THE head, whose toiling concave teems
 With millions of unfinish'd schemes,
Plans that in shapeless embryo ly,
Or projects form'd, the Lord knows why,
Had better far those whims resign,
And aid this humble theme of mine;
Contrive some means to crush the power
Of MICE, that every art devour,
Check, with success, their hostile rage,
And slay these Vandals of the age.

Fame says that Wales did first contrive
To seize the unwary mice alive,
And they who scorn'd all locks and keys,
Were caught by means of toasted cheese—
Vain scheme! for still these fiends annoy,
And dare my favourite books destroy—

No cares of mine their rage defeat,
 The Welchman's trap is incomplete !—
 See Homer there, the bard renown'd,
 His Iliad one perpetual wound—
 Each chief, by their infernal teeth,
 Once more was doom'd to suffer death ;
 Even Helen's charms they dar'd to gnaw,
 Great Ajax' carcase fill'd their maw,
 And half the gods that crowd his strain,
 In mangled morsels, scarce remain.

But, wretch, who taught thee to engage
 A poet of a later age ?

Alas ! thy cruel weapons tore
 The only genius I adore—
 Is SHAKESPEARE thus disgrac'd by you
 Who look'd the world of nature through,
 Who soaring high, where others fail'd,
 Invention's brightest heav'n assail'd,
 And saw beyond the dark disguise
 What lay too deep for vulgar eyes !

Is this the end of human wit,
 Must mice untouch'd such spoils commit !
 Must all these fine ideas die
 That warm'd the heart, or fill'd the eye—
 Must reptiles thus our shelves molest,
 Insects that Nature made in jest,
 Who, when their learned feast is o'er,
 Shrink from the light—to rise no more.

Yes—fates like these, our toils attend,
 And Goths have serv'd no other end.

Vex'd tho' I am, 'tis vain to frown,
 I sigh—and lay my cudgel down :
 'Tis worse than mad to arm for fight
 When not a mouse appears in sight—
 Yet, here they stood in dark array,
 Their tragic footsteps I survey !

Here—for no cat the plunderers chac'd—
 They laid the lands of learning waste,
 Made war with wit, such havock there
 As scarce three ages can repair!—
 Like British hosts, where'er they go
 They leave their vestiges of woe,
 Towns half destroy'd, polluted shades,
 Fields robb'd of fence, and ruin'd maids.

Why, Susan, couldst not thou defend
 These shelves that did with learning bend?
 One *mew* of thine had put to flight
 These children of congenial night.
 Where wast thou when these cruel teeth
 Spread through my leaves untimely death?—
 See! how my MONTESQUIEU is torn—
 See! RABELAIS, the mices scorn.
 See, how they tore the MANTUAN SWAIN,
 Who wrote in so divine a strain—
 MILTON, whose fancy soar'd so high,
 No more delights my tearful eye,
 And SWIFT, so late a fund of wit,
 No longer prompts the laughing fit.

Ah, Susan, such neglect was hard—
 I fear you kept a careless guard,
 Or gadded o'er the neighbouring plain,
 To seek some favourite bright ey'd swain—
 Had but those eyes fail'd in their art,
 To tell their language to your heart,
 I should not thus have lost repose
 Nor sigh'd in vain to crush my foes.

My mezzotintos—ah behold—
 The beauties fam'd in days of old!
 She, who for Tarquin's lawless love,
 In her own breast the dagger drove,
 These fiends of night have made their prey,
 And gnaw'd her charming face away.

And here in ragged robes is seen
 Bright Cleopatra, Egypt's queen ;
 With cruel fangs those eyes they tore
 That warm'd a gazing world of yore,
 With hostile tooth they gnaw'd that breast
 Which robb'd a Roman prince of rest,
 He who for crowns and conquest strove,
 'Till *honour* was disgrac'd by *love*.

And here, in vile condition, lies
 What once had charm'd a hermit's eyes—
 This picture art can ne'er restore,
 This VENUS, that shall bloom no more ;
 Art form'd her such as angels are,
 Beyond all mortal beauty fair ;—
 But time can every charm displace,
 And MICK have spoil'd the finest face !

But must that soft, bewitching eye
 With meaner shreds neglected ly—
 Must all those lovely colours fade,
 By nicest art so lavish laid
 On her fair face—to sooth my pain,
 I sigh, and look, and sigh again.

Yes—miscreant, though thy venom tore
 The painting, art can ne'er restore,
 Still in the dreams of fancy blest,
 I steal her image to my breast,
 By fancy's aid that form repair,
 And, miser-like, retain it there.

Good captain Mouse, what mov'd thine ire,
 To mangle what I most admire ?—
 Could not this chief have led his band
 Where yonder brainless authors stand—
 To those that deal in forms and modes,
 To laureat Whitehead's New Year odes,
 To verses wrote on puppies dead,
 To elegies that ne'er were read,

To *Whaycum's* tale, that brings repose,
 To Wesley's hymns, or Whitefield's prose ;—
 Why didst thou not attack the train
 Who teize us with their frothy strain,
 The tribe who female honour blast,
 In sniveling rhimes, at random cast,
 Or those who fly to domes of state,
 At folly's door submissive wait,
 And servile still, where wealth appears,
 Their works inscribe to *financiers*?

To arms, to arms ! ye chosen few
 Who science love, and arts pursue ;
 Or, if your arms should nought avail,
 (Since mice may over men prevail)
 Put on some wise, inventive cap,
 AND FIND US A COMPLETER TRAP.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

[1785.]

THE American world, as our histories say,
 Secluded from Europe long centuries lay,
 But peopled by beings whom white men detest,
 The sons of the Tartars that came from the west.
 These Indians, 'tis certain, were here long before ye all,
 And dwelt in their wigwams from time immemorial ;
 In a mere state of nature, untutor'd, untaught,
 They did as they pleas'd, and they spoke as they thought—
 No priests they had then for the *cure* of their souls,
 No lawyers, recorders, nor keepers of rolls ;
 No learned physicians vile *nostrums* conceal'd—
 Their druggist was nature—her shop was the field.

In the midst of their forests how happy and blest,
In the skin of a bear or a buffalo drest !
No care to perplex, and no luxury seen
But the feast, and the song, and the dance on the green.
Some bow'd to the moon, and some worshipp'd the sun,
And the king and the captain were center'd in one ;
In a cabin they met on their councils of state,
Where *age* and *experience* alone might debate :
With quibbles they never essay'd to beguile,
And nature had taught them the orator's stile ;
No pomp they affected, nor quaintly refin'd
The nervous idea that glanc'd on the mind.
When hunting or battle invited to arms,
The women they left to take care of their farms—
The toils of the summer did winter repay,
While snug in their cabins they snor'd it away.
If death came among them his dues to demand,
They still had some prospect of comfort at hand—
The dead man they sent to the regions of bliss,
With his bottle and dog, and his fair maids to kiss.

Thus happy they dwelt in a rural domain,
Uninstructed in commerce, unpractis'd in gain,
Till, taught by the loadstone to traverse the seas,
Columbus came over, that bold Genoese.
From records authentic, the date we can shew,
One thousand four hundred and ninety and two
Years, borne by the seasons, had vanish'd away,
Since the *babe* in the manger at *Bethlehem* lay.
What an æra was this, above all that had pass'd,
To yield such a treasure, discover'd at last—
A new world, in value exceeding the old,
Such mountains of silver, such torrents of gold !
Yet the schemes of Columbus, however well plann'd
Were scarcely sufficient to find the main land ;
On the *islands* alone with the natives he spoke,
Except when he enter'd the great *Oronoque* :

In this he resembled old Moses, the Jew,
Who, roving about with his wrong-headed crew,
When at length the *reward* was no longer deny'd
From the top of Mount Pisgah he saw *it* and dy'd.
These islands and worlds in the wat'ry expanse,
Like most mighty things, were the offspring of chance,
Since, steering for Asia, Columbus, they say,
Was astonish'd to find such a world in his way!
No wonder, indeed, he was smit with surprise—
This empire of nature was new to their eyes—
Cut short in their course by so splendid a scene,
Such a region of wonders intruding between!

Yet great as he was, and deserving, no doubt,
We have only to thank him for finding the rout;
These climes to the northward, more stormy and cold,
Were reserv'd for the efforts of CABOT the bold.

Where the sun in December appears to decline
Far off to the southward, and south of the line,
A merchant* of Florence, more fortunate still,
Explor'd a new track, and discover'd Brazil:
Good Fortune, *Vespucius*, pronounc'd thee her own,
Or else to mankind thou hadst scarcely been known—
By giving thy name, thou art ever renown'd—
Thy *name* to a world that another had found!
COLUMBIA the name was that Merit decreed,
But Fortune and Merit have never agreed—
Yet the poets, alone, with commendable care
Are vainly attempting the wrong to repair.

The bounds I prescribe to my verse are too narrow
To tell of the conquests of *Francis Pizarro*;
And *Cortez* 'tis needless to bring into view,
One Mexico conquer'd, the other Peru.
Montezuma with credit in verse might be read,
But Dryden has told you the monarch† is dead!

* Americus Vespucius.

† Indian Emperor, a tragedy.

And the woes of his subjects—what torments they bore,
De Casas, good bishop, has mention'd before :
Let others be fond of their stanzas of grief—
I hate to discant on the fall of the leaf—
Two scenes are so gloomy, I view them with pain,
The annals of Death, and the triumphs of Spain.
Poor *Ata-bualpa* I cannot forget—
He gave them his utmost—yet died in their debt,
His wealth was a crime that they could not forgive,
And when they possess'd it—forbade him to live.
Foredoom'd to misfortunes (that come not alone)
He was the twelfth Inca that sat on the throne,
Who fleecing his brother* of half his domains,
At the palace of *Cusco* confin'd him in chains.

But what am I talking—or where do I roam ?
'Tis time that our story was brought nearer home—
From Florida's cape did *Cabot* explore
To the fast frozen region of cold *Labradore*.
In the year fourteen hundred and ninety and eight
He came, as the annals of England relate,
But finding no gold in the lengthy domain,
And coasting the country, he left it again.
Next *Davis*—then *Hudson* adventur'd, they say,
One found out a *streight*, and the other a *bay*,
Whose desolate region, or turbulent wave
One present bestow'd *him*—and that was a grave.

In the reign of a virgin (whom some call a whore)
Drake, *Hawkins*, and *Raleigh* in squadrons came o'er—
While *Barlow* and *Grenville* succeeded to these,
Who all brought their colonies over the seas.
These, left in a wilderness teeming with woes,
The natives, suspicious, concluded them foes,
And murder'd them all without notice or warning,
Ralph Lane, with his vagabonds, scarcely returning.

In the reign of king *James* (and the first of the name)

* *Huascar*, who was legal heir to the throne.

George Summers with *Hakluyt* to Chesapeake came,
Where far in the forests, not doom'd to renown,
On the river Powhatan* they built the first town.†

Twelve years after this, some scores of Dissenters
To the northernmost district came, seeking adventures ;
Outdone by the bishops, those great faggot fighters,
They left them to hell with their cassocks and mitres.
Thus banish'd forever, and leaving the sod,
The first land they saw was the pitch of Cape Cod,
Where famish'd with hunger and quaking with cold
They plann'd their new Plymouth—so call'd from the
old.

They were, without doubt, a delightful collection ;—
Some came to be rid of a Stuart's direction,
Some sail'd with a view to dominion and riches,
Some to pray without book, and a few to hang witches.
Some came, on the Indians to shed a new light,
Convin'd long before that their own must be right,
And that all who had died in the centuries past
On the devil's lee-shore were eternally cast.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

(CONTINUED.)

" Sit mihi fas audita loqui."—*Virg.*

THESE exiles were cast in a whimsical mould,
And were aw'd by their priests, like the Hebrews
of old ;
Disclaim'd all pretences to jesting and laughter,
And sigh'd their lives through, to be happy hereafter.

* James River, Virginia.

† James Town.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They look'd towards *Zion*, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worry'd mankind—for the sake of the Lord.
With rigour excessive they strengthen'd their reign,
Their laws were conceiv'd in the ill-natur'd strain,
With mystical meanings the saint was perplex,
And the flesh and the devil were slain by a text.
The body was scourg'd for the good of the soul,
All folly discourag'd by peevish controul,
A knot on the head was the sign of no grace,
And the Pope and his *comrade* were pictur'd in lace.
A stove in their churches, or pews lin'd with green,
Were horrid to think of, much less to be seen.
Their bodies were warm'd with the linings of *love*,
And the *fire* was sufficient that flash'd from above.
'Twas a crime to assert that the moon was opaque,
To say the earth mov'd, was to merit the stake;
And he that could tell an eclipse was to be,
In the college of *Satan* had took his degree.
On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud—
The road to the meeting was only allow'd,
And those they caught rambling, on bus'ness or pleasure,
Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
This day was the mournfullest day in the week—
Except on religion none ventur'd to speak—
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives.
In the school of *oppression* though woefully taught,
'Twas only to be the *oppressors* they sought;
All, all but themselves were be-devil'd and blind,
And their narrow-soul'd creed was to serve all mankind.
This beautiful system of nature below
They neither consider'd, nor wanted to know,
And call'd it a dog-house, wherein they were pent,

Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.
They never perceiv'd that in nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature call'd MAN,
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link in its place, in creation's vast chain.

Whatever is foreign to us and our kind
Can never be lasting, though seemingly join'd—
The hive swarm'd at length, and a tribe that was teaz'd
Set out for *Rhode-Island*, to think as they pleas'd.
Some hundreds to Britain ran murmuring home—
While others went off in the forests to roam,
When they found they had miss'd what they look'd for
at first,

The downfall of sin, and the reign of the just.
Hence, dry controversial reflections were thrown,
And the old dons were vex'd in the way they had shown;
So those that are held in the work-house all night
Throw dirt the next day at the doors, out of spite.

Ah, pity the wretches that liv'd in those *days*,
(Ye modern admirers of novels and plays)
When nothing was suffer'd but musty, dull rules,
And nonsense from *Mather*, and stuff from the schools!
No story, like *Rachel's*, could tempt them to sigh,
Susanna and *Judith* employ'd the bright eye—
No fine spun adventures tormented the breast,
Like our modern *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones*, and the rest.
Those tyrants had chosen the books for your shelves,
(And, trust me, no other than suited themselves,
For always by *this* may a bigot be known,
He speaks well of nothing but what is his own.)
From *indwelling evil* these souls to release,
The Quakers arriv'd with their kingdom of peace—
But some were transported and some bore the lash,
And *four* they hang'd fairly for preaching up trash.
The lands of New England (of which we now treat)

Were famous, ere that, for producing of wheat ;
But the soil (or tradition says strangely amiss)
Has been pester'd with *pumpkins* from that day to this.

Thus, feuds and vexations distracted their reign,
(And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain)
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old.
Their phantoms, their wizzards, their witches are fled—
*Matthew Paris's** story with horror is read—
His daughters, and all the enchantments they bore—
And the demon, that pinch'd them, is heard of no more.
Their taste for the fine arts is strangely increas'd,
And Latin's no longer a mark of the *Beast* :
Mathematics, at present, a farmer may know,
Without being hang'd for connections below.
Proud, rough, INDEPENDENT, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea,
Their country too barren their *wish* to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.
Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
I see the bold YANKEES expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
No climate, for them, is too cold or too warm,
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm ;
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.
No valour in fable their valour exceeds,
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds ;
No rivals have they in *our* annals of fame,
Or if they are rivall'd, 'tis YORK has the claim.

Inspir'd at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,
Bold Fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—
Ah, sweet recollection of juvenile dreams

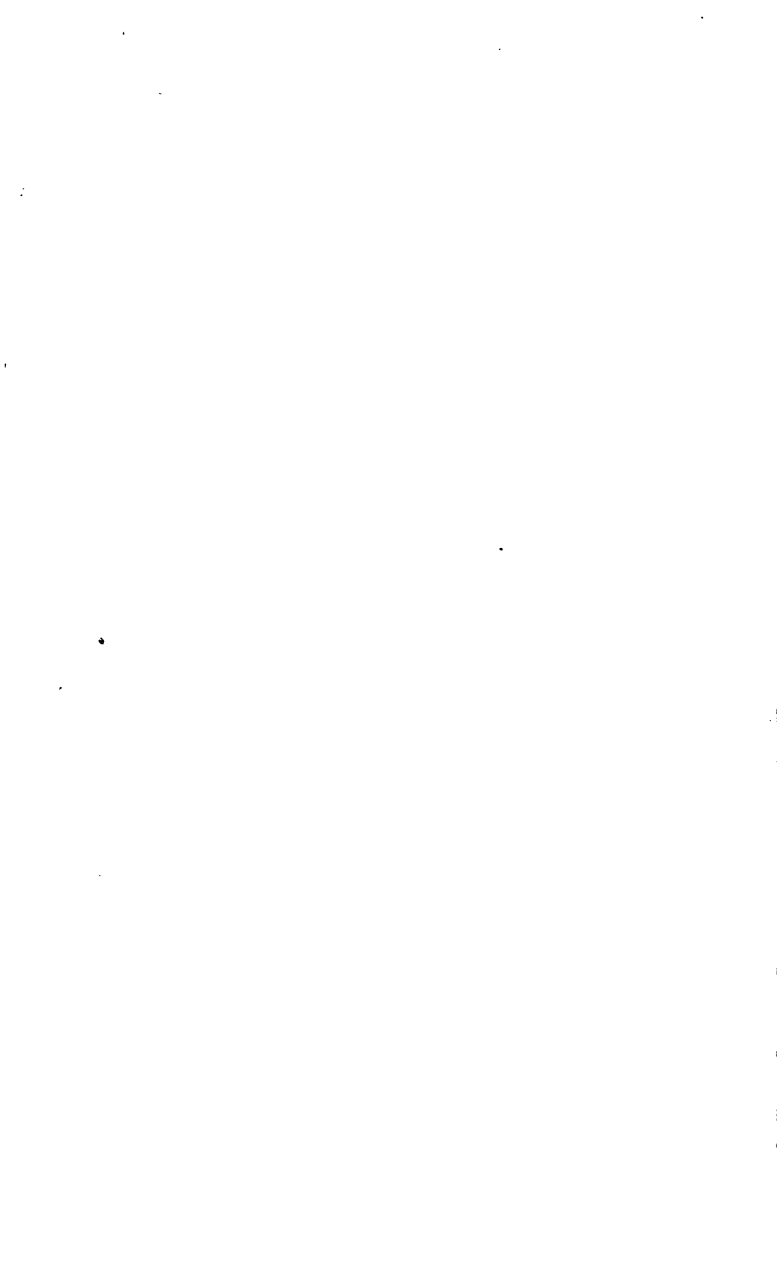
* See Neal's History of New England.

In the groves, and the forests that skirted his streams !
How often, with rapture, those streams were survey'd
When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade—
How often the bard, and the peasant shall mourn
Ere those groves shall revive, and those shades shall
return !

Not a hill, but some fortress disfigures it round !
And ramparts are rais'd where the cottage was found !
The plains and the vallies with ruin are spread,
With graves in abundance, and bones of the dead.
The first that attempted to enter this *streight*
(In *anno* one thousand, six hundred, and eight)
Was HUDSON (the same that we mention'd before,
Who was lost in the gulph that he went to explore.)
For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)
This captain transferr'd all his rights to the Dutch ;
For the *time* has been here, to the world be it known,
When all a man sail'd by, or saw, was his own.
The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
And fix'd on an *island* to lay out a town ;
They modell'd their streets from the horns of a ram,
And the name that best pleas'd them was, *New Amsterdam*.
They purchas'd large tracts from the Indians for beads,
And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
Who, none knows for what, from their country had flown
To live here in peace, undisturb'd and alone.
NEW BELGIA, the Dutch call'd their province, be sure,
But names never yet made possession secure,
For *Charley* (the second that honour'd the name)
Sent over a squadron, asserting his claim.
(Had his *sword* and his *title* been equally slender,
In vain had they summon'd Mynheer to surrender)
The soil they demanded, or threaten'd their worst,
Insisting that *Cabot had look'd at it first*.
The want of a squadron to fall on their rear

Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer—
Force ended the contest—the right was a sham,
And the Dutch were sent packing to hot SURINAM.
'Twas hard to be thus of their labours depriv'd,
But the age of republics had not yet arriv'd—
Fate saw—tho' no wizzard could tell them as much—
That the crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch.

FINIS.





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